



BABY MOSS.

"Owes her robust health to Virol."

Cranfield,
50, St. Albans Road,
Moseley, Birmingham.

Gentlemen, Aug. 20, 1920.

Enclosed you will find photograph of my daughter at 17 months old. I think you will agree that she is a splendid testimony to the value of Virol as a body builder. From early days Virol has been added to her milk food, and I am quite sure that she owes her robust health to this addition.

I have many times recommended Virol and in every case there has been improvement in general health, rapid growth and easy assimilation of food.

Believe me to be,
Yours faithfully,
(Signed) GEO. MOSS.

Virol is used in large quantities in more than 2,500 Hospitals and Infant Clinics. It is invaluable for the expectant and nursing mother herself, whilst for children it supplies those vital principles that are destroyed in the sterilising of milk; it is also a bone and tissue-building food of immense value. Virol babies have firm flesh, strong bones and good colour.

VIROL

Sole Importers: BOYRIL, Ltd.,
27, St. Peter's Street, Montreal.
S.H.B.

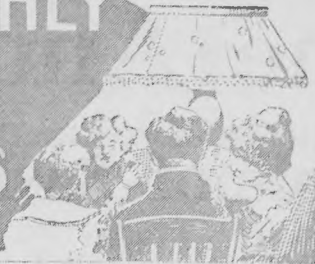
If YOU ARE SUB-NORMAL in the way of health, you need protection more than the ordinary standard life. We want to serve the entire public, and we have a plan to suit you, whether standard or sub-standard. Better enquire to-day.

Old Policyholder's
Month
June 15 to July 15

Wait for our
representative's visit
151

The NORTHWESTERN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY
NORTHWESTERN BUILDING WINNIPEG CANADA
J.F.C. MENLOVE, PRES. F.O. MABER, SEC. TREAS.
H.R.S. McCABE, MGR. DIR.

The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY table of CONTENTS



Editorial

EDITORIAL—THE EDITOR.....	3
THE PHILOSOPHER.....	24
WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING.....	22
"SECONDS"—NELLIE L. McCLUNG.....	3
THE RUSSIAN KALEIDOSCOPE.....	15

Fiction and Reality

THE CLEAN-UP AT LAST CHANCE CREEK—ROSS CASSINGTON.....	4
NEGET OF THE BLUE UNDERWORLD—H. M. BATTEN.....	5
LOBSTERING IN NOVA SCOTIA—BONNYCASTLE DALE.....	6
THE WIDOW'S MIGHT—E. G. BAYNE.....	8
HOW A RESOURCEFUL CANADIAN MODERNIZED CITY OF CANTON, CHINA—F. J. DICKIE.....	13
MAMMOTH CAVE RIVALLED BY VAST NEW CAVERN.....	16
THE LADYKILLER—A. E. JOHNSON.....	17
THE ROMANCE OF LOST MINES—N. TOURNEUR.....	9

Regular Departments

DOLLARS AND CENTS—A. E. PARKER, C.A.....	18
ABOUT THE FARM—ALLAN CAMPBELL.....	33
POULTRY CHAT—HELEN E. VIALOUX.....	29
THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM—H. J. RUSSELL.....	20
THE YOUNG WOMAN AND HER PROBLEM—PEARL RICHMOND HAMILTON.....	21
SUBSCRIBERS' CORRESPONDENCE PAGE.....	46
CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER—BOBBY BURKE.....	44
COME LET US READ AWHILE W.H.M. LIBRARIAN.....	19
SENSIBLE HOUSE DESIGNED FOR THE WEST—F. F. LE MAISTRE.....	30

Woman and the Home

MOTHER'S SECTION.....	36
BETTER COOKERY—GERTRUDE DUTTON, Supt. HOME ECONOMICS, Manitoba Extension.....	38
FASHIONS AND PATTERNS (HOME PATTERN SERVICE).....	42-43
MUSIC IN THE HOME—SELECTED.....	35
WORK FOR BUSY FINGERS—MARGIE MOORE.....	40
HOME DOCTOR—DR. HIRSHBERG, M.A., B.A., M.D.....	39

The HOME PUBLISHING Co., Ltd. WINNIPEG :: :: :: CANADA

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MAGAZINE OF THE
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"A Cup of Cocoa"

is good at any hour of the day



Baker's Cocoa

is especially good in the evening a short time before retiring. Its flavor is delicious, its aroma most attractive, and it is conducive to restful sleep without being in any sense of the word, a narcotic. Absolutely pure and wholesome.

Booklet of Choice
Recipes sent free

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

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MONTREAL, CANADA DORCHESTER, MASS.

The Royal Bank of Canada



Give your Boy a Chance!
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On the first day of every month draw a cheque for \$10 for the credit of your son's Savings Account. Do this regularly for (say) ten years.

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CAPITAL AND RESERVES \$35,000,000
TOTAL RESOURCES - \$535,000,000
825 BRANCHES

Editorial

Cont'd from page 3

"City and country are often as far apart in thought and feeling as though they represented separate nations. Organized capital and organized labor pursue their ends without any real knowledge on the part of the leaders of either group of what the rank and file of the other are thinking. Some of this is an inevitable result of the rapid growth of the nation, to which we have not been able to adapt our minds and consciences fast enough. Some of it is due to the lack of social distinction, to the fact that we play the games of business and politics as though the players were poker chips, instead of remembering first, last and all the time that they are live men and women like ourselves."

The very thing that President Hadley regretted in the United States is the thing that is in evidence here. The cure for misunderstanding is conference. It is all wrong for employers to meet together and consider the unreasonableness of their workmen, and for labor men to meet together and revile the employers. And in the religious world and the world of races, segregation is equally wrong. As we all have to live together our first aim should be to know each other and to help each other. Division spells disaster.

THE RETURN TO NORMAL

Recent increases in wholesale prices of certain commodities do not indicate a new period of rising prices. They do show, however, that the violent general decline in raw materials is evidently at an end. What has happened is a return towards normal conditions. Henceforth, commodities may be expected to fluctuate in obedience to the influence of specific supply and demand. The New York Times summarizes conditions in these words:

"While the violent general decline in raw materials and related products is over, this does not preclude a slow decline for a period of years. Such a decline would be no menace to sound business. It is perfectly possible in such a period to carry on sound manufacturing and merchandising operations with profit. Gradually falling prices over a period of years would not materially affect the price movement of commodities over such periods as are usually necessary for these operations. The present generation of American business men has been unduly alarmed by the downward tendencies of prices. Rising prices are not necessary to prosperity and a slow downward movement is discouraging only to reckless speculative activities."

CANADA'S RIVALS

We are naturally proud of the discovery of the Norman oil fields and if they are properly controlled and operated they will add much to our national greatness. Yet Canada has no monopoly.

Brazil has thirty-five oil fields, representing an area of 25,000 square kilometers, in the states of Alagoas, Pernambuco, Bahia and Sergipe, and there are great quantities of petroleum in the northern states. There are more than 200,000 kilometers of petroleum fields, with an estimated producing capacity in ten years of from 500,000,000 to 600,000,000 barrels.

Brazil has this advantage—that the government owns the wells on government land and can also take over wells on private property if public necessity justifies it. Let us learn a lesson. This last great resource of Canada should be for the good of the Canadian people.

COST OF FOOD AND SHELTER

It is usually estimated that the cost of food is something over 40 per cent of a family's expenses, and that rent figures between 25 and 30 per cent of the total. These two items, therefore, comprise about two-thirds of the outlay. There has been a reduction in the cost of some foods, but a great deal of this has been seasonal as in the case of the dairy products. The great drawback in the effort to lower the cost of food is in the transportation and retailing ends. This applies to the meats and to all farm and orchard products. Yet, the more food costs, the less there is of the family income remaining for other purchases. The same holds true as regards rent. As

things appear now, it is going to take a long time before adequate housing facilities are provided for the populations of the cities of the country.

It will take years to catch up with the demand. Until this is within sight, however, rents are likely to remain high. This matter of rent, moreover, hits two ends of business. It restricts the purchasing power of the masses while, at the same time, it increases the storekeeper's cost of selling goods. The stimulating of building, which is necessary to correct this condition, is under an especial handicap just now because of the great demand for capital for other purposes. This makes borrowers, whether they be governments or individuals, willing to pay high interest rates. With good securities offering 7 or 8 per cent, it is hopeless to expect cheap money for building operations.

Work for Busy Fingers

Cont'd from page 41

31st row—Miss seven chain, 1 tr into each of next four stitches 2 h, 4 tr, 3 h, 4 tr, 3 ch, 1 d c into bar, 3 ch, slip-stitch to third treble at left, slip-stitch along next three treble, 5 ch, turn. 32nd row—1 tr on first treble of group, 1 h, 4 tr, 6 h, 4 tr, 10 ch, turn. 33rd row—Miss seven chain, 1 tr into each of next four stitches, 6 h, 4 tr, 1 l, 3 ch, 1 d c into bar, 3 ch, slip-stitch to third treble at left, slip-stitch along next three treble, 5 ch, turn. 34th row—Same as 14th row. 35th row—Same as 15th row. 36th row—Same as 16th row. 37th row—Miss seven chain, 1 tr into each of next four stitches, 4 h, 4 tr, 1 l, 1 h, 4 tr, 2 l, 3 ch, 1 d c into bar, 3 ch, 4 tr into side of three chain at end of last row of triangle, 3 ch, turn, and repeat from the commencement of the 10th row of directions for lace.

THE EDGING

Work 1 d c, 5 ch, 1 d c into loop between points, * 2 ch, 1 d c into next loop, then 5 ch, and 1 d c three times, all into same loop, repeat from *, working into the loop at top of points four loops of five chain, and work into the loop between points as first described.

SING ME A SONG

By Mrs. E. Crawford

How oft in the twilight when comrades are gone,
Mid soft beams of moonlight I sit all alone.
And as I sit dreaming there steals o'er my heart,
A feeling of sadness that will not depart.
The soft radiant moonbeams glide gently along,
The night winds are whispering their lullaby song.
Go rest me with music—sing some sweet refrain,
To lighten my sadness and lessen my pain.

The hours have been dreary, the day has seemed long.
My heart is so weary, go sing me a song.
A song full of gladness whose echo will roll
With sweetness and comfort, and soothe my sad soul.

When life's day is ending and death draweth nigh,
And shadows of darkness are dimming my sky,
Life's troubles near ended, it's sorrows soon o'er,
I'll sit in the gloaming and dream as of yore.
The soft radiant moonbeams will play 'round my feet.
The night winds will murmur their lullaby sweet.
Ah, surely some kind heart who knows how I long
For music's sweet soothing, will sing me a song.

The hours have been dreary, the day has seemed long.
My heart is so weary, go sing me a song.
A song full of gladness whose echo will roll
With sweetness and comfort, and soothe my sad soul.

May Mason.

Negeet of Blue Underworld

By H. M. Batten

Cont'd from page 12

within him. Was not this the irony of fate, for that day Ben Inglis had been one of the hunters! He had rejoiced when the hounds gave tongue, conscious of that thrill which every true Britisher knows at the music of the pack, and now, back in his setting, Negeet whom he loved with a love the city dweller cannot perhaps understand, had laid her helpless infant at his feet!

"Negeet! Negeet—don't you know me?" he said in his quiet voice, which seemed always to bear the spell of the river, but she snatched up her treasure and vanished—between him and her there still remained the old barrier which neither time nor gentleness could raze.

Later that night Ben heard her calling—calling, calling for her mate. At length he answered, then the sounds drew nearer and united. All cut and ruffled he was, yet he was alive, which in the wild is all that really matters.

The old angler returned home that night with a heart as light as in his thirteenth year, for he of all men knew that the glory of the chase is in the chase itself, and that the so-called crowning triumph is the saddest part of all.

A Vast New Cavern

Cont'd from page 16

million years ago—bade adieu to the upper cave and plunged below. A fall of herculean limestone blocks effectually bars man from following in its wilful course.

Fantastic Flower Garden In the Mineral Kingdom

Then turning away only a few yards and hidden under overhanging crags, the guide dispels the gloom by announcing "one glimpse of heaven." Many have marvelled at the floral creations of the vegetable world but here hidden 300 feet beneath the haunts of men is a strange fantastic flower garden of the mineral kingdom. Beautiful snowy white lilies of gypsum exude in plentiful array through a thin film of onyx. "Nan Ramsey's Flower Garden" it is named, after the first woman who saw it and went into ecstasies of admiration.

Passing on down the main avenue, one walks over a floor as smooth as an asphalt thoroughfare, then tramps over sandy spaces, and at other times up and down hill. Everywhere strange beauties unfold themselves. One great white gypsum coated rock is called "The Titanic" and looks singularly like the great ship plunging head first into the Arctic seas. Most of the beauties are unnamed, but such names as "White Mountains" or "The Glaciers" came instantly to mind when great piles of white encrusted rocks are opened to the panorama of views. There is another place where a lantern placed behind a thin partition of overhanging gypsum gives an impression of the setting sun.

Uncanny freaks have been played here and there by the forces of nature. In one spot on a dark limestone wall the white gypsum has formed in the shape of a tiger springing for his prey. Many other likenesses can be pictured in the various formations by those with imagination.

The writer ventured only part way down the "rat hole," but saw enough to convince that another underground series of chambers underlies the upper tiers. Here and there the limestone floor above gives forth a hollow echoing sound, which means space beneath.

Human Skeletons Give Rise to Speculation of Ancient Tragedies

After all Great Crystal Cavern is a cave in the making, with the upper floors completed. When this work started no one can dare say, but before the Egyptians built the pyramids the work was doubtless far advanced.

What stories of tragedy these vaulted chambers could tell they have forever sealed, but the skeleton of one human being was found in its recesses and 300 feet above Green River in a cave choked with stalactite and stalagmite, where the waters are believed to have found an outlet in the days gone by, three skeletons, almost mouldered away, believed to be those of a man, a woman and a child, were found beneath the bed of the cave. The bones still lie where they were found.

Dollars and Cents

Cont'd from page 18

paying more for its borrowings than it has done in the past. Under present conditions the trust and loan companies cannot pay more than 6 per cent for British money, but the Britisher can invest his money in first-class British securities yielding from 6½ per cent to 7½ per cent and consequently see no reason to leave his money in Canada at from 5½ per cent to 6 per cent.

THE OIL BOOM

If all the money which the people of Western Canada have sunk in oil booms, land booms, gold mine booms and every other kind of boom with which we have been afflicted, had been invested in real investments, this country would be many millions of dollars better off today and there would be fewer individuals ready to start the ball rolling for another boom. We all know that oil has been found in the territories north of Edmonton at Fort Norman. We are being reminded that many men have become millionaires as a result of investing in the shares of oil companies and the oil company promoter leaves it to the proverbial "sucker" to establish a connection between the two sets of events. He appeals to that latent desire which the ordinary man possesses, namely, a desire to get something for nothing. The oil company promoter asks you to "invest" in his company, but your own common sense should tell you that you are being invited to gamble with the odds very much against you.

When you are asked to buy shares in any "get rich quick" scheme you owe it to yourself to be careful and analyse the proposition thoroughly. Is it common sense to believe that any stock salesman would waste his time trying to get you to take a share of the immense profits he promises you, unless he was being very well paid for doing so, paid so well that he prefers selling stock to you to earning his living in some other way and investing his earnings in the company he recommends? If he says the company will earn profits ranging from 10 per cent to 50 per cent or more, is it not plain that such a company would have no trouble to get all the money it requires from any one of the prominent financiers of Canada?

If you wish to gamble and can afford to do so, you are entitled to place your money in shares of a company whose directors you do not know, whose assets you have no knowledge of, whose estimates of profits are based on what somebody did down in Texas; but do not think you are investing your money, because you are not—you're just gambling. If you have money to invest, place it in sound investments and consult your banker or a responsible stockbroker or bond dealer before doing so.

CAUTIOUS OPTIMISM

Peleg Howland, president of the Imperial Bank of Canada, stated at the recent annual meeting of the bank that the prices of farm and field products are low and he asked the question: "If the prices of all things are out of balance, as they are today, with those of the goods which have to be purchased with the proceeds of them, how can our merchants and manufacturers hope for more than a moderate business?" He feared that it will take a long time for conditions to get back to normal and in the meantime he suggested that the utmost care should be taken in private and public expenditure, particularly that of a capital nature. He advocated cautious optimism until conditions readjust themselves. At the same meeting the general manager of the bank, W. Moffatt, asserted that the process of deflation is far from pleasant but we should all be patient.

These statements sum up the financial situation in a nutshell. We may as well face the facts and realize that the boom days and the rough and ready methods of doing business which we experienced in pre-war times have gone beyond recall, for the time being at least. 1921 is a "go-get-it" year. There is business to be had, but before it can be obtained it must be gone after and even then the purchaser will require real value and service for his money.



CHOCOLATE DE LUXE

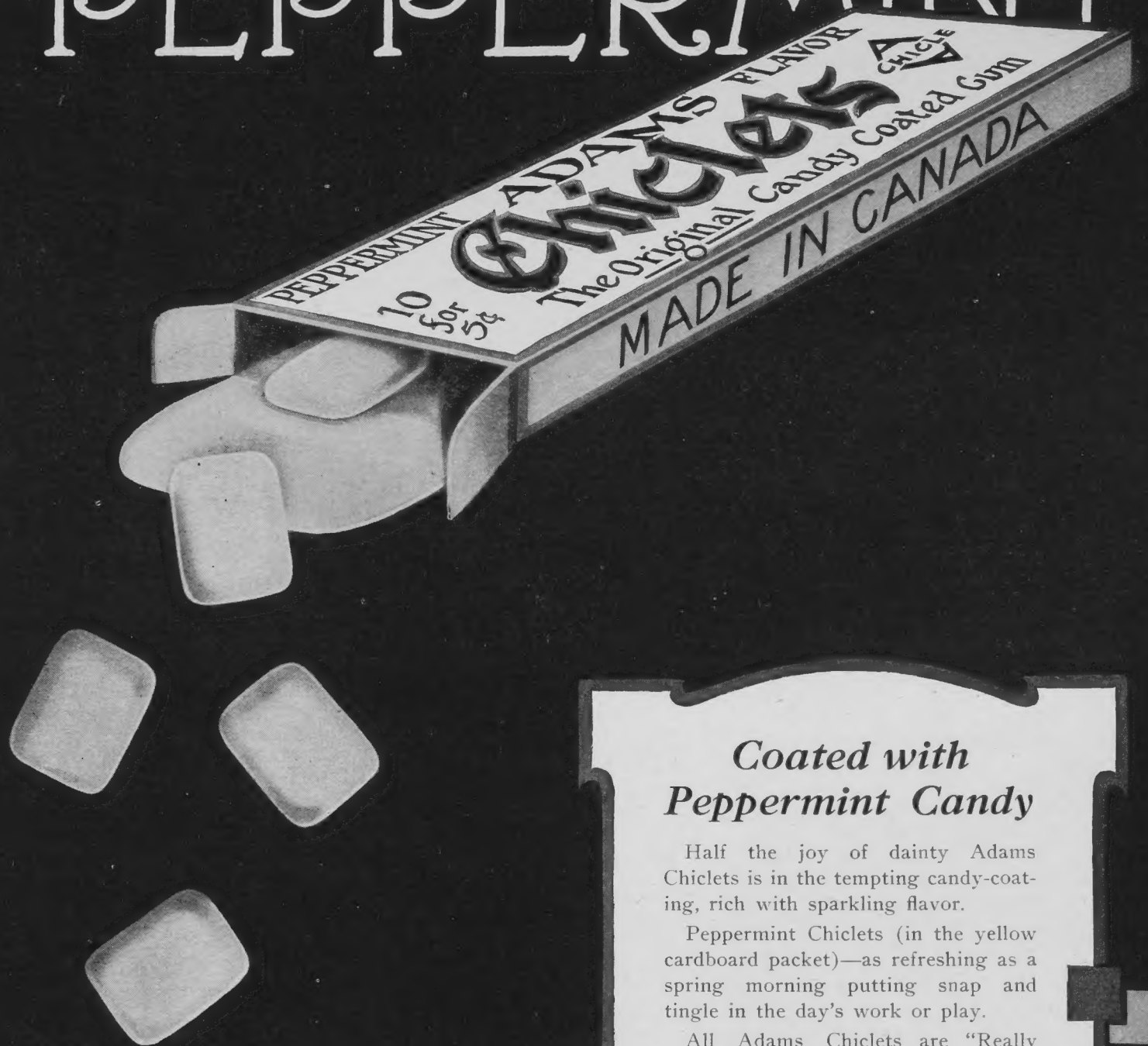
FOR this chocolate cake half a cup of grated unsweetened chocolate is melted with a quarter cup of sugar and two tablespoons of milk. To this is added one-third of a cup of butter creamed with a cup of sugar, two eggs (one at a time), a half a teaspoon of vanilla, and a quarter of a cup of milk. Last of all a cup of flour with a teaspoon of MAGIC BAKING POWDER is sifted in, and the batter is poured quickly into two layer pans and baked. Between the layers, on the top and side of cake is spread a filling made by taking the white of an egg, two tablespoons cream, one half teaspoon vanilla to which add sufficient icing sugar to make a thick paste. Sprinkle between layers and on top with pecan nuts chopped fine and decorate with half pecans.

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA

WINNIPEG

MONTREAL

PEPPERMINT



Coated with Peppermint Candy

Half the joy of dainty Adams Chiclets is in the tempting candy-coating, rich with sparkling flavor.

Peppermint Chiclets (in the yellow cardboard packet)—as refreshing as a spring morning putting snap and tingle in the day's work or play.

All Adams Chiclets are "Really Delightful"—and beneficial to nerves, digestion and teeth. Just choose your favorite flavor—Peppermint, Spearmint, or Tuti-Frutti—at almost any store.

10 Chiclets for 5c., in cardboard packets.



---an Adams product, particularly prepared

The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Western Canada's
Home Magazine

Issued Monthly

WINNIPEG, MAN., JULY, 1921

15c Per Copy



"PLEASE, DON'T SELL HIM"



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The Annual Holiday
Of the People of Saskatchewan is a Visit to the
PROVINCIAL
EXHIBITION
REGINA

AUGUST 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 1921

EXHIBITS

**LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, DAIRY PRODUCTS, VEGETABLES, FLOWERS,
FRUITS, FINE ARTS, COOKERY, SCHOOL WORK, MANUFACTURES,
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, FEDERAL AND PROVINCIAL
GOVERNMENT DISPLAYS, INDIAN WORK AND CAMP,
DOG SHOW, AUTOMOBILES**

ATTRACTIONS

The Regina Exhibition would not be the great holiday event it is without the excellent amusement features. There will be Six Brass Bands to provide music, Horse Races on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Automobile Races Saturday afternoon and evening, Baseball Games in front of Grandstand Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday at 6.30 p.m. and on Saturday at 10.30 a.m., High-class Vaudeville Acts each afternoon and evening, New Midway of 20 shows and rides presented by Wortham Greater Shows, which are making their first appearance in Western Canada this summer and go from here to the Toronto Exhibition.

COME WITH THE CROWDS

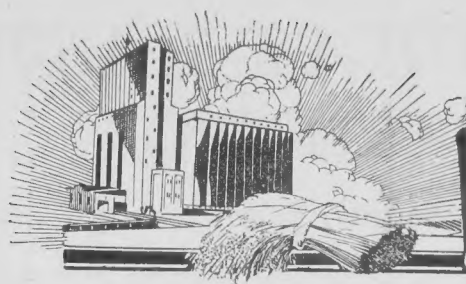
Over 100,000 people attended the Regina Exhibition last year. Every day is a big day from Monday afternoon until the following Saturday at midnight. Nowhere can you get more for your money than you do when paying the admission fee at the Regina Exhibition. So many people have discovered this fact that the gate receipts are the second largest of any exhibition in Canada. More than 15,000 automobiles were used to bring the crowds last year. Automobiles are admitted free to the grounds and to the parking space.

REDUCED RATES AND SPECIAL TRAINS ON THE RAILWAYS

**SIX
DAYS**

Regina Exhibition
August 1 to 6, 1921

**SIX
DAYS**



EDITORIAL



THE AFTERMATH

ABOUT two years ago the Winnipeg strike occurred. There are few to-day who will say that the leaders of the strike were justified in their actions, and there are fewer who will say that those who represented the government were wise in the course pursued. There were reasons at the time for resentment and ill-feeling because profiteering was allowed to go unpunished and because some were making themselves wealthy at home while others were laying down their lives in France. Public indignation was properly aroused and the government would have been compelled to rectify the evils had it not been for the independent action of the so-called labor class. It was no class complaint which had to be made. Labor, as such, had no greater grievance than the great middle class—the class of salaried men and women, comprising clerks, bookkeepers, preachers, teachers and the like, and the class of independent workers, such as farmers, ranchers and fishermen. It was rank stupidity for one section of the people to attempt, in their own name and with their own power, to settle a difficulty that concerned all. And so there was failure, and the wrong has not been righted yet. So on the other side it might be pointed out how the legal advisers of the government in their management of the case made every blunder of judgment conceivable. But that is an old story. The part which is interesting just now is the aftermath. Probably, nothing in the whole proceedings is quite so inexcusable as the last act in the drama. Surely it is time the curtain was rung down.

Last week the costs of the trial were brought down in Parliament and among the items were fees to counsel. The trial lasted about three months, but to be fair let us say six months, for there was some preliminary work to be done, and no doubt something to be straightened out after the case was closed. The question is what an ordinary lawyer's salary ought to be. The word ordinary is used advisedly, for there was only one of the number that could claim eminence. Yet one junior is said to have received \$18,000, and one of those higher up over \$30,000.

It is conceivable that a great corporation with its existence at stake might pay an exceptionally clever lawyer a fee of \$30,000 for a few months' or even a few days' work. But here was a case when the country was paying and where men were supposed to do something in a patriotic way. That is what the men of Winnipeg felt when they gave their services freely for weeks to keep things going. Some of them sacrificed not a little for the public good and never counted the cost. It is with poor grace that they see others lining their nests. The people of Canada are not mean, but they cannot countenance actions such as this.

I asked a public servant, one who is living on a salary, what he thought about this, and he said: "It is scandalous." This man is doing greater public service than perhaps any member of the legal profession in Winnipeg and in his whole life he cannot save what that young lawyer—just through his course—was able to lay by in three months.

This thing will do wrong in two ways. It will breed Bolshevism. Bad as it was for men from an older land to come here and foment trouble, duplicating, as it were, the struggles in Britain and reproducing the antagonisms of Central Europe, it is not so bad as for Canadian-born citizens to demand from their country exorbitant charges for their services. In the second place this will discredit the legal profession, and it is a profession that is already under suspicion in this very matter of charging fees.

Some time ago, in an American city, a popular preacher opened

a forum in his church and gave the first address. "Should Trotzky be invited to rule America?" After he had sketched the prosperity and greatness of America and had revealed the awful social and economic conditions in Russia, he concluded by pointing out in his own forceful way, how much better it was for America to work out its own destiny in its own way, than to trust to the leadership of an unscrupulous and misguided zealot. At the close of the address a young man arose. He said in substance: "I have listened very carefully to what you have said and sympathize with you very keenly. I was born in Russia and know the Russian people, but have no sympathy with Bolshevism. Yet, I have a question to ask you." He then drew from his pocket a copy of a New York paper. "Here is a picture of a beautiful lady. She goes to this church, I am informed. Here is another picture of an ermine gown which was presented to her by her father-in-law. The cost was \$30,000, and a full description is given as to the number of people employed in making the selection of skins and fitting them together. Now, my question is this, Will not this flaunting of wealth do more in two hours to create and spread Bolshevism than all the preaching and talking of Trotzky would do in three years?"

It is needless to say that the question silenced the preacher and broke up the forum. That is just what we have to be on guard against all the time. And it does not signify whether wealth is flaunted or not, so long as people believe there is unjust charging. Nor is the thing confined to lawyers. The curse of our civilization is profiteering. We cannot have prosperity while injustice prevails. In law, as in business generally, there must be fair dealing. One man cannot work honestly and faithfully a whole year for \$40 a week, and another man no more able, no more devoted, reap \$500 a week—the thing is preposterous. And because one side of a truth is only half a truth, let it be said that a good many who are claiming the minimum wage of \$40, and stalling on their jobs, are not worth \$40 a week nor even a small fraction of it. A common workman may be and often is quite as much a profiteer as the man higher up.

OUR BESETTING SIN

Just as the people's eyes begin to fill with tears over their own sad pecuniary condition, they read that the advance sale of seats for the Jersey City prize fight, which is less than a month away, is about \$600,000.

The fight may be over in two seconds. It cannot last more than an hour. When it is over the only difference will be either that a lively and likeable French veteran is champion pugilist of the world or that a resident of the United States retains that title. For the privilege of looking on nearly a million dollars will be paid.

At great prize fights the spectators have to wait a long time while the principals prepare their precious fists. Those who wish to kill that time on July 2 might take along paper and pencil and calculate how many starving Chinese, how many tuberculous children could be helped with a million dollars.

CLASS ANTAGONISM

No man can be patriotic in the highest sense so long as his highest affiliation is with some class, or order, or sect, or race organization. President Hadley, of Yale University, well expressed his thoughts at a banquet recently given: "It is true," said Mr. Hadley, "that the United States has not developed such fierce international antagonisms as Germany did, but we have within our own borders possibilities of conflict which are just as fundamental and which may prove just as serious."

(Continued on page 48)

"Seconds"

BY NELLIE L. McCLUNG

Mistakes are made in every factory which impair the value of the output—the thread breaks—the pattern is marred—thin spots occur—the dye streaks. The imperfect articles are marked "Seconds" and sold at a reduction. Naturally no factory is proud of their seconds, and do all they can to reduce the percentage, and it is reasonable to suppose that if the board of management found out by the annual report, that the number of seconds equalled half of the output, that is to say every second article was marred in some way, there would be something doing, and it might be that the manager would lose his job—well, at least there would be an investigation!

That is exactly the position in which the people of Canada find themselves. Slightly more than half of the men who were examined for military service proved to be unfit in some way, and those were men who should have been in their prime. It is small comfort for us to know that the Old Country showed a still worse percentage, they got one good one in every three examined. We feel we should with our open spaces and better conditions have made a better showing. So we are putting on a campaign for the promotion of health and the prevention of disease under the Red Cross, and every one is being pressed into service. Doctors are giving out advice which, if taken, will make their incomes less in the future, teachers are working with their classes, ministers are adding another commandment to the decalogue "Thou shalt not be sick," and the whole community is being recruited for health and life.

In this way we are showing that we can organize for life and well-being, just as we drilled and trained some years ago to destroy our enemies!

We have declared war on germs and dirt and ignorance; improper feeding and poor sanitation! The closed window must go, the baby's "comfort" and soothing syrup, foolish dressing, malnutrition among children, and when we reach the place in our zeal for our fellow men, when we have brought about better living conditions, and have entirely eliminated the liquor traffic and cigarette smoking among children, we will surely cut down the number of "Seconds."

It is a long way to go but the start is made!



He then stepped across the room and returned with Mollie on his arm; this act was the signal for such a tumult that even the wildest days of camp life had never witnessed in that room before—clapping, stamping, cheering.

YOU can't skin Skinner," and the unskinnable Skinner blew the smoke through his nose and tilted the cigar at a sharp angle which considerably endangered that prominent organ, where the colors red and purple seemed to be contending for the mastery. A group of miners ranged around the big stove in the roadhouse at the head of Last Chance Creek, clad in blanket coats, German socks and gum boots; some were in moccasins. They were discussing many things—chiefly, the good old days before the dredges, when the free gold looked like mustard in the pan; you simply washed it out by the creeks without machinery, filled your moose-hide poke with dust, and "mushed" into Dawson to get gloriously drunk, and in all probability, rolled as well. This latter term indicates the treatment suffered from the hands of certain ladies and gentlemen (?) who were generally "waiting for the boys," as they expressed it, and who had the gentle ability of relieving the miner of his poke (purse), when in a maudlin condition.

"Them was the days," said a sere looking individual, whose ears had been cut in halves by deep temperatures, and whose ideals seldom rose above liquids taken copiously, and who held the record as far as Goldbottom for the consumption of a Scotch spirit, in a given time without water, and remaining erect. At Goldbottom camp however, he had been badly beaten by a rival. The sere looking individual had shown a nice disposition by attending the funeral which became necessary after lowering the records referred to. The devotion with which this faded specimen of humanity applied himself to his own destruction, betokened another visit to the bleak burial ground in the near future.

Croft had just dropped in on his way from town, and was staying for a meal before going up the creek to the big dredge of which he had charge. The stage by which he came brought mail and papers, and there was the usual flutter among the miners that these important events in the Northland occasion. Skinner was very much interested in the big dredge; his daughter, who directed the two Chinese cooks, and ran the roadhouse, with the exception of the bar trade, was equally interested in the dredge manager. She had the distinction of being the only white woman between that point and Dawson City. Mollie had been on the creek for nearly two years and was tired of it. It was too coarse, and life was too short. Skinner half-heartedly agreed. They would go back to the old home in Ontario very soon. He would like to make his pile first. Why didn't Mollie marry Jack Stevens when he had that big clean up on No. 5 above? And why—if Jack was not trim enough—did she not marry Billy Daniels who sold out his claims to the dredge people for \$25,000? No girl had better opportunities for getting fixed up good and plenty. Yet here they were, selling meals with very little profit all the week, and singing "Home, Sweet Home," on Sunday evenings; if it wasn't for the whiskey, and the game of Black Jack, and a bit of hauling now and then, he didn't know where they would be. But they

can't skin Skinner! Just what was meant by this alliteration it would sometimes be difficult to say, but Mollie was equal to all such assaults, and seldom descended to argument. Her father knew that this only child left motherless years ago, and well educated by an aunt, had only followed him to this wild life in the hopes of bringing him back to the old home again. During a drunken bout he had been told plainly that if ever he drank to excess again, she would leave him. This was effectual. He loved the drink, but he loved his daughter better. Let this stand to his credit. He also knew that his roadhouse would go to pieces without Mollie.

"A good square, please Miss Mollie," said Croft, as he picked the caked snow from the heels of his felt boots. "What have you got to-day?" Mollie smiled sweetly before replying. She knew how to deal with this hungry man.

"We have venison to-day for your royal highness, and a keg of fresh oysters came through from Whitehorse on the stage last night."

"Glory be!" exclaimed the delighted Englishman, at which Mollie held her fingers to her lips.

"I'll have oyster soup, venison steak, fried potatoes, pie and coffee, and God bless everybody, particularly—" and the sentence was finished by a kiss thrown from his finger tips to the retreating figure through the swing doors leading to the kitchen in the rear.

Croft sauntered down to the group around the stove; low temperatures tend to sociability. He was well dressed, refusing to follow the custom of camp life in this regard. This annoyed Skinner. He would have liked him better in a black shirt. "He's too darn nice," he would say, when Croft was the subject of conversation.

"He's got a 'ead on 'im, you bet," was the invariable remark of the Scotch champion, to which the roadhouse master added "but he can't skin Skinner."

Nobody but Croft had ever challenged this statement, and in the opinion of the patrons of the place, Skinner would remain unskinned for all time. It must be related in all fairness to this remarkable individual, that he was indeed a man of many parts. With but little education, he had an enormous fund of general knowledge; he read everything he could lay his hands on, and would make his latest acquisition of knowledge the subject of conversation. In this way he surreptitiously gained a grasp of the subject which by reading alone would have been impossible.

THE CLEAN-UP AT LAST CHANCE CREEK

By Ross Cassington



"It's too big a bag 'o dust to get past the Last Chance roadhouse without me knowing it; you can't skin Skinner."

The miners laughed; they enjoyed a tilt between these two.

"Perhaps the pelt isn't worth the trouble, friend?" replied the dredge manager, with a wink at Mollie who was preparing the table for the meal in the adjoining room.

Skinner turned his cigar in his fingers and chuckled; he was enjoying the joke. "Look you," he continued with his hand outstretched, "if you can get your clean up past this door to the bank in Dawson without me knowing it, you can't ask for anything that I will refuse."

"Glory be!" ejaculated Croft; whistling softly he looked at the men. "Do you hear that boys?" he said.

"Sure thing," chorused half a dozen voices. The sere looking man came forward to suggest drinks round for the witnesses. Ignoring this, Croft moved to the bar. The two men shook hands across the counter.

"Stakes are down," shouted the men, and bets were freely taken on the results. It was agreed that the transaction should take place in ten days, or acknowledge defeat—in other words, Skinner unskinned.

After a short time, the tinkling of a bell announced the oysters and venison were on the table, and Croft was soon busily engaged, being attended by Mollie, who was quite as excited as anybody over the wager.

"Thank goodness we are going to have a little change in the program now, Pete." Mollie was removing the soup plate. The last clean up of the season is always the biggest, isn't it?" the color suddenly came to her face. "Perhaps I shouldn't have asked that question, but I won't tell daddy." She lingered a minute, thinking how handsome this young engineer looked, and how able he seemed to be to do anything that he set his hand to. The well groomed object of her admiration was at that moment buttering a cracker. He looked up with his old smile that ever seemed to taunt the father, but with a tender expression in his eyes as he answered his fair questioner.

"I'll trust you Mollie, but in all fairness to your dad, and to me, you hear all you care to about this wager, but say nothing. Say nothing to me of his plans, say nothing to him of mine; shake hands on it."

"You're a real sport, Pete, I do hope you'll—to use that dreadful expression of dad's—skin Skinner. I'm so tired of hearing it, and although he's my dad, I think I would prefer to have him skinned—in a figure of course," she added with a laugh. "But you know that he will have many of his bar friends working and spying for him; you have a big task, but I know you are equal to it. I wish you all kinds of luck, and I will be as mute as a mouse. Father is going to Dawson to-morrow morning with a sleigh load of machinery."

"Perhaps he will remain on guard for the next ten days?" said Croft, grinning.

"I hardly think so, seeing that he has such willing disciples on the creek who would sell their souls for a bottle; and then again he seldom allows anyone to handle the team during the cold spells; he is so careful of the horses."

At that moment the stage from Cariboo Creek drew up, and the driver rolled in like a blanketed bundle, pulling the icicles from his beard and scattering them as he walked to the bar as though he were dropping two-inch nails. His advent introduced an inrush of frosty air that lay along the floor like a cloud until absorbed by the radiation from the stove.

"It'll freeze pain-killer to-night, sure," said the man, slapping the long fur gauntlets together, which he had drawn from his hands.

"It's thirty below outside," returned Skinner, as he put the whiskey bottle on the counter, and it's likely to touch forty before you cross the Klondyke bridge. How's things?" (Cont'd page 11)

NEGEET OF THE BLUE UNDERWORLD

The Life Story of a British Otter

By H. Mortimer Batten



HE winter was phenomenal that year in the length and vigor of its cold snap, which came early and was succeeded by months of mild, wet weather. While the Frost King reigned the river sank below its summer level, its minor tributaries frozen to their very beds, while each pool between the riffles was ice-bound, save for a channel down its very centre, where the foam flakes moved with a glassy sluggishness, significant of extreme cold. Even for Negeet, the otter, who of all the wild folk was best able to supply her mortal needs, it was a time of hunger, for the trout, torpid with cold, hid among the rocks at the river bed, and only for an hour or so when the sun was at its zenith did they sally forth in search of food.

Thus Negeet was forced to angle in the full light of day, and often little groups of spectators on the highroad at the mountain foot watched her as she dived back and forth from the ice, appearing at intervals in the central channel with a trout between her jaws. And thus, betrayed to all, Negeet became the common sport of many.

In the river the otter was safe. She could have lived for days beneath the ice had occasion demanded, for the sinking of the water level since the first relentless frost had resulted in an air space surrounding every rock. It was at night time that deadly peril beset her steps, for her hunger led her far afield, and everywhere the snow betrayed her. It is surprising how a spell of hunger upsets the whole order of things in the wild, and soon it was learnt that Negeet was given to wandering through the village in the darkest hours. She had visited several rubbish heaps and closely inspected the most opulent hen roosts, finding the latter barred and shuttered, for which she had to thank Mr. Reynard. And so traps were set for her, and dogs left loose to guard their master's property.

Negeet had no knowledge of traps; like all her tribe she seemed to possess no guarding instinct against such devices, and thus one night, attracted by a delicious odor wafted seductively to the river edge, the otter slid across the village road and through the boundary wall by way of a draining gully. Strawn on the road on the other side of the wall were the entrails of a chicken, but as with eager steps the hungry otter hurried to the feast, there was a movement beneath her, a vicious thud, and she became aware of a terrorising pain in both her forepaws. Instantly dormant instincts awoke, she became aware of the inherited terror of the trap, and with a snarl she splintered her splendid teeth on the remorseless steel. Desperate, frenzied fear possessed her, she rolled, she dragged, she wrenched with all her strength, and then—O horror!—a huge black shape, towering, yellow-eyed, appeared against the sky on the wall top directly above her head.

Negeet mastered her fears and "froze", watching with deadly preparedness, while the great shaggy sheep dog glowered down at her with savage enquiry. He had come in absolute silence, which made his sudden appearance all the more sinister, and only a second did it take him to assure himself that here attack was justified. He did not know Negeet, he had never seen her before, but this he knew—that she was not of man's threshold, and therefore a trespasser. With a thunderous growl he fell upon her, and the full fury of his rush was checked by Negeet's imprisoned paws—imparted to the already straining jaws of the rusty trap.

There was a faint "click", and Negeet was free—no, not free, for the sheep

dog had her by the loose skin of the back in a strangling, worrying grip! She turned upon him like a thousand furies, and her terrible jaws got to work. Quick as a weasel was Negeet, and her bite was terrible. The sheep dog loosed his hold with a yell of surprise and pain and the otter slid as she had come into the broad highway, vaguely phosphorescent under the stars. Another sheep dog barred her way and yet another, dashing noisily to the scene. They were brave dogs, schooled to the hard life of the hills, but the otter, flattened out, seemed to glide between them, and when she struck—as assuredly she did—it was the strike of a whip snake, too swift for human eye to perceive. She slid into a thorn bush, the dogs following tumultuously, though somehow the idea of closing seemed to have lost its savour. Negeet dropped a sheer ten feet over the stone breast-work built to resist the floods, slid on her stomach down the steep bank and out across the ice, while behind her teemed the cascade of dogs to stand in a shivering, whining row, watching the rings of her departure widen across the flood.

Negeet had learnt the lesson of her life. She had learnt steel traps, and Nimrod and all his followers could not have outwitted her now. She had learnt dogs, knew that their strength lay in their unity of purpose, and that they were closely associated with man. Most of all, she had learnt man himself, for everywhere was the scent of him—on the trap, on the road, yes, on the very hateful dogs! The taint was stamped indelibly on her memory, the whole nightmare of events was saturated with it, and encountering that scent in later days Negeet turned back, or stole by shadowy and devious routes to a place of safety.

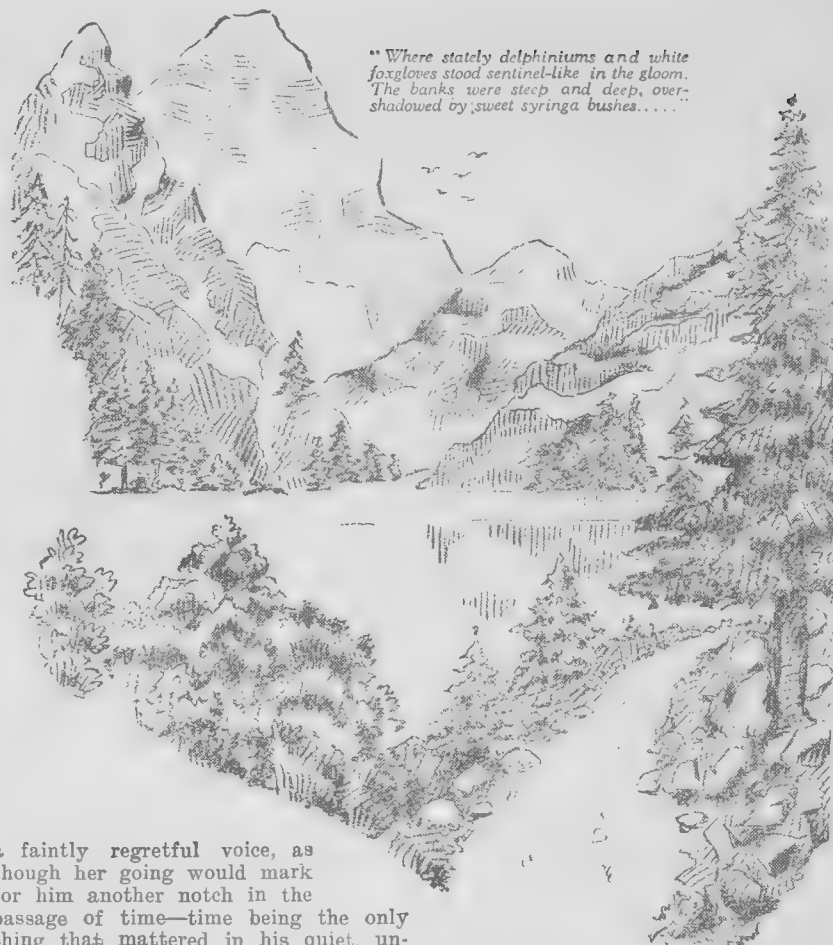
On the highroad above there was blood, blood everywhere, the tracks of many dogs, and here and there the tracks of an otter. In the small hours the veterinary surgeon came from the next village on his motorcycle, cursing the cold, cursing the villagers for leaving their dogs at large, but most of all cursing the otter, the cause of the whole disturbance.

II

After this experience Negeet would doubtless have left the locality, save for one strange custom, or law—or call it what you will—of the otter kind. Old Ben Inglis, the angler, in whose company one was always aware of the poetry of his calling, first told me about it; and later on, when I came to know Negeet and her children's children, when I came to dread a change in even the smallest of the riverside kindred, as old Ben dreaded such things, when I learnt what the driving mists sang to him in the alder trees, and why the river was never dull, winter or summer, day or night—most of all when I came to love that quiet valley—how well, alas, I did not understand till long, long after!—I saw that what he said was true.

"She will not go," he told me, in his quiet voice. "Mawakee, her mother, is gone, but Negeet will remain with us till next autumn—if she lives."

I wondered at this, for I had always regarded the otter as a creature as restless as the silver streams it loves, and when I said so old Ben pursued: "Yes, but not a young she otter. The dogs of the litter leave the locality of their birth the first autumn, probably with their parents but the she kits remain for another year. I suppose it is some provision of nature," he said. "In the wild there is a reason for everything, and Negeet will be with us till the spates again bring the salmon—then she will go!" This he added in



"Where stately delphiniums and white foxgloves stood sentinel-like in the gloom. The banks were steep and deep, overshadowed by sweet syringa bushes...."

a faintly regretful voice, as though her going would mark for him another notch in the passage of time—time being the only thing that mattered in his quiet, uneventful life. An idle life, perhaps, and yet—where is the world's city where one can learn such wealth as was daily his?

The frost went at last, and there followed days and nights of drifting cloud wraiths, when the laughter of the river seemed a mockery amidst the drip-drip-drip from the alders and the driving blast of the mist. Sometimes, when the storm lifted, Negeet would mount the bank and gaze with head aloft at the village lights twinkling across the moistness, their glow reflected in the wonder of her eyes. She was an endlessly lovely creature, endlessly graceful in every poise she took, swift as the shadows, silent, gliding in her movements, and when she rested no man can say. With the going of the ice she lost the listlessness of hunger, and all day, though few saw her, she glided and gamboled in and out of the endless corridors between the boulders of the river bank. At sundown she would fish for an hour or so, then she would amuse herself by swimming up the pools, drifting back, stretching herself luxuriously while the current caught her and bore her under the whirling stars—drew her into the maw of the whirlpool, round, round, into its very vortex. All these mighty forces were at her bidding, and easily, idly she moulded them to her will. She would cast herself belly upwards and drift, drift over the glassy brink of the fall, to be whirled with the pounding surf far out across the pool; and when the silver dawn crept through the pine wood on the east, filling the scented spray with flashing, rainbow tints, when the dipper's merry call rang from the mossy rocks and the sand-piper came whirling by on hooped and drooping wings, she would seek her den, refreshed, happy, but never weary! And so she lived her life—boundless in those riches used more sparingly than gold in the world of men and women.

One night a strange otter appeared below the whirlpool in Colgarth Water. He was larger than Negeet, less tapered and graceful in build, while the grey of his muzzle indicated that he was older than she—probably four summers. He had come from the sea, travelling night by night, passing beneath gloomy arches on his way, where the myriad lights of mighty cities peered down at him like unblinking stars, but now man's last droning outpost was left behind and the scent of the heather was in the air.

Negeet rose to meet him. She was shy and suspicious, hovering on the

downstream side to catch his body scent, while he sat motionless on the mossy boulder chivalrously awaiting advances. Negeet zig-zagged slowly up, landed, and they sniffed each other's muzzles.

Not for many weeks had the quiet valley rung with such sound as stirred the forest foot that night—whistling, chuckling, snorting, and a multitude of variously pitched screams, while the two otters swam together, darting like torpedoes across the shallow shelves, and performing the most wonderful loops and nose dives in the stagnant depths. Ye saints!—they were not animals at all, but boneless, gliding spirits evolved from the shadows and dissolving into the flood when so they chose!

Spring came; the trout, still black and poorly conditioned, rose at last from the depths and fought their way into the sparkling shallows, while Negeet and her mate, surrounded by abundance, became aware of a craving for a change of food. For days they fed on migrating eels, yet Negeet was ever searching, listening, inclined to wander off into the woods, and one night she heard from away up the mountain side a multitude of flute-like notes, filling the night with the weirdest melody that was ever attributed to pixies and the like.

Negeet had never heard the sound before, yet instinctively she knew its significance, and whistling to her mate the two stole off together into the jig-saw shadows of the wood.

Away up in the rampant wilderness of the castle grounds were two small ponds, where stately delphiniums and white foxgloves stood sentinel-like in the gloom. The banks were steep and deep, overshadowed by sweet syringa bushes, which screened an old stone seat, moss-covered and cold, guarded by a unicorn of stone. Thither the faint palpitating sounds led Negeet and her mate, and there they fed sumptuously on the choicest of their chosen fare. Ere midnight came the banks were littered with the skins and eyes of countless frogs, then the male otter, feeling in a playful mood, mounted the bank and slithered down on his front, diving with an oily swish into the pond. Out he climbed to repeat the performance, then Negeet joined him and together they rejoiced in the downward plunge, mounting, sliding, mounting, brushing aside the trailing blossoms, till soon a clean, bright slide was worn by their wet and

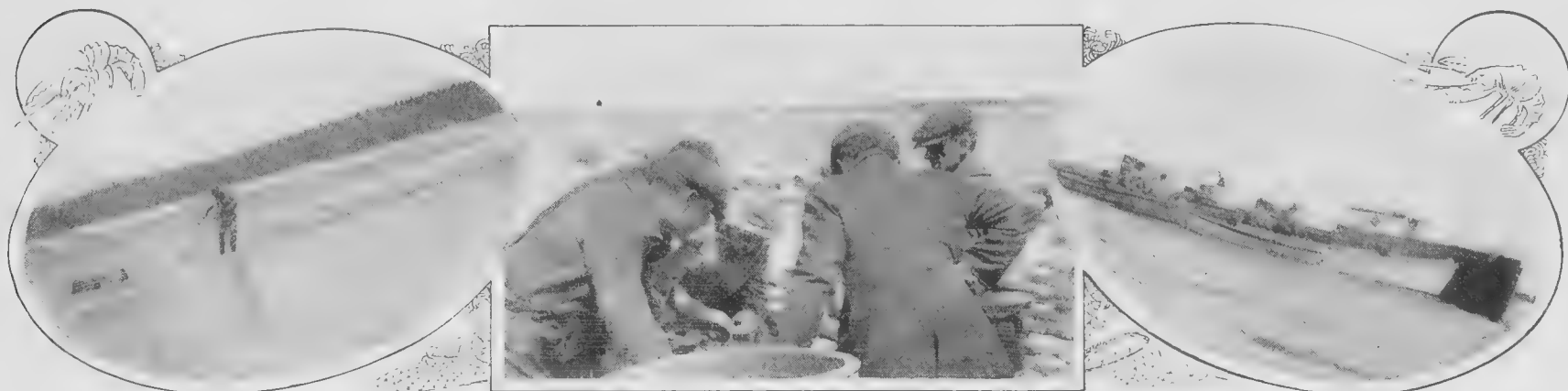
(Cont'd page 12)

LOBSTERING IN NOVA SCOTIA

Story Number Two

BY BONNYCASTLE DALE

Illustrated by Laddie



Laddie saving a storm-hung trap.

Scenting the lobster bait to see if it is good.

Lobster buyer's boat, without mast and auxiliary sail. Man weighing lobsters.

YOU will remember I wrote about the several months preparation of the lobster traps and motor-boats and fishing boats and dories? Well, the men have now taken the lobster traps, which they carted down to the shore by oxen, out to sea in lots of about a dozen at a time, each trap baited with a small bait bag or "twine bags" or "crokers' bags," when they are made of burlap, full of salt herring. Now, remember this old open Atlantic Ocean is a restless, uncertain quantity. But day after day the little fishing craft "put-putted" out and set the traps one, two, three miles off shore, sank them in water ten to twenty to thirty fathoms deep. So when night falls on this scattered fishing community, and the lights twinkle in the far apart comfortable clapboard or shingled wooden homes of the fishermen, and their boats bob at anchor in the sheltered tideway, every ear is attuned to the note of the wind then blowing. Four thousand traps set away off out there in the darkness, five miles off from where the lights gleam forth from the old familiar home window; four thousand traps worth six to eight thousand dollars—at the complete mercy of the elements.

Often do we go to the door and face the darkness, while the surf bellows on the bar and the lights of "little hope" circle the heavens, and listen to the night wind.

As I write this a strong south wind is setting into the harbor mouth and I fear for the four thousand traps. Each, it is true, is anchored by thirty pounds of flat rock well set into the bottom of the trap, and the ones deepest out have extra loose stones for ballast, but a heavy blow would sweep the whole lot ashore a tangled, wrecked mass.

The earliest men who got their traps out in late March did well. Our sale price is based in Boston and they paid us here as high as twenty-five cents a pound—and there was a good "creeping" of lobster, too, those nights. Some men who live all the year on the outer coast, on the most exposed shore to winter storms we have yet trod, did very well, making a "summer's wage" in the few early weeks.

Now, the lobster boat from Port Mouton comes regularly, several times a week at least, and picks up the lobsters from the local buyer. He buys by the pound and is paid by his firm a commission of one cent per pound. Yesterday he secured three thousand pounds, so it paid him well, and left four to five hundred dollars for the local lobstermen, at the price of five cents a pound for small lobsters to eighteen for big ones. Alas! there are few big ones. These men ship the larger lobsters, one, two and three-pounders, to Boston for the fresh market, and all the tiny ones which are caught—little bits of things like our fresh water crayfish—are kept for the canneries which dot many of the harbors along this coast (52 canneries).

At times the men catch codfish in their traps and many cunnners—a small, delicious fish something like a fresh water bass.

One thing we note. If the herring bait, which they buy or catch and put up by the barrel at some five dollars per hundredweight, is at all high, the live lobster that eats it tastes of high herring most thoroughly after it is boiled. We note that in bad weather, when the wind is high, there is usually an undertow and the lobsters do not "crawl," also the undertow sweeps the traps full of seaweed and smother the bait. In calmer weather the "sea eggs" or "sea urchins" with which the shore-wise bottom of the Atlantic floor is crowded, creep into the traps until they almost fill them. I have seen thousands of small ones in one trap—no room left for lobsters.

During the last thirty to forty years the lobster has been disappearing from many places along the United States coast. They have actually fished them out until all their lobster canneries had to close—not one is left. You see, the lobster is not a migratory shellfish. They only creep on and off the shore. Goodness knows they are fertile enough to live. They start to bear eggs at some ten inches in length, and it is springtime when they mate, but they only lay the eggs every two years. July and August being the usual spawning time. It takes them about six weeks to complete spawning. An eight-inch lobster laying as many as 5,000 eggs, and a big female as many as 100,000. It takes ten months for this egg to grow under the tail and be hatched out, and it is after this that the female moults her shell. I tell you she is an odd-looking, soft, most defenceless thing when the big, hard shell is absent and she is in her "flesh" as you might say, and it takes almost two months for the new shell to grow and harden. You see, the poor thing has to eat enough food to produce enough salts of lime to secrete this wonderful new armor.

As soon as the few thousand little chaps are hatched out of the eggs they rise to the surface of the sea. Then they are tiny mites about a third of an inch long. For two months they swim about free, always making new coats and losing old ones, until finally they get so heavy that—down they go! Then they are about three inches long and they hide among the stones on the bottom, eating all the tiny eggs and seeds of old ocean. Almost once a month they get a new coat—think of the H.C.O.L.!

Old salts, too old to fish, just old enough to still eat and smoke, tell me that in their fathers' days the kiddies used to gaff the lobsters out all along this coast with any kind of an old gaff or spear. Then they began to use a small hoop with a net stretched loosely over it, and some bait hung on it; and it was great fun to see an old chap watching his net and swiftly hauling it up, while all the alarmed lobsters were backing off at great speed—and he lost most of them before he got the wee net in. Then they tried these lath "pots" or "traps" and they set them singly, then they set them many on a trawl line, now the set is single.

At that time there was a yarn that any lobsters eaten in July and August

were poisonous, but as they could fish all year they could afford to let those "black lobsters" go. They were paying the munificent sum of two to three cents a pound, and as I live! they were putting back in the sea all lobsters under three pound weight (we keep lobsters now that will go six to the pound). Then they tried to ship them from place to place, but the old schooners' wells were hot and foul and they lost many, until some bright old chap thought of making a watertight shaft in the hull, with a perforated sea bottom, and letting old ocean run into the tank and keep the lobsters fresh while the vessel sailed home. Every big lobster was plugged with pine plugs, in the space in the joints of the claws, to keep them from killing one another.

There were some giants of lobsters in those old days, too. Just think of a nice, big, green chap sitting in your pot that was almost as long as the four-foot bottom slats—and weighed twenty-three pounds! A nice wee chap to take out! Then they used big lobster "cars" in the harbors to keep the live lobsters in. Our men use small floating "crates" of inch board about four by two feet, holding some one hundred-and-twenty-five pounds live weight upwards. A pure white lobster has been taken and many that look as if they had been partly boiled and consequently turned red.

Later—The Storm

While I was writing yesterday afternoon the wind was blowing in from the sea and growing in force steadily and veering slightly towards the northeast. In the early afternoon I saw the fleet of lobster motor-boats come scudding up the harbor from the little exposed fishing station at Herring Rock. One of the men had trouble with his engine, and drifted over towards shore, but he finally got power on and they all came plunging and splashing into the shelter of the tide-flats and the wharf.

There were two young men here from the outer Sandy Bay—right on the open sea—loading up supplies, and they had to make out to sea and Sandy Bay right in the teeth of the growing gale. By now it was blowing forty miles, and the wind chop on the seas whitened the scene.

I watched the long white motor boat and its trailing white punt make out of the harbor until my old eyes ached using the telescope (I often think I will have to leave the sea and come inland again, the nerve strain is too great). The dark figure in the bow put her right at the tall, lean seas and the twenty-foot boat climbed them like a gymnast. He wanted now to make the half-way harbor (Herring Rock) which lay to the south, so he had to steer due east, right into the big seas, until he was off the harbor mouth and then swing her in a calm spot, if he could find one, and run before it for the skids on the shore—and slide up them on a sea!—above the water at full speed! Still I watched him until I lost him in the spray and spume of the surf—but we heard later he made it safely.

All the night long the easter roared and we fear that all the four thousand

lobster traps are wrecked and lost—aye, even the one little trap we use.

The tremendous blow from the east, with its undertow and great rollers, had no sooner died away than a heavy so'-easter set in. We saw a big crate full of live lobsters washed up on the sands as we walked back from trout fishing (both sea trout and speckled trout are here as well as the big lake trout found in the fresh water lakes). We were very much touched by the kindness of one good friend among the men who go out after lobsters—he brought us in a "mess" of lobsters even though his traps were adrift and he had not yet caught a crate full. We accepted his self-sacrifice because it was so hearty.

Another day dawns and still the wind blows hard and the seas are choppy and the little fleet comes staggering back without locating the lost traps.

Later—I have just been watching the men through the telescope searching out in the open sea for the lost strayed traps. There is a tremendous swell running and they disappear in it and then rise away up—tiny black spots in so great a seascape. So high is the swell that the topmasts of the lobster-buying boats are hidden from me as I watch. Some of the men have their little lads with them this Saturday morning and they glory in the mighty seas and the angry wind chop on the top—all the long bar is ribbed and mounted with white-crested "sea-horses" dashing for the shore.

Later the next day—

A furious wind and snowstorm broke over the coast last night and all the scattered traps are still unlocated. The fleet of motor-boats lies tugging at anchor in the tideway. Few of the men have taken enough lobsters yet to make the sale of one crate—and the price is falling. Here a week of storm and wind has passed and the lobstermen do not know yet how great is the loss of their gear. There is such a tremendous sea running that none dare venture out.

In calm weather when the lobsters are "crawling" well some of the young chaps along this coast do a bit of practical joking. One of the older men motored out and lifted his first trap and was utterly dumbfounded to see a young dead lamb in the "parlor." "Dash that Peter!" he said, and put-putted to the next. Instead of lobsters this one was filled with all the old discarded oilskins and coats and trousers of the fishermen—jammed in tight. The next few traps yielded lobsters all right but one far out on the bar had a very odd fish in it. The fisherman had almost forgotten the "jokers" in the first few pots and he hauled this trap in swiftly—as there was a bit of a sea running. He told me afterwards, "I cocked my nose a bit as it came in for it was smelling stronger than all the dead lobsters along the shore! Just then a bit of wind gave me a nose full of it an' I let the trap run back again. May I never skin another cod if that crazy Peter hadn't stuffed an old trapped skunk right slap bang into the parlor!" (The "parlor" is the first inclosure in the trap.)

Seven Soap Superstitions

Do you know them?

1. Do you believe color means quality?

Soap is like a lot of other things. You get out of it just what is put into it. The actual quality that is built into Fels-Naptha is responsible for its remarkable results.

Some good shampoo soaps are black. Some good complexion soaps are green and brown. Fels-Naptha is golden because that is the *natural* color of the combination of ingredients of this, the *real* naptha soap.

Fels-Naptha, the golden bar, makes snowy suds and whitest clothes.

2. Do you believe clothes should be boiled?

A housewife who does not boil her clothes may have whiter clothes than her neighbor who does boil her clothes. What is the reason?

You boil your clothes to get perfect cleanliness and whiteness. If you were sure of this result *without* going to the bother and expense of boiling wouldn't you welcome the idea?

You *can* be sure. Use Fels-Naptha. Boil your clothes with Fels-Naptha if you wish, but the point is, there is no need for the expense of heat and the discomfort of boiling clothes. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go. It works through every fibre of the clothes and loosens the dirt whether the water is cool, lukewarm or hot.

Therefore the temperature of the water is simply a matter of your own preference.

3. Do you believe hard soap means economy?

Results count. A soap that "lasts" may be a slacker as far as cleansing is concerned. It is *dissolved* soap—not the solid bar of soap itself—that does the cleansing work. Hard soap means hard rubbing to get it into action. Hard rubbing means wear on clothes. Worn-out clothes means increased expense.

Fels-Naptha rubs off easily and dissolves readily in water, so that you can get the soap into the wash water with the least effort. The perfect combination of naptha, soap, and water loosens the dirt without hard rubbing, thus saving clothes and work.

4. Do you believe hard rubbing is necessary?

Some people think so because it seems too good to be true that dirt can be loosened *without* hard rubbing. Others have the idea that anything that will loosen dirt must be "strong" enough to harm the clothes.

Naptha is used by dry-cleaners to cleanse and freshen even the most delicate cloth and finery. Therefore it *must* be both effective and harmless.

Fels-Naptha is good soap and *real* naptha combined. Its naptha *makes the dirt let go* with little or no rubbing and without harm to finest fabric.

5. Do you believe soap causes aches and irritation of hands?

Keeping hands in cold water for some time and neglecting to dry them thoroughly may redden and roughen the hands, particularly in cold weather. Therefore to keep hands in good condition find a cleanser that saves your hands from being in water so long.

The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go—*quickly*. Why not soak the dirt out of clothes with this safe soap instead of keeping your hands in water to rub and rub?

6. Do you believe in "doping" your clothes?

It is poor economy to use soap that needs something else added to it to help it make good.

Why buy inferior soap and then buy a compound or mysterious something to *help* the soap, when by using Fels-Naptha you get clothes clean quickly and safely without "doping" the wash?

7. Do you believe the odor of naptha can stay in clothes?

Clothes washed the Fels-Naptha way have that delightful clean-clothes smell. The naptha in Fels-Naptha completely deodorizes the wash and entirely evaporates after it has done its work. It makes clothes hygienically clean. A good rinse, and they are fresh and sweet through and through. Prove it yourself.



Smell the real naptha in Fels-Naptha

Fels-Naptha works so remarkably that for years thousands have found it indispensable in camping and outdoors. Its uses are so varied! It easily, quickly and thoroughly cleans dishes, pans, clothes—everything. And astonishingly so in cold water.



Don't let tradition or superstition stand between you and the easier, quicker, better way of washing and cleaning with Fels Naptha. Get the real naptha soap. Order Fels-Naptha of your grocer today!

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



Missed his train—but not refreshment. Coca-Cola is sold everywhere.

Made in Canada by
THE COCA-COLA COMPANY
Winnipeg Montreal Toronto

The Widow's Might

By Edith G. Bayne

THE corner store at Squizzville was the hub around which the spokes of society revolved—particularly on a Saturday night. Here the genial merchant, Hank Butler, had a curtained-off space for the accommodation of the ice-cream fiends, which meant practically the whole population. Every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evening during the short prairie summer the Squizzville band gathered itself together on the little market square and discoursed valiant martial strains, and sometimes there was a barbecue in the hall over the hardware store.

A few congenial spirits were gathered in the rear of the corner store one night, talking over the barbecue that had been held the previous evening. Not that Joe Pierce, Ezra Willett, Hank Butler or Amos Driggs ever required a special topic for an excuse to meet and gossip, but in this case it took the form of a mutual consolation society. All four worthies had been badly cut up over the fickleness of the lovely Mrs. Harrington, Squizzville's young and so charming belle, last night. She had scarcely spoken to them.

"Prefers the young squirts," said Hank gloomily.

"Can't blame her. She's young herself an' been a widder now for nigh four years," admitted Ezra Willett, retired wealthy farmer and a widower too, like Hank.

Amos and Joe being bachelors were inclined to be more resentful. Amos had a nice little car of which he was very proud. Furthermore, once in a while it would go. He considered that this possession ought to have some weight with the beautiful widow. Joe banked everything on his looks.

"What I'd like to find out is what takes her into the city so often," said Amos, helping himself to some of Hank's biscuits. "Me with a car an' she never lets me take her. Always the local train. Every Tuesday reglar."

"Hats, or maybe dressmakin'," said Joe. "A woman's always blowin' herself."

"Tain't duds at all!" Ezra spoke up impatiently. "I guess I know Leonora better than any o' you. She makes all her own. She told me so."

"She's a durn smart woman," was Hank's observation.

"You said something," Ezra agreed. "You're the worst stung o' the lot, Ezry," Amos now remarked. "You almost had her once. I'd a' sworn she'd marry you in spite o' your face an' natural disposition."

Ezra colored and shook his pipe out against a flour barrel.

"Aw shut up," he said. "Change the subject."

"We won't," said Hank. "Not till you tell us what you an' her fell out about."

"Well, if you must know—and much good may it do yuh—it was over politics," said Ezra, glumly.

"Politics!" cried the others together.

"She said she was going into Parliament. She's got very advanced ideas."

"An' so because you didn't appreciate her ability you lost her! You durn fool!" exclaimed Hank.

"Well, we'll know now what not to do," Joe remarked with satisfaction. "Thanks for the tip."

"I don't hold with women in public life," Ezra said stubbornly.

"Ain't it funny us four sittin' here so peaceable an' all soft on the same woman an' admittin' it!" Hank observed. "We ought all t' be at each other's throats."

"There she is!" cried Amos suddenly, peering out from between a box of finan haddie and a fixture of collar buttons into the main part of the store. "An' there's a stranger with her."

"Tain't that long, lanky sport from the Bar G is it?" whispered Joe. "I saw one o' the Bar G horses tied up at Lawson's at supper time."

"No, it's a new guy. Never saw him before."

Hank had hurried out to wait upon the fair one. Meanwhile an idea had occurred to Amos.

"Say! Maybe this weekly trip to town has somethin' to do with a troupeau! A woman seldom makes her own trousseau, Ezry. That notion ever strike you?"

Ezra started. He turned a little pale, and forced a sickly grin.

"Some city feller's cut us all out!" Joe said in a sepulchral voice.

"Let him," Ezra declared stoutly. "He's picked a lemon in the garden o' love."

Hank had lingered out front, but now the widow was gone, so he returned.

"She wanted a bar o' toilet-soap," he announced with the importance of one bearing weighty news. "That guy's name's Watson. He's from the city."

"Did she call him by his first name? What train did he light from? How long's he to be in our midst?"—all these questions were shot at Hank at once.

"Dunno," returned that genial fellow sitting down on an upturned nailbarrel again and taking his pipe from the counter. "He's sort of half decent that Watson. He gimme a cigar."

"An' you're savin' it till Sunday," said Amos. "D'ye think, Hank—on the level now—"

"Well," Hank reflected. "Looks a leetle that way, boys."

Groans. Curses. Poor Ezra, once on the inside looking out and now very much vice versa shook a mournful head. She was so attractive, so plump and domestic-looking and full of vivacity and yet sympathetic and tactful too. Make a dandy wife for a man! If only she weren't so clever, durn it! He remembered how she had worked for better conditions in the schools and got them too, worked for a woman's rest room and got it, worked for a place on the school board and got it, made speeches in favor of woman's suffrage and all sorts of other "new-fangled" causes. Got 'em too! Down in his heart he knew she was right. Squizzville and its vicinity had improved in many respects since her advent. With a woman like that in every community, what sort of world would we have? And about that Tuesday trip—he was well aware of it. Oh, of course it was matrimony. A lowly lummo like him hadn't a ghost of a chance, and a pretty widow didn't last long. She'd be snapped up. But—just the same—what was the matter with finding out for sure?

"Boys," said Ezra, rising suddenly. "To-morrow's a Tuesday."

"Well, what of it?" Joe demanded.

"I'm going to follow Leonora into town."

They all stared. Then Hank slapped his knee.

"Now you're talkin'!" he cried. "Sic 'im Ezry, old boy!"

"I'll maybe have to squander two dollars, but we'll have our minds set at rest! Who'll come with me?"

"I'll go," said Amos, promptly. "Let's go in my li'l ole gasoline buggy."

"Not on yer life!" returned Ezra, decidedly.

"Then let me go," Joe spoke up.

"I wish you weren't so all-fired handsome, you big stiff," Ezra reflected. "But I won't kick this once."

"Send us a telegram sayin' what's the game. If you aim to do murder, Ezry, we gotta fix up an alibi," said Hank seriously.

"Yes. We'll be on nettles. Funeral or weddin' don't keep us in suspense," Ezry," Amos besought him gravely.

Next morning the two adventurous pilgrims took tickets on the early train for the city. Mrs. Harrington, arriving alone and a trifle late, just managed to catch the train, so she failed to notice the two admirers who were seated away up front in the day-coach. Though they kept craning backward to make certain she didn't get off at some intermediate station, she still remained unaware. Ezry was (Cont'd on page 10)



Aunt Belle's Comfort Letters

Aunt Belle is a real person and that is her real name. A great baby doctor says she knows more about babies than a lot of physicians do. Write to her about your baby.

The Loving Hour

Dear Beatrice:

It's all very Spartan never to pick up your baby, but after all, Spartan methods are not exactly modern. Of course, Baby isn't a plaything and ought to sleep most of the time, but late in the afternoons, always at the same hour, it is really good for the cherub to be picked up and cuddled and carried about the room.

Even a baby gets stiff and tired lying on its back all day, but soon learns not to cry if it knows the loving hour is as certain as bath and lunch.

You ask about talcum. Of course, there are several good kinds, but somehow I always feel that Mennen's is just a wee bit safer for Baby's flower-petal skin. You know it was the first Borated Talcum and I think it must mean something to have been the choice of mothers and doctors and nurses for over forty years.

And Mennen's is economical—the blue can is so large—one thing, thank goodness, that doesn't cost more.

Lovingly, BELLE.

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The Romance of Lost Mines

By N. Tournear

Nature is so strong as the lure of gold and silver. That is why half of the "mineros" in Peru are in hopes of again locating the famous Salcedo silver mine, the place of which is said to have recently been discovered by an American prospector, who met his death thereby. It is a well known fact that the Indians of Peru are at this day aware of the existence of many rich mines, the situation of which they will never disclose, waiting in fond hopes for that day when they are masters again, and have revived the glories of the old Inca emperors, which were quenched in blood by Pizarro and the Conquistadores. The exact locality of the Salcedo mine is among their secrets still. Though, not long ago, it was almost wrenched from them by the daring American.

In the seventeenth century this mine made Don José, a poor Spaniard, the richest man in Peru. The mother of a beautiful Indian girl, whom Salcedo had loved and married, had in her gratitude shown him the whereabouts of a rich silver mine, worked in the Incas' times, and closed up to baulk the Spaniards' greed. Salcedo rapidly grew so wealthy as to rouse the envy and cupidity of the viceroy of Peru, who had him arrested for treason, and condemned to death. Salcedo begged for the documents to be sent to Madrid, and offered to give the viceroy as a bribe a bar of silver per day. As the voyage from Callao to Spain in those days took from twelve to fourteen months, some notion may be got of the mine-owner's enormous wealth. The viceroy ordered Salcedo to be hanged, and sent his officers to take possession of the mine, May 1669.

The mine is situated in the neighborhood of Carro de Laycacota and Cananchari, many days' journey from the Peruvian capital, and along a difficult route by the wild Cordillera. When the expedition reached the spot, it was to find all traces of the mine had been obliterated. Salcedo's Indian mother-in-law had hastened ahead with friends of her tribe; and with the help of Indian workers, who were attached to their late master, they had flooded the mine with water, destroyed the works, and so effectively closed up the entrance that discovery was impossible.

Torture was applied to many of the "Cholos," but none of them would disclose the position of the mouth of the workings. For more than two centuries it remained hidden. Some time ago, a U.S.A. prospector, who had investigated the traditions and facts, began operations by himself. He hit on a closed up mine-mouth in the mentioned vicinity, and following it reached old workings of very rich ore. When he came to the surface again, thirsty, tired, and mad with joy, one of the two Indians assisting him offered a cupful of mate tea, which he thankfully accepted. A few minutes later he felt ill, and convinced he had been poisoned, mounted his horse and galloped off to the nearest white men, some twelve miles away. To them he told what had taken place, and described accurately the position of the Salcedo mine, and died on the following morning.

Immediately steps were taken to trace out the Golconda. When the place was reached all signs of the reopened mine-mouth were gone. Gone, too, were the two "Cholos." All was barren, precipitous rocks again, and wind-blown soil, and desolation. At this date the hopes of the "mineros" are high.

Romance of another nature attaches itself to the lure of old mines, that in most cases were worked by the Aztecs, Mayas, and others many centuries before the landing of Europeans on the American continent. One notable instance is that of the ancient Tiop Mine. It, according to records, had been so rich in gold ore that a Spanish bishop's wine-bowl was hammered out of a single lump. Some years ago, a Brooklyn man, while hunting in the Chihuahua locality, found an old tunnel, the mouth of which had been walled up many generations ago. The tradition ran that the mine had been abandoned by the Spaniards on account of their losses at

the hands of the Apaches and other Indian tribes. And the tradition proved correct.

A richer discovery, even, was that of a prospector, who after years of unsuccessfully following the wildfire lure of gold, took it into his head to work an old dump of "spent" rock on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande. It had lain there so long that nobody knew anything about it, many being of the opinion that it was merely debris, fallen down the hill through wind and weather. As he was laboriously clearing some of it away to drive a tunnel, a solid wall of well-laid masonry was encountered. Dynamite had to be used to blow it down. A tunnel was then disclosed, which a few feet farther in was closed by a low massive door built of hard wood logs and fastened by a huge lock of antique Spanish workmanship. The door was broken apart, and it was found that the tunnel ran back into the hill some five hundred feet to a breast of ore many times richer than any found in recent years. A revolution or an invasion of the Apaches had probably caused the mine to be abandoned, and the Spaniards with the characteristic cunning of their time had hidden the bonanza, leaving exposed only the waste product on the side of the hill.

Nowhere has the magnet of precious metal been a greater lure than in the northern gold-producing regions of North America. Despite the dangers, the extreme discomforts, and the solitude, thousands have rushed hither in pursuit of the golden spoil. Numerous are the romances of the Yukon gold fields—many of them, sheer strokes of luck. One such instance is outstanding.

In the early days much search was made for alluvial deposits from which the Indians, early in the nineteenth century, obtained the gold-dust that they disposed of to trappers, the Hudson's Bay Company, and others.

One morning a dejected prospector, Joe Carver, when camping with an Indian hunter, was told by him that seeing the rising sun gleam on the rocks near by, at the foot of which ran a stream, brought back to him memory that the place had been called by his forefathers, the "Rocks of Gold." Carver made search. He found not only the immense hoard which had accumulated in the bed of the small river for innumerable centuries, but rich veins of gold cropping out on the face of the rocks.

He died a multi-billionaire!

Stranger than any fiction are the real facts concerning another prospector, Charles McLeod of Edmonton. While taking an expedition of gold-seekers through the wastes of the northwest portion of British Columbia, he not only stumbled on the bones of his two lost brothers, but also hit on the location of auriferous quartz, which has made him one of the "gold kings."

One night, some years ago, when making camp with his party, McLeod found the traces of an old camp fire in the forest at hand, and in idle curiosity he began to scrape among the ashes and bits of charred wood. Presently he found on the half-burnt trunk of a pine an inscription consisting of the date, "May, 1906," and the initials of the names of his two brothers, who had been missing for years. Later on, the discovery was made of two skeletons under a tree a little way off the site of this old camp fire; and, not far from the tree, McLeod picked up a watch, which he at once recognized as having belonged to his brother Frank.

The trees in the vicinity were then closely examined for marks, and a "blazed" trunk was found, on which was much carving that was no so obliterated by nature and the weather that very few of the letters were readable. Near the foot of the tree, McLeod managed to make out sufficient of the lettering as to lead him to believe that a complete deciphering would probably mean his fortune.

The few rough letters that had remained readable referred to the locating of a gold shaft. But the murderers, who were assumed to have been Indians, had not only

(Cont'd on page 10)



The Same Teeth

With film removed. See what a change

This ten-day test will show you something of what film removal means. How it beautifies the teeth—how it cleans and gives better protection.

You should make this test. It is free and delightful. To millions it has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

Film dims the teeth

You feel on your teeth a viscous film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

Brushing teeth in old ways does not end it. So countless teeth brushed daily still discolor and decay.

It is film-coats that discolor, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. And, under old methods, very few escaped them.

Now two combatants

Dental science has now found two effective film combatants. Able

authorities have amply proved them. Now leading dentists everywhere advise their daily use.

These methods are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. With it, countless people, night and morning now combat that film.

Other essentials

Certain aids to Nature are also embodied in Pepsodent.

Pepsodent stimulates the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is Nature's agent for digesting starch deposits. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva—Nature's neutralizer of the acids which cause tooth decay.

Thus every use aids Nature to protect the teeth.

Watch the change

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch the other good effects.

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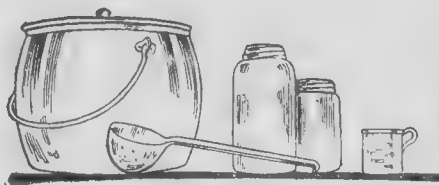
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For Physical Exhaustion
Take **HORSFORD'S**
ACID PHOSPHATE

Especially recommended for physical and mental exhaustion, nervousness and weak digestion. A refreshing tonic that affords quiet relief when depressed or weary.

BUSINESS can always be good if it is gone after in the right way. Advertising in "The Western Home Monthly" is an effective method.



Old Dutch Cleanser

Makes Them Hygienically Clean!

That's the way you want your fruit jars; your caps; your preserving utensils. That's the way they must be to prevent fermentation. Use Old Dutch; it's the safe sane way. Saves you time and labor; have a can always on hand.



Made in Canada

Give your Baby the milk doctors recommend and give to their own Babies

Medical etiquette, of course, forbids the publication of doctors' names, but the following remarkable letters speak for themselves. They need no comment.

ONE DOCTOR SAYS:

"I cannot speak too highly of your Glaxo as a food for infants. They invariably do well, both in health and sickness, and I prefer it to any other food, and shall always recommend it. I have seen in my practice some very fine, healthy, and well-grown children entirely reared on it."

SAYS ANOTHER DOCTOR:

"My own baby has been fed on Glaxo from birth a year ago. She is in perfect health, and has never had an hour's trouble due to food. I always insist on bottle babies under my care being fed on Glaxo, as I know that it is the only food that can be relied upon to give perfect results in every case if given correctly."

Glaxo

The Super-Milk

"Builds Bonnie Babies"

Glaxo is sold by Druggists throughout Canada

Send 50 cents for the 136-page Glaxo Baby Book

For 50 cents we will send you the 136-page Glaxo Baby Book and a Glaxo Weight Chart. In addition we will send to Expectant Mothers who state the month Baby is expected, our Booklet "Before Baby Comes" and a Special Recipe Book. If you do not think the Glaxo Baby Book alone worth many times 50 cents we will willingly refund your money. Write today to our Agents below.



If you have any difficulty in obtaining Glaxo, write to the Sole Agents for Canada;

HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., LIMITED
10 McCaul Street, Toronto

The Widow's Might

By E. G. Bayne

Cont'd from page 3

looked older than usual, due to the fact that he had shaved too hurriedly, and had worn a black suit instead of his usual Sunday best tweed. He became interested right away in a pretty little schoolma'am across the aisle.

In the vast and bewildering traffic of the big town they found it hard to keep their quarry in sight. Joe nearly became a victim of a trolley-car once and Ezra was constantly being pulled back from onrushing autos, so eager was he to track the villainess to her lair. That graceful creature darted briskly along, showing speed in every line of her, and all of a sudden she'd stop abruptly before a window, thus forcing the two sleuths to put on the emergency brakes.

"What did I tell yuh! A woman can't pass a hat store!" Joe said on one such occasion.

"I'm all out o' breath. Guess I'm due for a rest-up."

"We'll have some wait," groaned Joe. "Nope. She's started again. Come on."

She stopped again before an enticing dress goods array. The two followers skipped nimbly into a doorway from which retreat they peered cautiously out.

"She's getting up steam. Come on!" said Ezra, as she once more started on, and at a more rapid rate.

But why follow the trio all through that hectic morning and still more hectic afternoon? Suffice to say that the fair Leonora led the gallants a swift scramble, from confectioners to hat-shops, from department stores to movie shows, and at four-thirty finally sailed serenely into Empire Hall, Ezra and Joe lurching after and dropping into seats at the rear. They hadn't sat down since leaving the train, and Joe's corns pinched him "somethin' fierce." But ha! What was going on here? A political meeting! And now at last she did see them. Ezra half rose and bowed. Joe arose too with dignity and much pain. But before they could get to her she had risen herself and walked up to the platform.

"Holy mackerel! Listen at how they're cheering her!" muttered Joe. "An' look! There's Watson in the chair."

Mrs. Harrington's address was full of eloquence and force. There were other features on the program, but her admirers from Squizzville heard and saw nothing but her. Ezra released a grin and let it stay on his face, regardless. Joe punctuated the address at intervals by muttering: "Bully for you. Mrs. H! That's hittin' the nail on the head! I'll say so. Give it to 'em hot! Hear, hear!"

"Let's ask her to dinner er super, er whatever they call it," he suggested at the close.

"I ain't got the nerve, Hank," Ezra confessed.

"Well I have."

"Watson—"

"Oh him! You heard him—what he said. He was just her handyman. Druv her round, like. But he's got a wife an' eight kids. Come on!"

Leonora was surrounded by a coterie, but Joe and Ezra pushed through. Mrs. Harrington, newly elected member for Drysdale, greeted them warmly, but with dignity too. It seemed presumption to address her by her first name. Drysdale was the constituency in which Squizzville was an unimportant centre. She was now a "public character" in Ezra's eyes. So it was Joe who actually gave the invitation. She didn't at first reply. Watson had stepped up.

"We'd like to have you out to the house, Mrs. Harrington," he began. "My car is just outside—"

And then the newly-elected member smiled her brightest.

"You are too kind. I'd love to—but some other time. I'm going to dinner with Mr. Willett and Mr. Pierce," she said, as she turned to her two admirers from home.

dressed in his best and looked thirty instead of forty. He was a solid man, clean-shaved and prosperous looking. Joe, on the contrary,

They went to the smartest hotel in town and were soon enjoying a nine-course dinner under rose-colored lights and with a delightful orchestra discoursing sweet strains in a hidden retreat. Ezra's smile was still a fixture. As Joe turned once to speak to a waiter he got up nerve enough to lean toward her and ask:

"Why are you so kind to-night?"

"Because," she answered coyly, "you came to hear me speak."

Ezra let her think so. Fate, too, was being kind. And anyway he saw himself now as a behind-the-times rusty, old skate. Ezra was once and for all converted to the new woman idea. Durned if he didn't like it too! Arriving at the tooth-pick course Joe at last began to feel sundry inner warnings that he was de trop. He suspected that underneath the tablecloth hands were being held. He intercepted tender glances. *Joi de vivre* was in the air, but—not for him.

And his thoughts drifted to the pretty schoolma'am.

"I'm forever blowing bubbles," he hummed, and then excusing himself got up and wandered off to the billiard room. He hoped those lovesick loons wouldn't forget that the train left at nine o'clock. But in the meantime, for the fun of it, he would telegraph to Hank. So he did. (He'd get square with Ezra, so he would! Charivari. That was the idea!) The message said:

"Bring Squizzville band and meet the 10.10. Bring anything else that can make a racket. Looks like a wedding—Ezra, leading man."

The Romance of Lost Mines

By N. Tourneau

Cont'd from page 4

taken the precaution to remove means of identification off their victims—they also had slashed the "blazed" trunk in such a manner as to

make most of the carved letters unintelligible. The party of prospectors scattered in search, and it was McLeod himself who chanced on a shaft, apparently sunk eight or nine years previously. It was evident a considerable quantity of gold had been extracted. The claim which McLeod promptly proceeded to stake out was subsequently disputed by some Indians on the grounds that they had sunk this shaft. The matter, however, was determined in McLeod's favor.

Who that was in the mining areas of south-west Oregon a few years ago, does not remember the "Crazy Dutchman"? The little old German, who seldom came into the prospectors' camps, but hung about in the tall timber and scrub watching operations most carefully. Years ago, he was a stout, strong young man, with a comrade, and one of the most valuable "prospects" in the south-westerly U.S.A. Indians surprised them. His mate was killed, but he escaped, and made his way to Rogue River, still hugging in a bag some pieces of his auriferous ore. Some twelve months later he returned to Oregon with enough dollars to enable him to fit himself out and reopen his bonanza. He set out, but found it was impossible to locate his mine again.

The frost and snow, a landslip or two, and the overflowing of the small river at hand, had done away with his landmarks. At last, he told others of his mine. None has ever rediscovered it. And Fritz, he lost his wits in a monomania of search for his "Crazy Dutchman's Mine."

Terrible, but fascinating, is the lure of gold and silver mines.

The Name They Asked For

There is more than one joke concealed among the dry statistics of the United States Postal Guide. For instance, there is the name of a post-office in a little hamlet in Lincoln County, West Virginia.

The inhabitants of the neighborhood made the usual petition for the establishment of an office, and the department, after determining to grant the request, made inquiry as to the name which the petitioners wished the office to bear.

"We don't care what you call it," came the reply, "only we want a post-office." And Wewanta it remains to this day.

Clean-up at Last Chance Creek

By Ross Cassington

Cont'd from page 4

"Just so so; the road is bare in several places, we want more of the white stuff; we pull a bit heavy." Skinner bent over, and the two men engaged in a whispered conversation.

Croft observed them from the open door of the dining-room. Mollie came with the pie and coffee. "My lines of communication are being cut."

The girl turned her head in the direction his eyes indicated, and nodded. "Daddy will leave no possible avenue open for you to get past him."

"You're speaking the truth Mollie, and I'll have to be sharp and slippery." After enjoying a chat for half an hour he rose to go. "Well, good night, and C.Y.K."

"What's C.Y.K. mean?" enquired the girl, as he pulled on his fur coat. "Consider yourself kissed," he replied with a laugh as he went through the door to the bar to pay for his meal.

"In ten days, mind," said Skinner, as he was leaving.

"Most likely before then," and he went quickly out into the wintry air, and was soon in his log cabin near the big dredge which lay but a few hundred yards from the old Hunker road. In a very short time the snug cabin was warm and cosy, the heater fairly trembling with the rapid combustion occasioned by the sudden drop in the temperature. Croft lay back in his wicker chair and did some thinking. He would skin Skinner, and ask him for Mollie. Not that he was dependent upon the father for the hand of his daughter, for he was reasonably sure that the girl would decide for herself either way; but it would enhance his triumph to win the father's consent, even if this did not imply the consent of Mollie. He would prefer to have the father's good wishes in any case, whatever Mollie might do, it would help, rather than hinder him.

The moon was dropping behind Dawson Dome throwing its sharp light on the frozen Yukon, hummocked with ice, and the smaller sweep of the Klondyke river, as Croft cautiously crept down to the roadhouse long after midnight. The smoke from the chimney indicated that Skinner had good logs in the stove, and Molly would be nice and comfy. The dredge manager chuckled; it was a great game he was playing, and it suited him. He was carrying a five-gallon oil can, now converted into a pail, and by the way he shifted it from one hand to another was good evidence that he had no light burden. Two hours later, his work was done. Five bags of gold, the last clean up of the season had been safely deposited in a place of his own choosing. It was a big risk, but he liked it all the better for that. If Skinner was to be skinned, he would do it neatly, and leave him, figuratively speaking, stark naked. Musing thus, he made strong coffee, and was more generous with the condensed milk than usual; if Molly could only be here now, he thought, he would tell her his whole scheme—he could trust Mollie. "The old man will give me anything that I ask for, eh?" He took up the girl's photograph and looked at it for a few minutes with tender regard. "We will have our little nest where the sun shines all the year round, and let this gold business alone; the yellow god shall not enslave us."

Two days later he went down to the roadhouse to supper. After the meal, he had a long talk with Mollie, who could scarce control her excitement at what she heard.

"Pete," she said, grasping his hand, it's just splendid; I knew you would do it, but how I knew not. Dad has men watching at Ogilvie bridge night and day, and he actually had a big load of wood sent down for their fires, which must have cost him twenty dollars."

The girl stood where she could see and hear as Croft passed into the big room that served as bar and social hall. The usual evening crowd had gathered. Skinner eyed him for a moment, then tauntingly remarked, with a wink of confidence to the company:

"You have only seven days left to get the dust away, Mr. Croft." The dredge manager stood with his back to the stove, enjoying the warmth, and the sight of a head of brown hair just over the top of a screen near the dining room door. The old smile spread over his face as he

paused for a moment before replying. All eyes were turned on him.

"My friend, the dust is already in the bank."

"Not the Dawson Bank?"

"Yes, the Dawson Bank."

"What!" said the excited man, dropping his cigar without which he unfortunately was seldom seen. "When?"—"How?"—"Prove it!" and he struck the bar counter with his fist making the glasses ring. The men about the room pushed up to the stove. "Prove it, Mr. Croft, we have wagers to settle." The sere looking man thought the time was ripe for drinks round, and limped toward the glasses. Croft gently pushed him aside, and went to the counter, taking his bank book from his pocket as he did so. Skinner, now thoroughly alarmed, leaned over to see the item in the book upon which the manager had his finger.

"You see yesterday's date; you also see 3,840 ounces, valued at \$20 per ounce; now notice, credit \$76,800.00, and there is the bank manager's signature!"

"You're down and out on this deal, Skinner!" shouted one of the men. "Skinner's skinned sure!" chimed in another. "Shake hands Croft," and several insisted upon congratulations.

"I want further proof," said Skinner weakly, all the bravado which he usually exhibited now remarkably absent.

"You shall have it," Croft replied, quietly,—he had kept himself well in hand, in spite of the inward exultation which he felt—he then proceeded to deliberately read from a paper bearing the crest of the Northwest Mounted Police: "This is to certify that I witness the removal of five bags of gold dust, weighing 3,840 ounces, enclosed in coal sacks, from the sleigh load of machinery brought to Dawson by Joseph Skinner, being the property of the Western Canada Consolidated Company, Limited, Manager, Peter Croft. Signed, Major Wood."

"Joe Skinner, it's a knock out," shouted an excited miner, you took the dust to town yourself, and never knewed it! O boy!" and the men roared with laughter.

"Better 'phone in to Dawson and tell the fools watching at the bridge to look for another job, and stop burning good wood at fifteen dollars a cord," remarked another, when the laughter had somewhat subsided. At this there was another outburst of merriment.

Skinner was silent through all this uproar. He was well beaten and knew it. Presently his features relaxed, and he laughed quietly till his shoulders shook; then he put out his hand. "I'm skinned at last, I'll own up; you've plucked me clean, I haven't a feather left."

"Friend Skinner, you're a good sport, and I admire you for it," said Croft sincerely, as they grasped hands. As the boys here are all interested, I think it is only fair that I should tell them what I am going to request of you." He then stepped across the room and returned with Mollie on his arm; this act was the signal for such a tumult that even the wildest days of camp life had never witnessed in that room before—clapping, stamping, cheering.

"It's the best clean up on the creek in my day," said an old timer, and then there was more handshaking than Mollie appreciated.

When able to make herself heard, Mollie said "Pete has one more request dad."

"Yes, dad," said the happy Pete, "and that is, we want you to come and live with us on a little ranch where the sun always shines; Mollie wants to have a flower garden, and I want to plough some land, and you can have your team, and we can have glorious drives together, and we will have new milk for breakfast every morning, not this canned stuff, and we will let this gold hunting business go to—Mollie gave a little sob, and her lover turned in time to see a tear of joy trickle down her cheek—to Jericho," suggested Skinner.

AN OCTOBER NIGHT

By James Owen Tyron

The flags of the day are furled,

The hosts of the wind are still;

You can see where their tents are pitched,

Over beyond the hill.

You can see where the sentries walk;

The dead leaves stir as they pass;

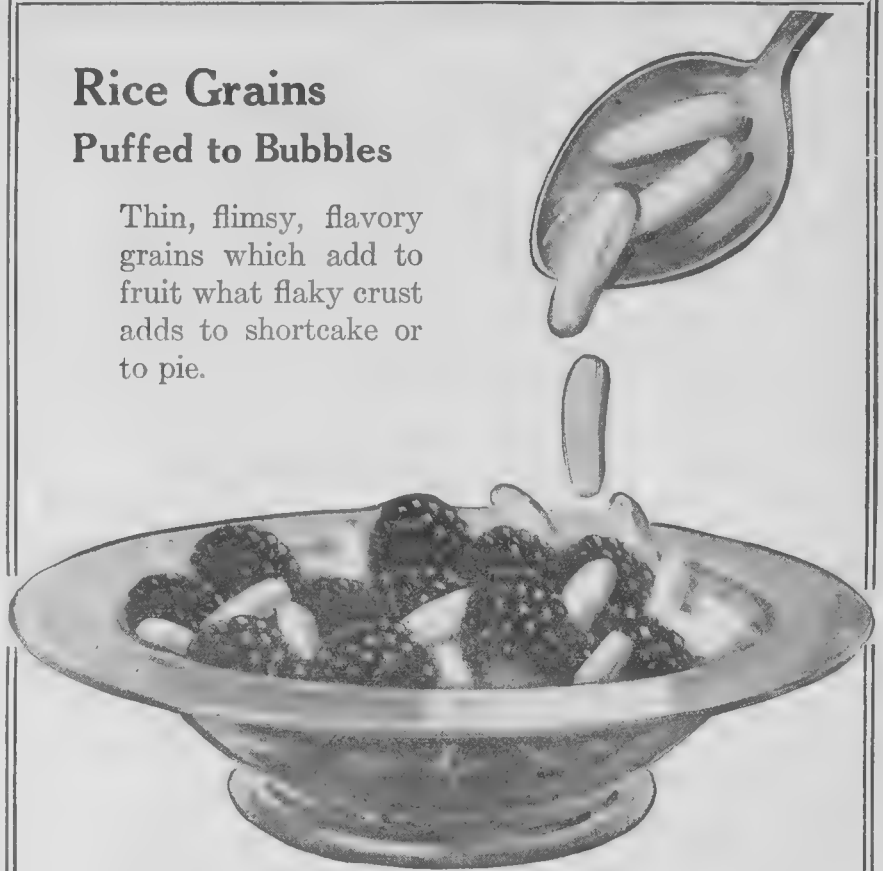
An outpost bird in the hedge,

And cricket scouts in the grass.

Rice Grains

Puffed to Bubbles

Thin, flimsy, flavory grains which add to fruit what flaky crust adds to shortcake or to pie.



Start July Days

With Puffed Rice mixed with berries

Or served with cream and sugar. You have never known a cereal food so flavory and delightful.

These nut-like morsels are used in candy-making. Chefs use them to garnish ice cream. Think of serving such foods as a breakfast dainty.

Also crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children between meals. They are better than nuts or sweetmeats or cookies. Puffed Rice has every food cell blasted so digestion is made easy and complete.

End July Days

With Puffed Wheat in a bowl of milk

This means whole wheat—the ideal food—with every food cell broken. Over 100 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel

These are Prof. Anderson's foods—the best-cooked cereals in existence. This process does completely what cooking merely starts. Whole wheat contains 16 needed elements. In this form all those elements are utilized. Think of scientific grain foods which to children seem confections. Serve them in these summer days morning, noon and night.

Whole Wheat

Puffed to airy, toasted globules, 8 times normal size. They make whole wheat a fascinating tidbit.



The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Canada

Saskatoon, Canada

You Always Get full food value for your money when you eat Grape-Nuts

Each golden granule of this attractive wheat and malted barley food is rich in nutriment for body and brain. Serve Grape-Nuts direct from the air-tight packet for breakfast or lunch.

Crisp-Delicious-No Waste
"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

Negeet of Blue Underworld

By H. M. Batten

Cont'd from page 5

which the otters played long centuries before St. Moritz was thought of.

III

Deep down among the rocks, forty yards from the water's edge and fifty yards above her favorite pool, Negeet made a nest of moss and hay, and there late in April, her tiny cubs were born. How she loved and fondled them! How she drove her husband away with hissing snarls, though no doubt his intentions were the kindest in the world. Husbands, however, are best away from the nursery though only in the wild is this truth recognized.

Most uninteresting babies they really were, and one was a poor, undersized little fellow, who daily grew more plaintive and persistent in his calls for his mother, till one rain-spangled evening, when a diamond hung from every bud and twig, she carried him out and buried his poor little remains among the leaves. The other, his birthright undivided, sprawled in thriving helplessness while the fairy tints of spring ripened into the fuller shades of summer—for eight long weeks blind and dependent, the most peevish uninspiring morsel of cubhood a woodland mother was ever called upon to endure.

On the very day that the cub opened his eyes harsh fate decreed the inevitable breach in the united peace of his parents. Theirs had been a happy marriage hitherto, and soon now they would have been teaching their little one the arts of mastery of the stream—teaching him the Millers' Thumbs among the pebbles, or to poke his head deep into the sand after the eels, father and mother sharing alike in the joys and sorrows of his upbringing. But that morning there was the sound of a brazen horn away up the river, followed by the baying of hounds and the wavering call of the huntsman. The otter hounds had come at last, they had found an otter in the flat above, and now Negeet's mate was fleeing for his life before a score of sturdy hounds and twice as many sturdy men!

He did not understand, of course, or he would not have sought his mate and thus brought the peril to her very threshold. Now, in the hour of his deadly need he sought her, as he had sought her always in brighter hours—perhaps just to assure himself that at any rate she and her cub were safe, perhaps because he knew no sanctuary save with her. Side by side they crouched, listening—listening, while without came the tread of many human feet, the thunderous baying of hounds among the rocks, the sharp, malicious yap of eager terriers.

"Pitter-pat" went Negeet's heart, and behind her eyes there shone two burning coals. Something was invading their home; they heard a scratching, snarling, panting sound, then a spirited little terrier, red-eyed and bristling, came squirming between the rocks.

The male otter was there to meet him, silent, cool, but deadly intent, then at a cranny on the other side, forcing an entrance from a different quarter, appeared a second terrier. Negeet spun round to face the fray, and her fury was that of a mother in despair, defending the nursling at her very side.

But those terriers were grimly in earnest, recklessly intent on forcing an entrance, and the otters knew that to remain here was impossible. Negeet caught up her cub, and darted by the sole remaining passage of escape, while behind her holding the way, covering her retreat from those bristling, snapping little demons of fury, stood her mate.

He too might have fled had he chosen—fled back to the world of sunlight and life, there to pit his skill with theirs on his own familiar ground, but a stranger to the deadly fear of death he chose to hold their foes at bay, while Negeet with his baby escaped by the one remaining door.

The men and women saw their otter burst from the rocks at the water's

slippery fur. And often, during the days of solitude that followed, the male otter returned alone to this quiet place, and played the game played long centuries before St. Moritz was thought of.

edge carrying something in her jaws. There was no time to act, precious little time to think, yet some there were who understood—understood with a pang of pity; and who, long after recalled the heroic little scene—the wild mother of the waterways, hard pressed and hopelessly outnumbered, struggling with a load which tried her sorely, and yet which she would not drop! A big hound struck at her and rolled her over; she returned blow for blow, then catching up her cub again glided in and out among the rocks to the water's edge.

"Whip off the hounds! It's a bitch with her cub!"

Too late! They were sportsmen, all of them, but—there was no time! The rough going hindered the men more than the hounds, orders were of no avail with the quarry in sight, and half the pack broke away from the green coated whip and followed in hot pursuit. Negeet dived, but remembering the cub rose instantly, then swam like a streak, glorious in her gliding ease, towards the cauldron pool where she had sported away so many silver hours.

Too late the huntsman saw the peril, or had he seen it earlier he could not have intervened. Negeet had reached the pool edge, and now, still gliding, not swimming like the hounds that pursued, using her whole body, not just her paws, she headed towards the vortex of the whirlpool, holding her cub aloft as she swam. The hounds followed—paddling desperately, but progressing in a direction quite irrespective of their efforts. One was paddling south; he was travelling north. Panic fell upon them, and each began to lash the water into foam, rearing far out in a frantic effort to fight the flood. The huntsman last night had spoken mockingly of the power of this pool; he took it as ignorant village superstitions, but he was now to see.

Negeet reached the vortex and vanished. Down, down, she went, into the realms of dark, forbidding corridors, where the sand and gravel whirled like leaves in an autumn gale. She was fighting against time and well she knew it. Already the cub was struggling in her grip, handicapping her sorely. Down there, jammed in the crevice, was a dim and drifting shape, tattered rags torn at by the current, with a white, sinister framework showing beneath. It was all that remained of Normid, the drunken miller, who last winter had mysteriously disappeared from his village, ten miles up the river. Near to it was a pitch black corridor among the rocks, which led upwards into the heart of the wood, thence by mysterious ways into one of those ancient clay walled drains which have withstood storm and tempest in a manner which puts man's latest inventions in hygiene to shame. Thither Negeet headed—into that dim underworld whence no hound could follow.

The leading hound went under, and they saw him no more. Others followed, or, by chance, were carried ashore by some force less steadfast in purpose than the rest, while the huntsman cursed voluminously, and the field looked blankly on—dazedly aware that they had seen something glorious though a sense of tragedy and horror possessed them all.

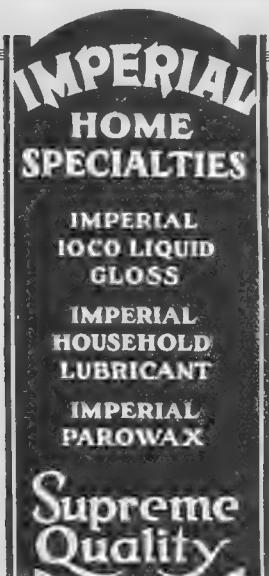
* * * *

When dusk fell, an old grey haired angler sauntered down to the pool, and took his seat among the shadows to tune his tackle to the conditions of sky, breeze and water. Quietude reigned everywhere, broken only by the low of cattle and the "yap-yap" of a sheep dog, mellowed by distance.

Suddenly a shadow arose from the interlacement of crimson and gold in the centre of the pool, an illusive, waving shadow, part of the common fireplay, save that it came steadily towards him with just the faintest suggestion of sound. It was Negeet, still carrying her baby!

The breeze was from her to the man, she did not see him, and now she swam rapidly to the gravel bar at his feet, and there—at his very feet!—she laid her offspring. Then she raised her glorious head and looked into the old man's eyes.

Into his very eyes she looked, and his soul writhed (Continued on page 48)



Seals in all the Delicious Flavor

"AS good as the day they were put up," Mother exclaims when she opens jellies or preserves sealed with Imperial Parowax.

No wonder she is delighted! All the fresh fruit flavor is there—no speck of mold—no sign of fermentation. Every jar keeps perfectly.

Just a thin layer of melted Imperial Parowax, poured over cooled preserves or jellies, forms an air-tight, moisture and dust-proof seal. Cans of fruit and vegetables are also

sealed effectively by dipping the tops in Imperial Parowax. Either way it is easily applied and very economical.

To make sure you get only the purest refined paraffine—ask for Imperial Parowax at your grocer's, or at departmental and similar stores everywhere.

A little Imperial Parowax added to soap loosens dirt and whitens clothes in boiling. In starch and rubbed over irons, it gives lustre to finished laundry.

IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED

Power - Heat - Light - Lubrication

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Re-opens September 1921.

RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

New Fireproof Building.

OTTAWA

How a Resourceful Canadian Modernized the Ancient Walled City of Canton, China

By FRANCIS DICKIE

THIS is the remarkable and unique story of Tom MacInnes, a daring and resourceful Canadian, who has disproved those often quoted lines of Kipling's that "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." For Tom MacInnes, alone and without financial backing went to China and established in Canton, the most backward, the most Chinese of cities, a new and up-to-date tramway system which at the time of writing has just reached completion. How tremendous this project was, how beset with obstacles at first seemingly insurmountable, is here fully set forth for the first time.

Canton is a city of two million people, mostly Chinese. In the week following that day in December, 1916, when this

The surfaces of these many intersecting waterways were often bestrewn with carcasses of animals, offal, and all the detritus of this vast human gathering. A population of some ten thousand people lived on sampan boats moored in the canals and on the river.

The tunnel-like streets were paved with long slabs of stone, drains running beneath. In places from roof to roof across the street were stretched mats, keeping out the sun. Into this welter of humanity and narrow ways, by courtesy called streets, Tom MacInnes went, observing, studying, intent on his great plan to revolutionize this place by tearing down miles of enormous walls and sweeping away thousands of these rickety buildings and replacing all by wide-paved boulevards on which would run modern



The Canadian Promoter, Tom MacInnes in Canton, China

daring and resourceful Canadian, Tom MacInnes, arrived in Canton with a preposterous scheme of tramway building, and not much money in his pocket, he nearly lost heart, for of all places this seemed the most unlikely. Along one side of the city flowed the Pearl River. Around the other three sides of the old city ran an immense fortified wall, very ancient, very thick, in some places 45 feet through at the base and from 20 to 25 feet high. But for many years the city had outgrown these walls. An entirely new city had sprung up beyond them, till on the day of Tom MacInnes' arrival the walls formed a circle within the present day Canton. And the whole—such a city! In no other one on earth perhaps are so many people cramped and huddled in so confined a space. Countless narrow passages from 7 to 15 feet in width comprise its streets, a tangled maze. Through portions of the place flowed narrow canals, mostly made by excavating work done to rear the fortifying walls.

tram cars. For days he walked among streets of dried fish, live fish squirming in tubs, and where other tubs were filled with entrails of fish and animals for sale. Ignoring smells he continued resolutely; and at times found sights of beauty, streets of open stores, bazaar fashion, where gorgeous silks and embroidery pleased the eye, and smells of burning incense filled the air. Even here at times moaning leper beggars excited horrified pity. He saw, too, still stranger and more shudder-filling sights, proving how sunk in ancient ways was this place he had come to conquer with methods Western. In one particular blind alley of a street captured pirates and other offenders were daily beheaded by two stolid-faced executioners with long sharp swords. The victims, with hands tied behind their backs, and kneeling, met their fate. Here also some criminals were put to death in manner most horrible by being enclosed in a cage of poles, the top of which fastened closely around the



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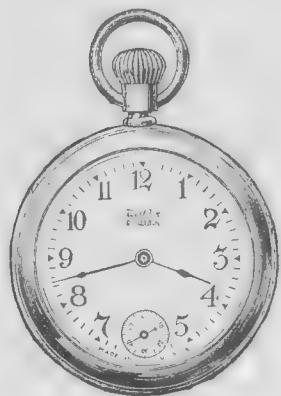
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Modernization of Canton

By Francis Dickie

Cont'd from page 13

neck. Beneath each criminal's feet bricks were placed at first, then layer by layer withdrawn, so the man hung gradually more and more by the neck, an awful death by strangulation. Again, along streets near to which the small British element lived, he read quaint signs in English by Chinese written to advertise and draw the "foreign devils" custom, such as: "Dentistry Practised With Great Peace"; "Coffins, Domestic in Latest Foreign Fashion"; "First Class Gambling House," and many others showing how queerly the Chinese interpret the meaning of English words.

Now this resourceful Canadian had a great idea, but neither political influence or financial backing. When he briefly outlined his plan to the British Consul, he met with the discouraging advice to go home. Instead, he stayed more determined than ever. He was convinced his idea was worth while, and no mere consul's advice, even though that personage was about the most important white man there, was going to keep him from trying. Despite his disbelief in the promoter, the consul did get him an invitation to meet the Chinese Governor, Chu-ching-lan, a six foot northerner. At this meeting luck came the Canadian's way, for the Governor's secretary was Dr. Lin Tze-Feng, who he had met and grown very friendly with in Paris at the beginning of the great war. At this reception the promoter also came face to face with another old acquaintance, Judge Peter Hing, the first Chinese graduate from the famous Canadian University of McGill, and who had been his friend for many years after in Vancouver. Through the influence of these men, Tom MacInnes finally got a private audience with the Governor and laid before him his plan. In China business is a time-taking matter of much elaborate ceremony. But after many meetings came the climax, when the Canadian was called upon to face a formidable array of potentates: the Governor; Dr. Lu, ex minister at the Court of St. James; General Tom Ho-Ming; Admiral Hsia-Heng, and three foreign-trained, English speaking Chinese engineers. Upon these men depended the Canadian getting the concession to carry out his idea. For several hours went on one of those battles of wits which are fought at times with words by men of all nations at the head of affairs.

This daring white man, with only a big idea to sell, was keen and shrewd, learned in law, and with some knowledge of big business. In his capacity as a lawyer he had drawn up the Anti-Opium Act for Canada in 1909; and the Chinese Immigration Act in 1910. Besides considerable knowledge of Chinese character gained from experience, he was possessed of that so rare thing, intuitive understanding of foreign peoples' psychology, with which some men seem innately gifted. Face to face with this formidable array of some of the keenest Chinese minds in the Empire, the Canadian held his own on every point regarding details of contracting and construction, and many were the searching questions the Chinese engineers put to him. Then came the first question regarding financing. He was faced with a problem. He had only in idea to sell, an idea backed by his own organizing ability to put through. And he knew that the only previous way by which a foreigner ever had gained a concession in China, was by the liberal payment of "cumshaw"—that is the giving of plenty of money in advance to various officials. This was the custom since time immemorial an Oriental countries. But the promoter had no funds to satisfy this form of graft. Still he knew his idea had great value, and he wanted fair reward for it and the work he would have to do to make it a reality; but in order to gain this by getting the concession he must not reveal his lack of funds, he must "save his face" before these men.

A brilliant thought came to him, born no doubt of that intuitive comprehension of the Oriental mind. He decided to try establishing a precedent, to reverse all the rules of the game. So instead of answering the first put question regarding finances, he said with great dignity: "The only way in which I can be assured your Excellency and gentry really look favorably upon granting me the concession to put through the improvement which will so greatly benefit your city, would be

payment to me of a small amount, say two thousand dollars, to cover fare and expenses of one of my competent Canadian engineers to report upon the cost of removing the walls and the other work necessary to be done to carry out my scheme of a tramway system and city beautifying plan of boulevards." The promoter then took his leave.

This bold move succeeded. The psychology of the unexpected captured the Chinese mind. They suddenly were filled with the idea this white man could benefit the city, and now were eager to have him go ahead. A few days later Tom MacInnes received word from the Governor of official acceptance of his proposal and the stipulated sum to cover the engineer's fare and other expenses as the promoter had stipulated.

A competent engineer was soon brought, and a few months later MacInnes received the concession. The work before him was of great magnitude, six miles of the huge stone walls had to be torn down, thousands of square feet of narrow streets must be swept out of existence, requiring the payment of one and a half million dollars compensation to land owners. But though he had the concession, the promoter had still to find financial assistance to complete the work. He was just about to start seeking this in the spring of 1917 when the South of China seceded from the North. The following revolution forced the promoter to abandon his going on with the project until after the signing of the armistice in November, 1918. By that time he had found an enthusiastic backer, and it was not a white man either, but Eng Hok Fong, one of the outstanding figures in Chinese commercial life to-day. Eng Hok Fong controlled a line of steamers plying between Hong Kong and America. Many of these had been commandeered by the British and sunk by German torpedoes. At the time the Canadian came to him with the project, Eng Hok Fong was in funds, for the British Admiralty had paid him indemnity for his ships. He was so taken with the concession's possibilities he offered to finance the work. The offer was accepted. Work went merrily on.

Six miles of walls, two thousand years old and more, were removed, and the rubble carted away or used in the paving. In these walls were found great quantities of silver coin, ancient ornaments, and rare jade, hidden in the past twenty centuries by various people and never recovered. When word of first discovery got about, a number of contractors offered to do the remaining removing work for nothing, which was accepted, and all got enough in buried treasure to repay them, and the company got the work done gratis. Thousands of houses were swept away, and dozens of wide boulevards from 80 to 100 feet wide were built, down the centre of which for a width of 25 feet was right of way for the cars of the company. The only change from the original plan which was made was that instead of tram cars, motor buses have been substituted, it being found the operating costs were less, and they gave more satisfactory service in such a city. The busses are of the latest type, capable of carrying 30 persons.

So Tom MacInnes in 1920 saw his dream come true. Where once was a maze of narrow, tunnel-like streets, many wide-paved boulevards are to-day. The motor bus has taken the place of the sedan and the rickshaw.

The other day this resourceful Canadian who made these things come to pass, sailed away from Vancouver, after a brief visit, once more bound for China, where he plans something a hundred times greater, the facts of which the world will no doubt hear in due course of time.

The Bright Side of It

There is always something to be thankful for if one can only see it. A writer in the Kansas City "Star" relates the story of a young girl at a football game, accompanied by an old player. After one of the mass plays she uttered a cry of horror.

"My brother! My poor brother!" she said, as a half-back was carried off the field.

"But how thankful we should be," said her escort gravely.

"Thankful? Thankful for what?" exclaimed the girl.

"Thankful that it wasn't a full-back," he said. "We haven't a decent full-back sub, you know."

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Trading With The Publisher

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The Russian Kaleidoscope

The eyes of the world are still on Russia and on Lenine, but it is difficult to predict what will happen because Russia is no longer a single state, and because Lenine is a variable quantity. The mathematics of fixed numbers is easy, but it is not a simple matter to deal with variables and imaginary quantities. That Lenine is changed is clear from the happenings at the Tenth Communist Conference. Mr. McCullagh, in the New York Herald, clearly sets forth the solutions:

As for the Co-operatives, Lenine had a long tussle in the Tenth Communist conference with the very man who was responsible for bringing the Co-operatives under Government control. The general impression made on my mind is that Lenine's speeches at the Tenth Communist Congress marked an enormous change in the evolution of Bolshevism. The whole vessel was steered on a new course, but that does not mean, of course, that it will ever reach port. We are still in the thick of things and anything may happen.

A great many of Lenine's colleagues are still ardent Communists, intent on a world revolution, but Lenine is for the moment at least disgusted with the revolution business. As I already have pointed out, he has been swindled so much by bogus revolutionaries intent only on getting money and jewelry out of him ostensibly to cause revolution abroad but really to feather their own nests that he has washed his hands of the whole thing.

That does not mean to say, however, that the leaders of the Third Internationale have done likewise. As a matter of fact they are even now trying to organize a Bolshevik revolution in all the Baltic States. But this discordancy of governmental policy always has been characteristic of Russia.

The duality of policy ruined the Czar in the end, and it may ruin Lenine. But this dual policy is observable in the mass of White Russian political literature which is produced in Europe, for while it attempts to prove (for the benefit of Western Europe and America) that Lenine has not abandoned Communism it also attempts at the same time to prove (for the benefit of the Russian emigres) that Lenine is selling the country to American capitalists; that he has thrown overboard all his principles, and is making an alliance with English bankers who will help him to subsidize a Red army to keep the Russian workers down, that the Russian workmen will be reduced to servitude under American factory managers working for great American trusts.

The whites cannot have it both ways however. They cannot tell us that Lenine has not abandoned Communism, but is, on the contrary, working for "the universal proletarian revolution," and at the same time tell their anti-Bolshevist Russian leaders that Lenine has formed an alliance with English and American capitalists for the exploitation of Russia. I have not read a White Russian paper for the last month in which I did not find paragraphs headed "Lenine Retreats Still Further" and containing news of some further shred of his Communist clothing that Lenine has dropped.

Of course, the Communists still keep control of the Government and of the newspapers, owing to their conviction that once they give that up they are lost. And they are right in this belief, for they would be instantly overwhelmed and destroyed. But their policy has otherwise undergone a profound change which will lead to still more remarkable changes in the near future.

Lenine may pull through the storm with a very much altered ship steering on a new course, or he may go to the bottom. But a news gatherer has only got to note the extremely important fact that he has altered his course and to signal that information to his paper. For it is, in Michael Farbman's words,

"the most momentous move since the Russian revolution," and in Lloyd George's words, "an abandonment by the Bolsheviks of all their principles."

One of the reasons for the change of Lenine is without doubt the social and industrial conditions of Russia at the present time. From Paris comes the following report, which may be regarded as authentic:

Some idea of what Bolshevism has cost Russia was obtained this week at a conference of Russian trade and industrial representatives at the Hotel Majestic. Not a single branch of production exceeds one-fourth that of the 1913 figures, which is taken as Russia's last normal year. The fuel output last year was only 24 per cent of normal, although the Soviets assigned whole armies to keep up this production. With true Communist neglect the capital gold production fell to 2 3/10 per cent, and platinum to 7 per cent.

Cotton cloth barely reached 4 per cent, paper 13 per cent, sugar 16 per cent, and soap 3 per cent. Despite these figures the conference leaders expressed the belief that the Russian workers will find their own salvation once Communism and bayonets are shelved, and a democratic government, even if in the form of a Soviet, is installed by the intellectuals and moderates.

It may be, too, that Lenine is getting disgusted with the judicial system of his own creation. Here is what is said of it:

In an article in the current number of the Journal of the American Bar Association, Judge Fisher writes that agents of the Soviet's supreme tribunal may combine in one person arresting officer, prosecutor, judge and executioner. He found secret courts engrossed in litigation to recover bribes promised by tradesmen, but not paid. A former Moscow lawyer justified the system of wholesale bribery, he said, on the ground that it had become impossible to live at all without it. Judge Fisher found widespread trading despite the abolition of private property. Such illegal transactions were so general that they only could have been carried on with the connivance of corrupted officials.

Judges, the writer of the article found, were subject to no restraint, but the "Revolutionary conscience." An effort was made to induce all workmen to act in that capacity, and in Petrograd there already had been more than 40,000 judges though there were only 40,000 workers.

Judges even in small villages had absolute power to carry out their decrees and the Cheresvechaika—"the All-Russian Extraordinary Commission for the Suppression of Counter Revolution, Speculation and Sabotage"—continues to employ capital punishment in parts of Russia which were declared to be under military rule, although the death penalty was abolished in 1920. Offenders in Moscow whose deaths were desired were transferred to a military district for trial.

Judge Fisher says that the accused are not permitted to face their judges and are not told the nature of the charge, nor given a chance to explain. Many have been executed without even knowing that they had been convicted. The tribunal has no regard for the action of any other departments of the State. It is responsible to no one, and even the Communist officials fear it. There is provision for appeal from the local or departmental Cheresvechaika to the All-Russian, but ordinarily the defendant has been executed before the appeal is perfected. Controlled by no law the tribunals, it is said, openly use their power to avenge the wrongs attributed to old-time enemies.

Judge Fisher, who is Chairman of the Russian and Ukrainian Committee of the Joint Distribution Committee, ends with a plea for the innocent sufferers.



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Fleet Foot are certainly the most attractive shoes for summer wear; the coolest on hot days; and their sturdy wear makes them truly economical.

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DID the mighty subterranean stream which eons and eons ago carved out Mammoth Cave change its course after completing one of the western world's grandest wonders and begin chiselling a great new channel through the limestone strata of Hart and Edmonson counties, Kentucky? This is the query geologists are making since the discovery of a new three tiered cavern of gigantic proportions three miles from the great cave. Through the lower tier there rushes a river of such volume that its force carries a stream of cold water across the current of Green River when it emerges, showing up black and sombre against the placid emerald of the parent stream.

Only such a river, say they, could have created the great cave—the Mecca of tourists for over a century—with its halls

Mammoth Cave Rivalled By Vast New Cavern

and cathedrals, pits and domes, stalactites and stalagmites, avenues of entrancing beauty, and its gypsum limestone and onyx, moulded with uncanny touch into every conceivable form and shape.

Scenes of Dazzling Beauty in Great Crystal Cavern

Whither went those turbulent waters? Echo River, the bewitching stream that rises and falls with the tide of Green River, they say is not the answer. Surface rivers sometimes change their course; why not those that flow hidden from the eyes of man? Pioneering beneath the earth, Lee Collins and his son, Floyd

Collins, farmers, found in February what they believed to be the answer to the perplexing riddle after they discovered a pit leading down to a second gallery in a cave on their place, which they had already named Great Crystal Cavern from the dazzling white gypsum which hangs in snowy folds from the roof and tiers of the underground passages.

A kerosene lamp, which shone with a yellowish gleam into the Stygian darkness, revealed avenues of beauty never before trod by man, unless the aborigine knew this place and came here to hide from the foe. Hardy explorers as they were, they were overcome with astonishment and fright at first. A noise which they

did not understand came to their ears. They listened and recognized it as the gurgling of water. Then cautiously they pressed on.

Around a turn the weirdly flickering light beams danced on the ripples of a stream forty feet wide. A ledge on one side gave ample footing. A mist rose into the air which glistened with a hellish light which only a Dante could depict, as the river dropped precipitately to a great hole below.

Torch Hurlled Into the Abyss Reveals Awe Inspiring Things

Only a moment they stood before the precipice and its yawning darkness, then retreated. Two days later they resolved to try again. Climbing through the rat holelike aperture which leads from the upper tiers, they carried lanterns and torches and food. Awed only a moment by the incessant roar of the water, they lighted a torch and threw it forward over the cataract. Spirally it descended, illuminating the sight with a ruddy glow and then died suddenly in the raging waters. In that one brief moment they say they saw a wonder never before seen by man. They lighted other torches and watched the momentary lifting of the darkness in the gulf below. Estimating the distance at one hundred feet, they returned to tell their story to those who would listen.

Tarrying awhile, they became enthralled with the task of exploring other passages until lost in a labyrinth of turns and openings. Then the elder Collins discovered that their footsteps left an impression in the light glaze of sand on the cave floor. In this way they retraced their steps until they reached the upper tiers.

In four Kentucky counties—Hart, Barren, Warren and Edmonson—there are practically no creeks. The drainage is almost entirely subterranean, and these hidden streams pour their waters into Green and Barren Rivers, mostly in the form of springs. The valleys are saucer shaped and flow to a centre. Here are sinkholes into which the water disappears into a natural underground system. As a consequence nearly every farm of any size in this region can boast of a cave.

One day Lee Collins, who had explored other caves, decided to investigate the one at the threshold of his home. Rock for road building was needed and he decided that the sinkhole was an appropriate spot to blast where the limestone outcropped. The result was a larger entrance.

That was two years ago. Mustering up courage, he descended with a long rope tied about his body. Sixty feet below, he reached bottom. It was large and roomy down there. Subsequent blasting lowered the entrance until it was possible to enter without the use of a rope. It was just a cave. By way of diversion young Collins went in every now and then just a little further each day until one day he walked two miles and the family took notice.

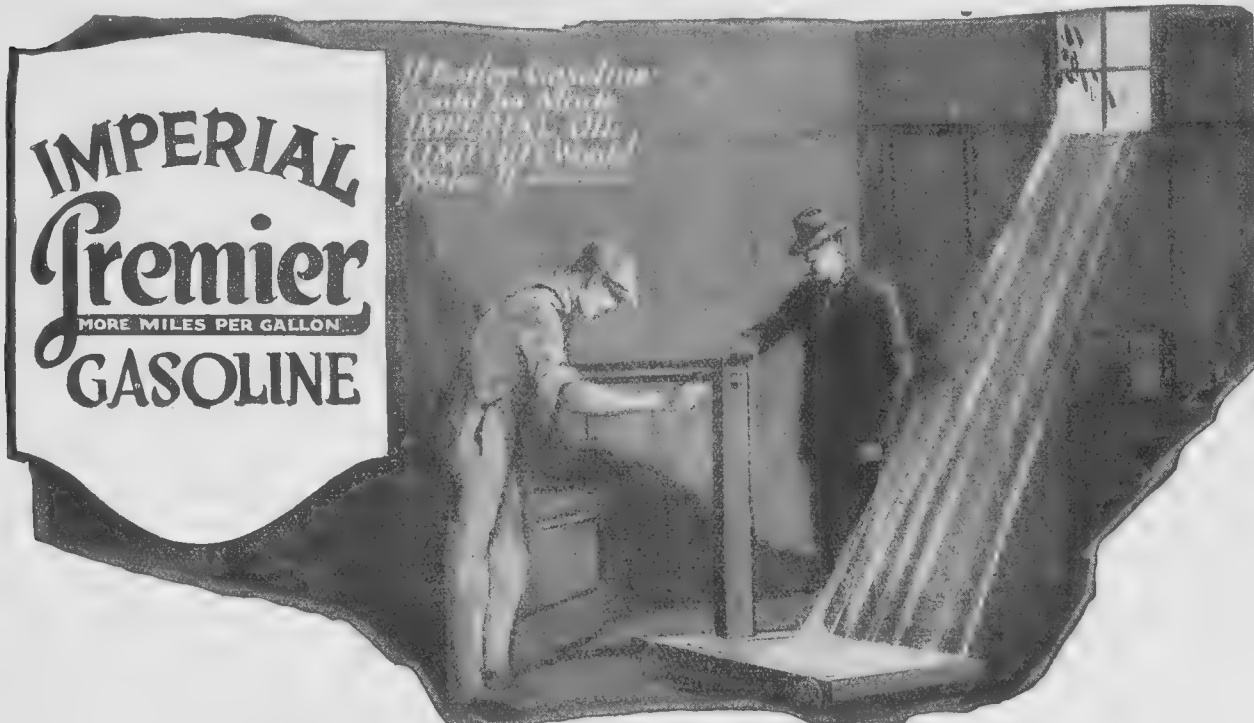
A Veritable Fairyland

He reported the recesses a veritable fairy-land with snowy incrustated walls and weird ornaments of nature hanging from the ceilings. The reported find spread to Cave City, ten miles away, and embryo geologists went to the scene. A mile more of galleries were explored, but here where the walls showed the passage of a mighty stream some cataclysm of nature had shaken down the arches and blocked the passage way. This seemed the end.

Undaunted, the father and his two sons, Marshall and Floyd, slowly removed stone after stone. Only a few yards of broken down natural masonry removed, and a wondrous avenue was opened to their vista. One mile further they found another blocked passage. This has never been opened, but in the new areaway they found the hole that led to the lower cave. On another wing which they opened up was revealed what may alone be classed as one of the wonders of America, "The Grand Subterranean Canyon." Here the water has cut its way down sheer perhaps 170 feet.

The walls rise abruptly on each side in sombre and silent beauty. The rays of the strongest calcium light barely penetrate to the smoothly carved roof. Here and there gigantic jagged boulders are ominously poised aloft and seem to sway in the glinting of the lights.

Right off to the right, the guide—one of the Collins boys—lead you to what he in unassuming voice calls "The Gates of Hell." There one sees where the river recently—perhaps a (Contd. on page 48)



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THE LADYKILLER

By A. E. JOHNSON, Manitoba Agricultural College

MY wife and I are happily enough married; that is to say we have our little differences and even, occasionally, that which might be called a rumpus. The last tiff has just happily ended, and as it brought me in a matter of \$10, will remain one of our memorable battles royal.

The onset had been sharp, so sharp indeed that when we got aboard the train, Mollie chose her seat and I mine. The little minx, quite aware how stunning she looks in white, wore an air of unruffled innocence; she might have been leaving home for the first time.

At the first stop a gentleman, whom I took to be a salesman, entered the car and affably inquired if he might share my seat. Of course I consented. The car was full and I badly wanted to go back to Mollie; for the salesman looked talkative and I was in no talking mood. Fortunately he had some mail, though I soon discovered that not even letters would keep him long silent. Then, from the folds of one of the letters there dropped on to the floor a little diamond ring, which, since it was nearer me, I picked up and handed over.

"Returned!" exclaimed the salesman, smiling, and added: "Nothing doing!" "Ah well," he continued, popping the ring into his vest pocket, "there's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. Gosh, they're as easy to pick up as a secondhand car. Why," (he bent nearer me to whisper) "I'll have another one before the week's out, you see."

The merry twinkle in the man's eye, the humor that shone in his broad face, the wide and kind mouth, which was duplicated and enlarged in the folds of his vest (which concertinaed when he laughed) recommended the fellow to my liking. It occurred to me that Falstaff, younger, must have looked something like this man. As he read another letter I watched his cheeks knobbing up with pleasure like apples ripening apace.

I took a glance towards Mollie hereabouts, who appeared to be having the sweetest of daydreams; but I knew that swift and sharp thoughts were plying beneath that massy dark hair.

His letter finished, my companion remarked confidentially, "My luck's clean out to-day; here's an old flame of mine got tied up to a pork butcher. Of all things in the world! Why didn't she choose a druggist? I should have got over it then. A pork butcher! One thing (he continued) her Dad'll be happy. He's as fond of pork as a school kid is of ice-cream. Why, d'yer know, mister, he's something like that fellow that was such a pig for pork that he had sties in his eyes!"

Laughing in ripples at his own joke my new friend exchanged the letter from home for that containing the ring and again opened the subjects of sweethearts.

"Girls, yer know, mister, girls ain't like machinery. You get a good engine, keep it in good trim, and all you need's the gasoline. But when you're dealing with a woman . . . !"

The immensity of the problem struck even this loquacious gentleman dumb. He did, however, cite the historic case of Adam, adding that it had been the same ever since.

"They're so blamed independent," he concluded warmly. "Why this woman wasn't even scared o' God. She says you couldn't make her believe woman was made from a man's rib. Reckons the woman was first and that it was poor old Adam, mind yer, that tripped up Eve. Still for all her high and mighty ideas she was darned pretty; as fine a head of black hair and as sparkling a pair o' eyes as the Almighty ever made."

"But, as I said before," remarked my companion philosophically, "there's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. Why, do you know, mister, I could get a girl on this train, if I wanted to, before we reached Winnipeg. There's something about me that they fall for; I'm a bit of a ladykiller. I don't know what it is, for it ain't looks. Think it must be the sailor blood in my veins. We came over in the 'Sunflower.'"

"You mean the 'Mayflower,' surely," I ventured.

"Of course; how silly of me. Say, (he continued, stung apparently by an idea) I'd just like to take a little bet on with

you; I'd just like to bet you \$10 that I will make some girl on this train accept this ring before we reach Winnipeg!"

I was a little taken aback at this and naturally hesitated. So thoroughly convinced had I become, however, of the fundamental goodheartedness of my companion that I decided to take him on. Imagine therefore the completeness of my chagrin on returning from the dining car (where I lunched alone, for Mollie would not come in) to find the rascal talking to my wife!

I took up my old seat and watched the pair furtively. Unfortunately I had allowed Mollie to note my concern, and I rather fancied that she was doing her best by way of torment. For his part the salesman seemed as happy as a lark; I wanted to shoot the rogue. I reflected that it was certainly the limit to have to watch a man making love to your wife for a bet with yourself. Of course I realised that the salesman was ignorant of the fact that he had selected so near a relative of mine as an object of flirtation, and I could not but admire the fellow's taste. Even so my jealousy would not be downed, and the fact that Mollie and I had had so sharp a tiff that morning made this little flirtation very difficult to tolerate.

The wretch was certainly getting under way. I had liked him greatly; now my thoughts were villainous. I began to grow hot with rage and finally, unable to endure the exasperation longer, I got up with the idea of stopping the nonsense.

Simultaneously with my rising rose also the salesman, and this action was sufficient to arrest my anger and make me pause. He came down the passage towards me and I re-seated myself to await what he might have to say.

"Say, mister," he opened (and there was a twinkle in each eye), "I guess we will consider that bet won. The joke's on me. I've a message for you. That little blackeyed Susan over there, she's sure some teller-off. I've just had the Bible in tablet form jerked into me and a good old parting slap to get off with. After I had been trying to win a finger for that ring she says, perky-like, looking towards you:

"You see that good-looking gentleman down there wearing a blue tie; that's my husband. Would you mind telling him that after ten minutes of you I'm just dying to make it up with him."

He handed me the ten dollars and later in the day Mollie and the salesman and myself went in to dinner together.

LEND A HAND

By Isobel Wilson

As you pursue from day to day,
Your journey on life's rough highway,
Perchance you'll meet one old and grey,
Then lend a hand!

And if your arm be young and strong,
Then help the feeble ones along,
Just lend a hand!

If you see anyone in need,
Don't pass right by and take no heed,
But help them out by word or deed,
Just lend a hand!

If there are any tired or ill,
You can assist them if you will,
So lend a hand!

Maybe you think your lot is hard,
Your life with pain and sorrow marred,
But others are worse battle scarred,
So lend a hand!

A kindly action done by stealth,
Is better far than fame or wealth,
So lend a hand!

Then when you feel depressed and blue,
As if there's no one kind or true,
Just look for some worse off than you,
And lend a hand!

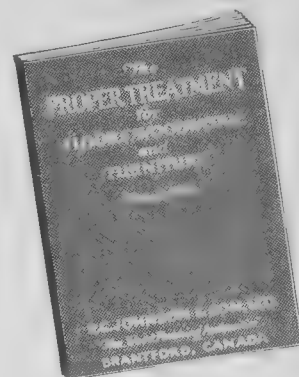
In helping others you will find,
Abundant peace for heart and mind,
So lend a hand!

DOCTORS' CRUSADE AGAINST THE HOUSE FLY

Eight hundred Bronx physicians recently joined Dr. Arthur J. O'Leary, Health Officer of the Bronx, in a crusade against flies for the elimination of diphtheria and other contagious diseases.

THIS BOOK ON HOME BEAUTIFYING FREE

This book tells how to make your home artistic, cheery and inviting—just what materials to use and how to apply them. Contains complete instructions for finishing woods of all kinds—hard or soft—old or new. Tells how to secure beautiful enameled effects with **Johnson's Enamel** and stained effects with **Johnson's Wood Dye**. This book gives full directions on the care of floors—how you can easily make and keep them beautiful with



Johnson's Prepared Wax

Johnson's Prepared Wax comes in three convenient forms—**Paste** for polishing all floors and linoleums. **Liquid** the dust-proof polish for furniture, pianos, woodwork and automobiles. **Powdered** for dancing floors.

Present coupon to your best dealer in paints for a free copy of the Johnson book. If he is unable to furnish it mail coupon to

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Ltd.

"The Wood Finishing Authorities"

BRANTFORD

Mr. Dealer: Please give me a free copy of the Johnson Book on Home Beautifying.

Name.....

Address.....

Note:—If your dealer cannot furnish this book mail the coupon to S. C. Johnson & Son, Ltd., Brantford.

Dealer's Name..... W.H.M. 7



GENUINE Irish Table Linens AND British Household Bedding At Half Regular Store Prices

The entire product of our mills is now being offered to the public direct, saving you just one-half the retail price. To secure greatest distribution these articles have been combined in bales, each containing a complete assortment.

Already over 50,000 bales have been sold in England and a second allotment of 5,000 bales has been secured for Canada.

We sell direct from the British Mills and save you the Middleman's Profit

Over \$35.00 worth for only \$18.95 Over \$45.00 worth for only \$24.85

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>No. 1 BALE—BEDROOM</p> <p>2 Blankets—Guaranteed 100% ALL WOOL Scotch Blankets. Full Double Bed Size. White with Colored Borders and strongly Whipped Edges. Store Price, \$18.50.</p> <p>2 Sheets—Heavy, Pure White, Bleached, Hemstitched. Size, 72 x 90. Store Price, 7.50.</p> <p>2 Pillow Cases—Large Size, Fine Quality, Pure White. Store Price, \$3.00.</p> <p>1 Dressing Table Cover—Hemstitched, Irish Embroidered or Scalloped, Madeira Worked. Size 17 x 45. Store Price, \$2.75. (In ordering, state choice).</p> <p>1 Bed Spread—Heavy, White, Full Size, with Ornamental Design. Store Price, \$6.50.</p> <p>All articles are for full size bed. These goods are all new and could not be purchased in the store for less than \$35.00 or more.</p> | <p>No. 2 BALE—DINING ROOM</p> <p>1 Real Irish Damask Table Cloth—Guaranteed Finest Quality Irish Linen, 2 yards square. Choice of four beautiful designs: "Carnation," "Spot and Scroll," "Cypress" and "Lily." Store Price, \$15.00.</p> <p>1 Dozen Dinner Napkins—Large size to match cloth. Guaranteed same quality Finest Irish Linen. Store Price, \$18.50.</p> <p>1 Buffet Scarf—Plain, "Spoke" Hemstitched, Finest Quality Irish Linen. Size 17" x 45". Store Price, \$3.50.</p> <p>1 Tray Cloth—Plain "Spoke" Hemstitched, Finest Quality Pure Irish Linen. Size 18" x 27". Store Price, \$3.00.</p> <p>1 Linen Tea Cloth—Hemstitched and Beautifully Embroidered. Guaranteed Pure Irish Linen. Size 36 x 36. Store Price, \$5.00.</p> <p>We guarantee these articles to be of the finest quality Irish Linen and cannot be purchased singly in the stores for less than \$45.00 or more.</p> |
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| <p>No. 3—KITCHEN BALE</p> <p>1 Kitchen Table Cloth—Irish Bleached Damask, Dice Patterns. Size 64 x 72.</p> <p>5 Yards Tea Towelling—Real Irish Linen Check Tea Towelling, 21" wide. Finest quality.</p> | <p>5 Yards Roller Towelling—Pure Irish Linen, Red Bordered. Makes two extra length Towels.</p> <p>2 Dish Cloths—Heavy English Mesh Cloths.</p> <p>2 Mop Cloths—Large size, 17" x 21" heavy Floor Cloths.</p> |
|--|--|

OUR ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION
These goods are all new, first quality, of British manufacture, and are exactly as described. If the goods do not meet with your entire approval, please return the bale and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

MAIL YOUR ORDER TO-DAY. Send Express or P.O. Order, or cheque at Par, stating which bale you want, and in the case of the linen, which pattern.
C. & H. WOODS COMPANY, British Textiles, 303-4 Bross Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

The Question of The Future---

If you could solve the great question of the future you would probably organize your life along far different lines.

Leave Guesswork to Fools

Because you are well to-day and are able to earn a good living for your wife and family is no indication of how you will be a year from now. You can't afford to gamble with the welfare of your family as the stake. No matter what happens to you their future should be made secure.

Life Insurance is Your Safety

Not every man is able to make a fortune during his life time. But every man in good health can protect his family with life insurance. This message has a definite meaning to you. Don't pass it by! Make an appointment with The Great-West Life Agent.

The Great-West Life Assurance Company

Dept. "Q"

Head Office: Winnipeg

Let Us Be of Service to You in Sending Money Abroad



TRANSFERS of money to all parts of the world, by draft, post remittance, or cable, can be made through this Bank quickly and at advantageous rates.

210

THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

Head Office: Montreal. Established 1864.

391 Branches in Canada extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

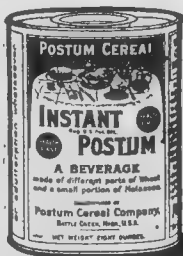
Saves Time - Saves Health

Here is a table drink made as quickly as you can pour hot water into the cup

INSTANT POSTUM

delights the taste, and causes none of the harm that often comes from tea and coffee.

"There's a Reason"



MERCHANTS BANK OFFICIALS EXPRESS CONFIDENCE

It is a well-established fact that a banker refuses to be optimistic unless there is something very tangible to be optimistic about. This is particularly the case with the head officials of our Canadian chartered banks. It is, therefore, very pleasing to note that the reports of the executive officers of the Merchants Bank of Canada presented at the bank's recent annual meeting were not at all pessimistic—in fact there was a note of calm and well-considered confidence in all that was said at the meeting.

Sir Montagu Allan, the president of the bank, expressed the opinion that the worst of the general depression in business was now behind us. He made it quite plain that we were still in the convalescent stage and would need to continue to watch our step. This is no time for unnecessary expenditure, said Sir Montagu, we must view any addition to our liabilities with extreme caution. We have been suffering from financial indigestion and we must not overtax our strength even though we are recovering. "But no man in this country," he said, "who is strong and healthy, can afford to be a pessimist for any length of time."

D. C. Macarow, the general manager of the bank, also advocated the cultivation of a cheerful outlook, for he urged that "at this particular stage of our development, a certain optimism is not only warrantable and desirable but, indeed, essential, for it begets that stimulating measure of constructive effort." Mr. Macarow hits the nail on the head. Business depends on a cheerful attitude. A long face will not pull the wagon out of the ditch. A little pep goes a long way.

The Merchants Bank has had a satisfactory year and continues to increase its facilities for service to its patrons. During the past few months it has helped its former clients to an even greater extent than in previous years, and is helping the man on the land in a very material way to tide over the present period of depressed prices.

STUDYING THE BANKS' STATEMENT

Every month the chartered banks of Canada make a report to the Dominion government which shows their financial position at the end of the previous month. These reports are tabulated by the finance department and published periodically, being commonly known as the chartered banks' monthly statement. Obviously these statements are full of interest to all business men as they reflect in a very definite way the trend of financial affairs in this country.

The last statement available is that dated April 30 and it is a very significant one for it shows a decrease for the month in the amount of money deposited with the banks on savings account—the first time that a decrease has been reported since November, 1919, when the last Victory Loan was floated. The actual amount on deposit in savings account on April 30, 1921, with all the Canadian chartered banks was \$1,313,832,514 as compared with \$1,319,142,196 on March 31, 1921, \$1,318,855,482 on February 28, 1921, and \$1,209,573,990 on April 30, 1920. Careful study of these figures reveals the fact that the decrease reported for April, 1921, is not so serious as it seems at first glance, particularly when we remember that the purchasing value of the dollar is gradually increasing.

Expert economists tell us that we must reduce the quantity of paper money circulating in Canada before we can expect to have normal conditions. It is therefore interesting to see that the amount of bank notes in circulation

on April 30, 1921, was considerably less than on April 30, 1920. The amount of bank notes in circulation on April 30 in each of the past five years was as follows:

1917, April 30	\$145,550,619
1918, April 30	180,654,964
1919, April 30	208,958,572
1920, April 30	223,387,731
1921, April 30	203,273,548

It will be seen that although we are on the downward path in this connection we still have a long way to go before we get down to the 1917 level.

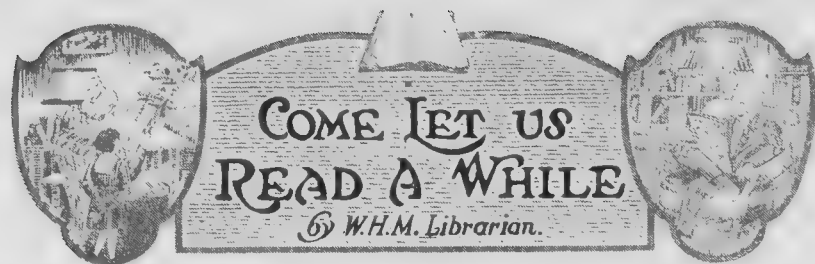
In these days of tight money we hear a great deal about the banks refusing to loan money, but the fact still remains that on April 30, 1921, the chartered banks had \$1,281,145,047 out in current loans in Canada as compared with \$1,280,982,873 on March 31, 1921, and \$1,266,235,381 on February 28, 1921. It is worthy of note that current loans in Canada on April 30, 1918 totalled \$884,089,402—just about two-thirds of the amount reported for last April.

Turning to demand deposits—commonly known as current accounts—we find that on April 30, 1921, these deposits totalled \$552,121,294 as compared with \$560,937,663 on March 31, 1921, \$561,578,474 on February 28, 1921, and \$652,918,760 on April 30, 1920. The total for April 30, 1921, is the lowest reported since July, 1918.

BRITISH CAPITAL COMING AND GOING

During the past few weeks we have witnessed what appeared to be contradictory movements of British money to and from Canada. President Beatty of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company announced at the annual meeting of the company that British investors had purchased a very substantial amount of C.P.R. securities and shortly after that an official of the Canada Steamships Lines, Ltd., stated that his company had been able to interest British investors in the purchase of its securities. On the other hand we have the experiences of a number of trust and loan companies who act as investment agents for British clients. In Great Britain there are two main settlement days, namely, May 15 and November 11. On these days British investors receive from their investment brokers the income earned on their investments. The greater portion of British money handled by Canadian trust and loan companies is subject to similar conditions and the interest thereon and such portion of the principal as may be due has to be sent to London on or before these dates. In pre-war days it was usual for principal falling due to be renewed for a further period of from 3 to 5 years, but during the past four or five years a gradual withdrawal of these funds has been reported. This year, on May 15, one trust company which pays 5½ per cent on British funds placed with it, had to pay back over 50 per cent of the principal which fell due, and a large mortgage company which offered to pay 6 per cent on principal reinvested secured about 80 per cent of the amounts which fell due, for a further period.

There are a number of reasons for this peculiar situation which shows money coming to Canada from Great Britain on the one hand and money going back to Great Britain from Canada on the other hand. In the first place, it is a well known fact that there is plenty of money available in Great Britain for good investments. The Canadian Pacific Railway has a gilt-edged reputation in Great Britain; it is well managed and economically operated and always lives up to its financial obligations. These are points which appeal to the British investor and he buys C.P.R. securities, although there is no doubt that the C.P.R. is (Contd. on page 48)



BREAD and butter before cake! Wasn't that always the rule when little girls went a-visiting? Well, then, let us, at this bookfeast behave as politely, and take our practical bread-and-butter books before we nibble at the sugar of sweet romance!

CANADIAN DAIRYING

is the title of an excellent publication by Henry H. Dean. In one sense this is not a new book, in another it is. For the copy lying on my desk is the fifth edition revised and brought up-to-date.

The author is Professor of Dairy Husbandry in the Ontario Agricultural College. That his book has run into five editions, is in itself immediate evidence of its value and authority. It is, to-day, being used widely not only by dairymen on the home farm, but also as a text-book in our agricultural colleges. This compact and well-illustrated volume deals with all the phases of Farm Dairying and Co-operative Dairying. Although by no means a bulky volume, it nevertheless contains a mine of valuable information. And even I, whose closest contact with a dairy is being in reach of my office calendar whereon is pictured an ideally beautiful farm, found chapters in Professor Dean's book quite engrossing!

FRIENDS OF THE GREEN FOREST

Last month I mentioned "The Burgess Animal Book for Children". This month Mr. Burgess again claims our attention with a most attractive volume called "Lightfoot, the Deer". This delightful book will appeal to children between the ages of six and twelve. It is printed in bold type so that quite young eyes can follow each word with ease. "Lightfoot the Deer" begins a new series of animal stories—the "Green Forest Series", each volume of which will contain the story of some animal brother who spends his life in the cool green forest.

Lightfoot, the hero of this new volume, is a most lovable animal and Mr. Burgess has, in his usual charming way, told a delightful tale for little ears. A tale of the adventures of Lightfoot the shy, swift deer, in his home in the Green Forest.

HEROES OF THE NORTH WEST

When an exceptionally good book comes my way, I feel what a privilege it is to have the opportunity to talk about it through the medium of a newspaper or magazine. Some books, not many I'll admit, make me wish that the old office of town-crier would be revived, and that I might be appointed to go to and fro ringing out the news! "Oyez! Oyez! I would cry, "here is a book that every Canadian lad and lass should read. It is called "Knights Errant of the Wilderness" and it tells the stirring tales of the explorers of the Great North-West."

Since its publication, but a month or two ago, I have lent my copy to five people. Not one read it through. They returned my copy, and hurried off to procure one for themselves! The school teacher asserted it was just what she needed to read to her class. The father exclaimed it was just what he needed to read aloud to his growing son, destined to become (if the father had any say in the matter) a worthy citizen of this great Dominion. The boy pronounced it the "bestest book he'd had for a long, long time." (He will soon be eleven.) And a girl, straight and strong, hardy of limb, keen of mind, wistfully remarked that she enjoyed "Knights Errant of the Wilderness" more than many other girlish books,

because, had she been a boy she would have been like those heroic explorers who gave the vast North-west as a heritage to British folks. So clearly the author, Morden H. Long, has done a most valuable piece of work for growing Canadians, if his little book can mean so much already. Fortunately, the publishers have given it an outer garb in every way befitting its inspiring subject matter—finest of paper, print and illustrations complete the entire satisfaction one feels in this precious publication.

ALL WORK AND NO PLAY

is just as harmful in the world of books as it is in the schoolroom. And so we turn with delight to the refreshing story called "The Custard Cup", by Florence Livingston. Mrs. Penfield is such a dear. No amount of hardship, of misfortune, of actual poverty can dampen her spirits or weaken her great love for little children. There is always room for another child in Mrs. Penfield's elastic home. Always enough to feed another hungry mouth—because she can do with just a bit less. Always a dress to spare for a naked little waif, even if it is made out of three or four odd pieces. Mrs. Penfield is manager of six buildings in Cluster Court, and her duties seem to include nursing, doctoring, loving the entire neighborhood. Some of the things she says are as worthy of remembrance as the sayings of the immortal Mrs. Poyser, in Adam Bede. One day, Mrs. Wopple, a very pessimistic person comes to see Mrs. Penfield. The following conversation takes place. Mrs. Wopple seated herself with a heavy sigh. "You hain't got no rockers, have you?" "No, and that's one thing I'm thankful for. The children can't fall over 'em if we don't have 'em, and I never could see any use in rockers anyhow. It jiggles your eyes to sit in 'em when you're sewing or reading, and other times you want to be standing up..." This is how "Penzie" meets all her troubles. Just refuses to see them in any light except as blessings.

THE BRIMMING CUP

For each one of us, the cup of life offers a different draught. For some, it is bitter to the last drop. For others, it is bubbles and froth. For still others, the cup of life contains a cocktail! I'm not quite clear, never having tasted one, just what a cocktail is. If I'm right in imagining it to be a drink composed of many flavors and surprising mixtures, then without a doubt, Marise found life offering her a very amazing cocktail, in "The Brimming Cup", as described by Dorothy Canfield in her new and brilliant novel.

Before Marise, a gifted musician and a very brainy and beautiful woman, married, she, of course, had her dreams. Her married life was to be different from others. She would go with her husband here, there and everywhere. They would be an influence for good in the community; an inspiration, a light. As for love—no other couple, thought Marise, had ever known love like theirs. So much for the prelude.

Now, let us look at Marise several years later with three children to call her "mother". She's living in a quiet little place next to a mill among people too busy with the ordinary affairs of life to turn their attention to the study of the fine arts.

Her days are spent in looking after the physical welfare of three little bodies, the mental and spiritual welfare of three little individualities.

The steady round of household tasks, the insistent cry of "Mother", the claims of the comfort and happiness of her husband—why there is scarcely time

Merchants Bank of Canada Makes Strong Annual Report: Deposits Gained \$6,000,000

Current Business in Country Kept Up Well, Even During Period of Deflation — Profits Show All Dividends Comfortably Earned — Increase in Capital to \$10,500,000.

The annual statement of The Merchants Bank of Canada will this year attract special attention. This is the first annual statement of any of the larger banks to make its appearance since the period of drastic changes in business set in.

There will be reason for satisfaction on the part of the shareholders, inasmuch as in a quiet season earnings have been well maintained. While, as was expected, they are somewhat lower than for the previous year, they are well above the 1919 figures.

The general statement of assets and liabilities also reflects the changes that are occurring in business. It is a very satisfactory feature to note that savings deposits, which represent the sav-

ings of the people, show a substantial increase.

Profits last year amounted to \$1,402,820, against \$1,686,156 the preceding year and \$1,383,569 in 1919. Added to profits in 1920 were \$700,000 premium on new stock; last year \$1,050,000 was added from the same source, which, with previous balance at credit of profit and loss of \$260,775, brought total available profits of the bank up to \$2,713,595. Out of this was deducted \$1,272,635 for dividends and bonds, \$96,585 for circulation tax, and \$1,050,000—the premium on the new stock—for reserve fund, leaving a balance for carrying forward of \$293,375.

A comparison of the profit and loss account for three years follows:

	1921	1920	1919
Profits	\$1,402,820	\$1,686,156	\$1,383,569
Premium on new stock	1,050,000	700,000	—
Previous balance	260,775	574,043	437,974
	\$2,713,595	\$2,960,199	\$1,821,543
Less:—			
Dividends, etc.	\$1,272,635	\$1,068,285	\$ 805,000
Circulation Tax	96,585	81,140	70,000
Bank prem	—	150,000	372,500
Reserve Fund	1,050,000	1,400,000	—
Total ded	\$2,420,220	\$2,699,425	\$1,247,500
Balance brought forward	293,375	260,774	574,043

The bank's liabilities to shareholders amount to \$20,356,564 against \$17,138,160 the preceding year and its liabilities to the public amount to \$169,717,470 against \$179,988,921 the preceding year.

The latter change is made up of a decrease in non-interest bearing deposits of nearly 17 millions, an increase in savings deposits of nearly seven millions, an increase of balances due other Canadian banks of about two millions, a decrease of \$320,000 in balances due foreign banks, bills payable of \$142,907 against none the preceding year, a decline of \$1,400,000 in acceptances under letters of credit and a satisfactory decline in note circulation.

Among the bank's assets, current coin shows little change, deposits in central gold reserve, cheques on other banks, balances due by other banks, and call loans outside Canada are lower. In-

creases are shown in call loans in Canada, and Dominion notes.

Among the security assets an increase is shown in Dominion and provincial government securities of about 3¼ millions, and in railway and other bonds, debentures and other stocks, of a half million, and a small decline is shown in Canadian municipal securities, and British, foreign and colonial securities, other than Canadian.

Total assets show at \$190,367,409 against \$197,387,855 in 1919, a decline of \$7,020,446, or 3½ per cent. Time deposits now amount to \$120,904,549. Current loans and discounts total \$109,183,592 against \$113,198,913. The moderate decline in total deposits and total assets reflects the withdrawals of temporary government funds held the preceding year.

anymore to make grand music drip from her magic finger tips. Is she inspiring people to read good books, love good music, study good pictures? She is not. Is she leading conversation into channels of uplift, is she pitting her brains against other bright mentalities? She is not. Is she indulging her love of the beautiful to the greatest possible measure. No! Has her love weathered the wear and tear of matrimony? Ah! There is the crux of the whole situation. Marise, like so many hundreds and thousands of married women, had had her qualms. Was this love? Did her husband really love her as he used to; did she love him? Marise had her struggles, hard bitter fights alone with her soul. Suddenly realization flashed upon her. She had set up a false image of love, false measurements of happiness, false standards of beauty. Happiness? Now she understood. Happiness was service—the service she gave day and night to her family. Love? This too was service given with full hands, with heart and with brain, eagerly, joyfully. Beauty? What greater beauty could there be in the wide world than the flower-like grace of little children, slowly budding into adult life? So

Marise took her brimming cup firmly in her strong, beautiful hands, and drank deep of life.

A SAVAGE WOULD A BARON BE

If you want to laugh long and heartily get hold of a copy of "Madame Gilbert's Cannibal", by Bennet Copplestone. I'll tell you the plot in brief, but to appreciate thoroughly this amusing story, you should read the tale as Bennet Copplestone tells it.

The ludicrous situation is this:—The twenty-seventh baron of the great house of Topys (pronounced Tops!) is dead. The rightful Twenty-eighth Baron Topsham is, to use the horrified description of the family lawyer, "A naked cannibal running about the beach with a spear."

One of the brothers of the late Lord Topsham had left England some twenty years before this story opens. Had left England, settled on an island in the Torres Straits, built himself a hut and married a Melanesian woman! In his string of sins, by far the blackest was the fact that his marriage to the Melanesian woman had been legally solemnized at the mission station. This coffee-colored son (Contd. on page 23)

By
H. J. RUSSELL, F.C.I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

TEN THINGS TO REMEMBER

The late Marshall Field said once that there are ten things to remember:

1. The value of time.
2. The success of perseverance.
3. The pleasure of working.
4. The dignity of simplicity.
5. The worth of character.
6. The power of kindness.
7. The influence of example.
8. The wisdom of economy.
9. The improvement of talent.
10. The joy of originating.

THE MOVING PICTURE

The moving picture continues still to occupy a large place in the affairs of the community. Within the past year, several palatial picture houses were built in Winnipeg alone, and in the same city, at the present time, two of the largest items in the city's building programme are picture theatres.

Members of boards of censorship complain that little has yet been done to raise the standard of many of the pictures, and on the other hand, the managers and proprietors of the theatres state that they do not get fair treatment from the boards.

At the last convention of the Manitoba Educational Association, the whole matter was very thoroughly discussed, and a committee previously appointed, presented its report, which was adopted unanimously and a standing committee has been appointed to study the situation with reference to its bearing upon education.

Although the report is brief it represents one of the most complete statements on the subject and as it contains many suggestions of value to our communities, it is presented herewith:

The special committee appointed at the last convention of the Manitoba Educational Association "to investigate the available and potential resources of the moving picture," begs to recommend that a standing committee be appointed by the Association for the following purposes:

1. To organize and carry on a campaign for counter-acting as far as possible pernicious influences of moving picture theatres on the children and youth of the community.

In this work the committee may

1. Urge teachers of public, private and Sunday schools to give brief talks to their classes now and then on the existing evils and possible good of moving pictures.
2. Suggest outlines for such talks and publish them in educational journals and teachers' helps.
3. Arrange for addresses on these topics at meetings of teachers, Sunday school workers, clergymen, mothers, women's clubs, and community clubs, and suggest speakers when asked to do so.
4. Encourage debates on these subjects among advanced pupils of the schools and at meetings of adults.
5. Publish leaflets on the same subjects and distribute them.
6. Collect from all possible sources facts and the opinions of experts for use in the addresses, talks and debates suggested.
7. Induce the teachers of the province to collect such material and forward it to the committee.
8. Arrange with editors of denominational papers, educational journals and other periodicals for the publication of original and selected articles on moving pictures so as to interest the public in this matter.

To promote the use of the moving pictures as a means of real education in our schools the committee should

- a. Collect information in regard to existing and proposed films that are suitable for school purposes, and
- b. Urge the advisory board and the Department of Education

1. To authorize sets of films of recognized educational value for use in the schools of the province, and to adopt a plan for obtaining them at a minimum cost.
2. To secure such a standardization of moving picture machines and films as will allow authorized films to be used in any school in the province, and to devise a plan for the systematic interchange of such films among schools equipped for their use.
3. To press upon the attention of the provincial government the educational value of this work and the need of a special appropriation for inaugurating it.

All of these suggestions make interesting reading, but there is one point that will bear careful investigation before much expense is incurred, and that is, the general introduction of moving pictures into schools. The real educational value of such a step has yet to be demonstrated. Some few churches too have under consideration the question of moving picture entertainment, and the suggestion is made, if it has not

already been acted on, that the moving picture be introduced into the church halls. The whole subject is one that will stand a good deal of debating and just now it might be well to remember the biblical statement that "the eye is not filled with seeing."

MEN ARE MEN

We do not know the author of the following verses, but they have much to recommend them.

Business is business, but men are men
Working, loving and dreaming;
Toiling with hammer, brush or pen,
Roistering, planning, scheming.

Business is business, but he's a fool
Whose business has grown to smother
His faith in men and the golden rule,
His love for friend and brother.

Business is business, but life is life,
Though we're all in the game to win it;
Let's rest sometimes from the heat and strife
And try to be friends a minute.

Let's seek to be comrades, now and then,
And slip from our golden tether;
Business is business, but men are men;
And we're all good pals together.

AN EXPLORER'S WILL

The great African explorer, Livingstone, wrote a remarkable will, which he left behind him on the outskirts of civilization before disappearing into the wilds of the Congo in the summer of 1849.

It was written in a village of the makolo tribe and left in the hands of the chief, who had supplied Livingstone with twenty-seven men to aid him in his proposed journey. As the testator was the only white man within hundreds of miles, the will was signed without witnesses. It read as follows:

"May God in mercy permit me to do something for the cause of Christ in these dark places of the earth. May he accept my children for his service and sanctify them for it. My blessing on my wife. May God comfort her. If my watch comes back after I am cut off, it belongs to Agnes. If my sextant, it is Robert's. The Paris medal to Thomas. Double-barreled gun to Zouga. Be a father to the fatherless and a husband to the widow for Jesus' sake."

IDEAS AND BUSINESS COMPETITION

Business success depends not so much upon the capital invested in a business, as upon the ideas invested in them. Every business failure, regardless of the superficial reasons assigned, is fundamentally a failure of ideas.

In these days of easy transportation and easy communication you must not only meet local competition but the competition of the best business minds of the entire country, no matter where your place of business may be. Some concern a thousand miles away may be your chief competitor.

You are safe if your ideas are better than your competitor's. If his are better than yours, the result is only a question of time.

THE TWO PLANES OF PROGRESS

You will find that your advancement in life is in two planes—the horizontal and the vertical. Movement in the horizontal plane is largely governed by choice or selection; movement upward in the vertical plane is the result of improvement in skill or business ability.

First, you choose the line of business or the particular position in which you will begin your business career. This is a movement in the horizontal plane—you are no higher up than you were before, but merely at a different point in the horizontal plane.

Next, by increasing your efficiency you rise to a higher position, and from that position to the one next higher, and so on.—John L. Sinclair.

THE POINT OF VIEW

Dr. C. W. Gordon put the matter of human relations very well when he said recently at Toronto that "three-quarters of our trouble to-day is the inability to get the other fellow's point of view."

Dr. Gordon declared that usually our attempts at co-operation were mere hypocrisy. Selfish aims usually lay back of our uncompromising spirit, and our refusal to look at a thing from the other fellow's point of view.

"There is not a problem in modern life that is insoluble to good sense, good judgment and good heartedness." These qualities as a foundation for negotiation and agreement, would make church union or any other vexed problem a mere bagatelle if they were honestly and sincerely operating in the councils of industry, diplomacy, and all the other walks of life.

APPRECIATION

A Winnipeg citizen, Mr. W. F. Alloway, recently sent a cheque for \$100,000 to the Winnipeg Foundation, an institution created lately by act of the legislature for the purpose of receiving donations and bequests to be devoted to the general welfare of the community. The opening paragraph of Mr. Alloway's "letter of remittance" shows a fine spirit of appreciation.

"Since I first set foot in Winnipeg 51 years ago, coming here with the Red River expedition under Colonel Wolseley, Winnipeg has been my home, and has done more for me than it may ever be in my power to repay. I owe everything to this community, and I feel that it should derive some benefit from what I have been able to accumulate."

What is true of Winnipeg is true of many other western cities and districts. They have yielded much to many men in return for honest endeavor and they will continue to do so. The man in the ordinary walk of life, who came here with nothing but his mind and muscle for capital, and has now a modest home of his own and a little competence, has the same reason for being grateful to the country of his adoption as has Mr. Alloway. Few of us can express this gratitude by writing a cheque for \$100,000, but there are many other ways in which we can make some small return to the community as an expression of our appreciation.

BOOKKEEPING AND ACCOUNTING

The demands of the income tax man have sent many merchants to their books of account in an endeavor to present accurately a statement of their affairs. As a result, proper methods of bookkeeping are coming into their own. One of the most recent publications on the subject is written by Professor James O. McKinsey, of the University of Chicago, and published by the South-Western Publishing Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

It is a handsomely bound and printed book of some 500 pages, printed in two colors. The subject is developed in an interesting and effective manner, and the language used is plain and free from technicalities. The methods of entering the debits and credits of any particular account are very clearly indicated. Following the explanations are numerous problems and questions calculated to test and verify the knowledge of the student.

The book differs from many other texts in that it endeavors to teach the student to look at his records from the viewpoint of the manager and not from the viewpoint of the bookkeeper. This not only enables him to keep his records so that they will be more useful to the manager, but trains him so that he can advance to a managerial position.

The young man who proposes some day to engage in business for himself should find this book of distinct help, provided that he has sufficient general education to profit by the contents.

WHY PLANS FAIL

Howard T. Wright, a British writer on industrial problems, furnishes an interesting opinion concerning the failure of many plans that are put forward for the general good. He maintains that up to numbers of 500, personal touch can be maintained to some extent with only a few of the aids which modern organization provides, but with larger numbers, it is extremely difficult to maintain the personal touch.

Quite a number of really sound systems hopelessly fail, and others are very unpopular because

1. They do not provide for the human element.
2. They are a trouble and not a pleasure to work.
3. They have not the goodwill of the operator.
4. They are not elastic.
5. They are carried to excess.
6. They depend upon an individual.

Systems must be devised, he says, so that men of average intelligence can operate them.

PERFECTING IDEAS

Half the inventors who whine against capital overlook the fact that their ideas hadn't the market value of a hailstone until a practical man took them in hand and achieved something actual with them. It's the driving power back of all things—merchandise, aspirations or political propaganda—it's the far-sighted, tenacious, clear-headed, determined personalities behind the game—it's the men who last to the end—that change the theoretical prospect into the feasible project. There are many simple inventions awaiting evolution, any one of which would bring a fortune to those who perfected it.



Announcing

An Outstanding Tire Achievement A New and Better Clincher All-Weather Tread Tire

Better even than the famous Goodyear All-Weather Tread Clincher which has been used as regular equipment on half the cars built in Canada using this type.

Finer in appearance—double cure process.

Greater air capacity.

Better able to withstand road-shocks and the battle of the miles.

A tougher tread.

Practically eliminates tread separation.

Practically eliminates mold pinching.

This new Goodyear Tire is not an experiment. For over two years the Goodyear Company has been building it in the United States. It has been used on hundreds of thousands of cars.

Reports from motorists, dealers and Goodyear branches give this tire a consistently good record.

"These Clinchers are proving our best tires."

"Mileage received from them is more than satisfactory to the user and complaints are few."

"There seems to be no doubt that they are superior."

Goodyear dealers have this new tire on sale now. It is a cost reducer. It puts motoring on a more economical basis. See it today.

*All-Weather Tires
are All-Wheel Tires*

**The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
of Canada, Limited**

GOODYEAR
MADE IN CANADA



WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING



A Land of Violence

"War Scare in Mexico." Still or again?—Toronto World.

Reparation

What is wanted from Germany is less say and more pay.—Buffalo Express.

A Suggestion

How about paying off the national debt by putting on a parliamentary word tax?—Victoria Colonist.

A Trophy from a Vanished Era

So they tried to blow up the Victory monument in Berlin. Whadd'yemean Victory?—Saskatoon Star.

Plant a Tree!

Even the humblest can leave his country the legacy of a piece of timber.—Quebec Chronicle.

Conserving, Not Destroying

A great-great-granddaughter of Napoleon is a school teacher in Paris. This is evolution in the right direction.—Brantford Expositor.

The Ex-Kaiser's Latest

And now the ex-Kaiser claims that he originated the League of Nations. It has had enough to contend with, surely, without that!—Philadelphia Ledger.

One More Ford Joke

If Henry Ford's proposed tin cow is to be anything like his Tin Lizzie, we surmise that the milk will be delivered already churned.—Brockville Recorder and Times.

An Artificial Dairy

In Boston they are said to be making milk out of oats, peanuts, water and salt. Given the same ingredients, a cow can do quite as well.—Duluth Herald.

The Right Keynote

What leadership will attract the largest following to the back-to-the-land movement? The leadership of Profit.—Vancouver Province.

Altogether Likely

Women are to run a town in Kansas. And the chances are that they will run it no worse than the men have been running it.—Minneapolis Journal.

Mere Talk Is No Remedy

If the ills of the world could be cured by passing resolutions this old earth would never know a sick minute.—Lethbridge Herald.

Regarding Bracelets

Flexible platinum bracelets, set with diamonds, are in vogue. Steel bracelets, plated with nickel are also used to a considerable extent.—New York World.

The Unspeakable Turk

Reading about the conduct of the Turk, one is surprised that he has not been put out of the universe, let alone out of Europe.—Edmonton Bulletin.

Russia

Reports come from Copenhagen of another revolution in Russia. And they can hardly have finished up the executions from the last one.—Regina Post.

Mac Will Hold the Job

A man named Mac Hold has been elected Speaker of the New York assembly. There is a Scottish smack about that combination.—Hamilton Herald.

It Does Seem Remarkable

After reading all the books published about the Paris Peace conference, one is amazed that any kind of a peace treaty was signed at all.—London Express.

The Tootless Teut.

The Morning Telegraph rather laments that the "little German band" no longer plays on the street. And in fact the war did rather take the toot out of the Teuton.—New York Globe.

Theories

Most of the theories designed to save the world grow out of the assumption that all would be well if the little fellows could boss the big fellows.—Glasgow Herald.

The Empire Conference

The task of the Empire conference to be held in June is to co-ordinate the Empire, not to centralize it. Any attempt to override this will sow a crop of trouble.—Toronto Globe.

It Might Help Some

A devil fish attacked the crew of an ocean liner in the Atlantic. Now if we could only get something like that to attack freight rates it might help some.—Regina Leader.

Great Britain

Britain had a surplus for last year of something like \$230,000,000. Not so bad for a nation that people have been saying is threatened with bankruptcy.—New York Tribune.

Not Feasible

Congresswoman Alice Robertson says a woman can do anything if she will keep her eyes open and her mouth shut. We'd like to see her try to eat a ham sandwich that way.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Quite Right, Too!

The City of Rome is celebrating her 2,674th birthday. Shucks! Winnipeg hasn't celebrated her fiftieth birthday, but we refuse to take a back seat to anybody.. Winnipeg Tribune.

Visions

A large number of people report having seen a mirage over Lake Superior this week. They must all be Socialists down there. That's one of the best things they do.—Calgary Herald.

Panama

Panama refuses to accept the decision of the United States on the Panama-Costa Rica dispute. The United States may bring Panama to time by cutting off her tourists.—Kingston Whig.

The Climb of the Dollar

The dollar is towards its old place. Slowly, uncertainly, it ascends, like the mercury climbing in the thermometer, while the public watches the performance hopefully, eager to lend a boosting hand, if possible.—Monetary Times.

The Wrangel Refugees

France, which recognized the Wrangel government, is now having to put up the meal tickets for 135,000 Wrangel refugees at Constantinople. This is the penalty of a bad guess.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

A Matter of Density

The population of the United States is officially reported to be 16 per cent. denser than it was when the census of 1910 was taken. Judging from some things the people fall for, we have feared it was worse than that.—Washington Star.

A Georgia Verdict

Juries are notorious for queer findings; but why the fiend, convicted of murdering at least ten poor negroes in Georgia, should be recommended to mercy and receive only life imprisonment is a mystery hard to elucidate.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

A Land of Romance

Flying machines have furrowed the air in the great Mackenzie Valley as far north as Fort Simpson. The West is a land of romance, and the latest chapter is the most interesting of all.—Brandon Sun.

All in the Family

A woman defeated her husband for public office in a North Carolina town. The congregation will now rise and sing the old favorite "We are a happy family, we are, we are, we are."—Kansas City Star.

The ex-Monarchs

The problem that occasionally faces America, of what to do with our ex-presidents, is nothing compared to Europe's annoyance from ex-monarchs who refuse to be happy away from home.—New York Evening Post.

Theories and Facts

Here and there throughout the country there are evidences that the people are beginning to realize that theories cannot overcome certain economic facts. Theories will not bring industry to life.—Chicago Tribune.

An Amazing Verdict

A Georgia jury convicts a white man of murder for killing eleven negroes, but a recommendation of mercy accompanies the verdict. Which raises the question, how many he would have to kill to be entitled to no mercy.—Springfield Republican.

A Raw Deal

The latest manifestation of the traditional skin game is the case of an Ontario farmer who sold ten sheep skins, two calf skins, and one cow skin and didn't get enough for them to buy a pair of boots.—Edmonton Journal.

Mexico

The Mexicans seem to cut up pretty much the same, no matter what the form of government or the personnel, going to show that governments cannot rise much higher than the national life of any country.—Montreal Gazette.

Will Not Help Any

A. R. Mosher, president of Canadian Brotherhood of Railway Employees, is predicting blue ruin for Canada. This will not help any. There are a lot of people in the country who have a habit of yelling before they are bitten.—Toronto Telegram.

Much Better Off

A Winnipeg business man just returned from overseas says that Canada is much better off than Great Britain or any European country. There is nothing like a trip abroad to make Canadians satisfied with their own land.—Winnipeg Free Press.

Selection of Immigrants

The immigration policy of Canada is to care for her immigrants, while the United States merely frames a decalogue of "don'ts," and anyone who can get past Ellis Island is free to get assimilated in any manner he may choose.—Boston Transcript.

One Way of Putting It

When the cost of producing an article—from houses to roasted peanuts—gets beyond the buying capacity of the prospective purchaser there is trouble. This is a succinct summary of what is the matter with the world at the moment.—Wall Street Journal.

\$1,000,000 of Canteen Profits

A million dollars made up of profits from canteen sales during the war, is lying at Ottawa awaiting the decision as to its final disposition. There are nine million people in Canada who consider themselves competent to giving advice in this connection.—Vancouver Sun.

One More Liquor Joke

Rainmaker Hatfield, who claims to be able to draw rain from passing clouds, was banqueted at Medicine Hat. Some of his hosts are understood to have taken him aside and asked him as to the chance of extracting other liquids from the air, but the answer they got seemed to afford them no pleasure.—Toronto Star.

Returning Canadians

There are over a million former Canadians in the United States but government reports at Washington show that the number is decreasing. Let us hope they are coming back home. Canada needs them, and has room for them.—Ottawa Citizen.

The German Mark

Buying the German mark is said to have been a favorite indoor sport for investors for some time, but they do not go up as fast as the speculators seem to think they should—and under existing and probable conditions there is little hope of their climbing very greatly for several years.—Journal of Commerce.

Self-Determination

The craze for self-determination in Europe finally struck a small district in Saxony a while ago and the 75,000 inhabitants tried to vote on annexation to the United States. This recalls the plan of a Yankee wit for solving the Irish question: Annex Ulster to Massachusetts and Boston to Ireland and the thing is done.—Manchester Guardian.

What Next, Indeed?

What next? One Mr. Smith, who has the honor of representing the county of Colchester in the Nova Scotia legislative assembly, was present in the house a few days ago when a bill was brought up to incorporate the Antigonish Highland Society, one of whose objects is to preserve the language, customs, music and traditions of the Scottish people. Thereupon he expressed the view that he did not see why they should maintain the customs, traditions and language of a "foreign country!"—St. John Globe.

The End of Autocracy

"The will of the monarch is the supreme law of the land," wrote the German Emperor some years ago in the full flush of his power and ambition. The comment of fate on his sense of imperial greatness came the other day when he returned to a virtual imprisonment from the bier of the faithful companion of his glory and his humiliation, forbidden even to accompany her body to its tomb in the land he once ruled and in which he cannot now even set foot.—London Spectator.

Wise Counsel

The time is not one for widening the gap between employers and employed by frothy appeals to class-war, but for drawing them together on a basis of greater mutual frankness, in order to save the industries in which they have a common interest. We are still of opinion that the crux lies in output rather than in wages. The best way for the workers to avoid wage reductions is for them to study the ways of improving their output up to the level of wages now paid.—London Daily Chronicle.

Come, Let Us Read Awhile

By the Librarian

Contd. from page 19

was indeed heir to the mighty Barony of Topsham. Can you not visualize, as did Madame Gilbert, a grinning, coffee-colored face rising above the crimson and ermine robes of a peer of England.

You must first understand that Madame Gilbert (who is a kind of superior detective) went to the island to find out the truth about this cannibal lord.

Then there follows a most fascinating account of Madame Gilbert's visit to this island and of the entrancing life she led with Willatoppy (the queer name of the beachcomber's son) and with his savage sisters and savage mama.

Willatoppy, as a naked cannibal is a most charming young man; but having assumed his rightful title—the twenty-eighth baron of Topsham, he proceeds to behave as, so he imagines, all English lords behave. The result is disastrous and the unrestrained laughter provoked by the early part of this novel is quenched by the sadness one feels for Willatoppy's awful fate. And the moral of the story? Be a savage and you'll be happy!

MAIN STREET

It was most interesting to read "Main Street", immediately after finishing "The Brimming Cup", referred to in the foregoing paragraphs. Both novels revolve around the personality of a young, newly married woman. I have already tried to give you some idea of Dorothy Canfield's treatment of the universal theme—happy though married! Now let us see what Sinclair Lewis has to say.

This heroine is named Carol. She is young, well educated, eager to enjoy life, anxious "to do something". She marries Kennicott, doctor in a small town where the only thing that flourished was a deadly respectability. First, look at "Gopher Prairie" through Doc. Kennicott's eyes. I forget exactly how old the doctor is supposed to be, but he gives the impression of young middle-age. Too old to change viewpoints and habits, but young enough to be considered successful in his profession.

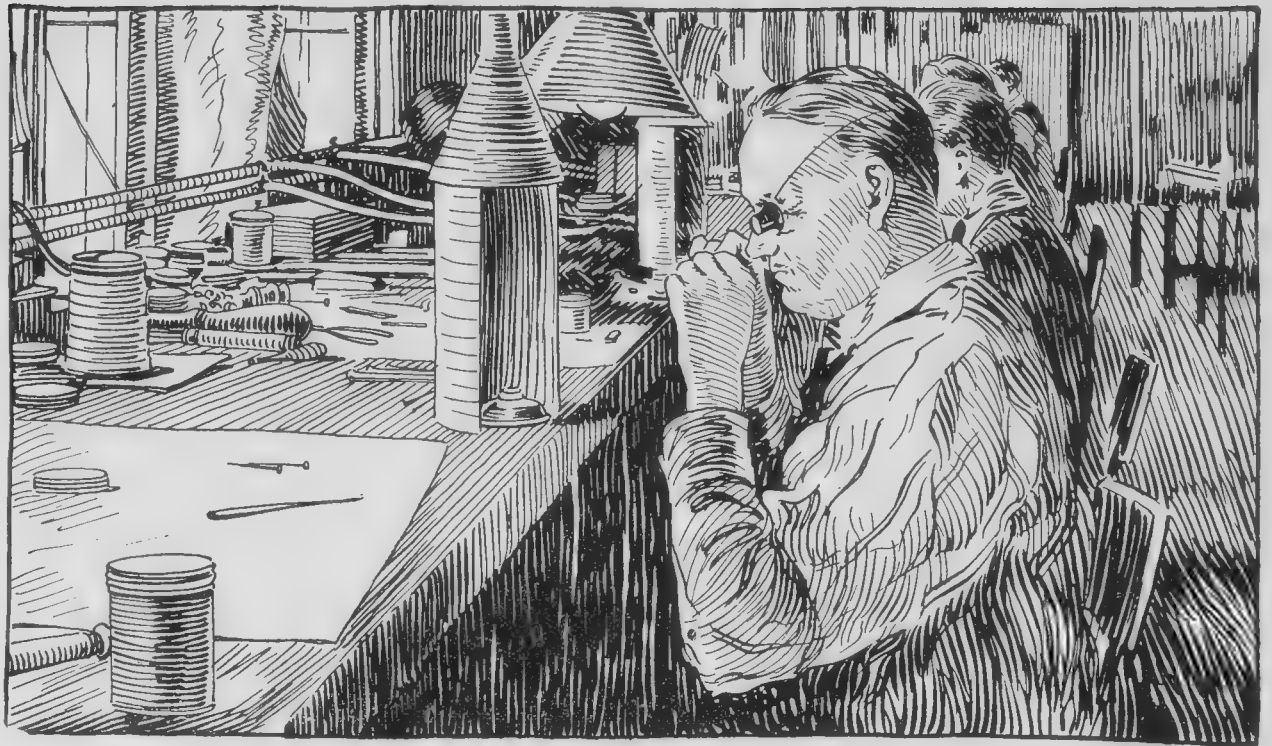
"Gopher Prairie" looks good to him. He does not see its tree-less ugliness. Instead, he notes each house wherein a friend of his lives; each store a landmark of the town's progressive prosperity.

What does it matter if the men chew and spit and talk "shop" all the time. They're all regular fellows, princes, to use the doc's language. The women aren't dull and stupid and narrow-minded to him. They're silly because they are women. Otherwise, they're the finest specimens of the female species to be found in Uncle Sam's domain! The old house that he owns, the house he grew up in, is most desirable. In short, Gopher Prairie is paradise, and Carol a lucky girl to be the Eve in his Eden. Naturally, holding these views, Doc. Kennicott is not only very happy, but is idolised by the entire town.

Carol, his young wife, wears different glasses. She does not catch the roseate hue. She is depressed by the ugliness of Gopher Prairie, saddened by the mean-spirited people there, driven to distraction through lack of any outside interests. No music, no theatres—no clubs, no lectures—nothing but teas, cards, movies; movies, teas and cards. The crudities of the people disgust her. Their sluggish minds fill her with contempt. What she does with her life and what she might have done are two very different matters. According to Sinclair Lewis, and he should know, Carol made a hideous failure of her married life.

She hammered against a solid iron wall. Instead of trying to build up her happiness from within, she attempted to reconstruct Gopher Prairie.

What do Western Home Monthly readers think of Carol? What suggestions would they have offered her? Do they think she might have been happy if she had tried along different lines? I would so like to hear your views.



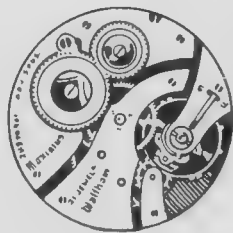
WALTHAM THE SCIENTIFICALLY BUILT WATCH



COLONIAL "A"

Extremely thin at no sacrifice of accuracy.
The appropriate Gift and presentation
watch. Ask your jeweler.

The Matcher



THE matcher is the human element that passes judgment upon the assembly of the escapement—the heart of the Waltham watch. From it proceeds the perfect relation of every unit in the works to the whole mechanism.

The escapement action depends upon three very important jewels,—the roller jewel and two pallet stones. These jewels are exquisite little pieces of polished faceted ruby or sapphire. Extraordinary accuracy is demanded in their dimensions and high polish to insure the accurate time-keeping and durability of the watch.

The impulse face of the Waltham pallet jewels are not only highly polished, but absolutely flat upon their engaging surface. The corresponding engaging surface upon the escape wheel is circular, and therefore must be in harmonious relation to the impulse angle of the pallet jewels. This exclusive Waltham practice is not found in any other watch in the world.

Another distinction is in the Waltham double roller escapement. The sapphire roller jewel is a beautiful piece of horological art. It is finely tapered and driven into its permanent bearing under high pressure.

These parts must necessarily be of the finest material and so accurately made that the matcher can instantly adjudge their ability to perform their daily miracles of time-keeping, year in and year out.

The matcher of the hand-made watch is greatly handicapped by the varying material which he receives. He is compelled to perform mechanical tricks to harmonize these varying parts, due to lack of standardization and uniformity of workmanship.

The Waltham watch is standardized. Every part co-equal in utmost precision and uniformity. Each part made of material produced by marvelous machines created by Waltham genius. The Waltham watch will give time-keeping dependability, obviating watch repair bills and insuring service over a long period of years—facts which cannot be said of the hand-made watch.

These are vital reasons why your watch selection should be a Waltham.

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WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLE OF DEMOCRACY

Of the great majority of the men and women in every community in this country it is to be said that certain forms of personal righteousness are integral parts of their characters. The Philosopher has not the slightest doubt that this is true of all the regular readers of *The Western Home Monthly*. Not only would they not steal, but they would not be guilty of any other gross violation of the moral law. They are self-respecting, right-living people. That this can truly be said of us we owe to our parents and our education. We have been brought up to be self-respecting and right-living and law-abiding; and it has come to us naturally, as well as by training, to be kindly and considerate to the members of our own households, and to feel a sense of responsibility for their well-being. But how about our sense of social responsibility? This is a question which is more and more forcing itself upon the attention of us all in these days. We are all realizing more and more that we must needs give thought to our obligations as members of the community in which we live and as citizens of the country in which we live. As neighbors and as citizens, we have duties as well as rights. This is the essential, fundamental principle of Democracy. No man can live to himself alone, or to his own family alone. We are all members of one another.

THREE ESSENTIALS OF CIVILIZATION

What is civilization? It means the condition proper to a civic, the word which the ancient Romans used originally to mean a community. Later, they used it to mean a city. The principles necessary for any community are the essentials of civilization. First, Justice; this means that everybody knows what he will get as a reward, or as a penalty, for his acts, and that the result is certain and not arbitrary. What the law does not matter so much as its certainty; Justice lies more in the certainty and impartiality of the law than its perfect adaptation to every case, which will follow in due time. Next comes Security, which means really the permanence of Justice. A third essential is Toleration. In the diversity of mankind it is impossible to find any large number that will think and feel alike in all respects. If they think alike in regard to government, they may differ in religion; if they think alike in religion, they will differ in regard to medicine, or food, or in habits, or in what can be as great a cause of division as anything, the sense of what is fitting and proper, or they may differ in regard to what is humorous. To tolerate differences is, therefore, a primary necessity of life in a community. There are other things essential to civilization, of course. But it would do no harm if each and every one of us gave a little serious thought occasionally to these three, namely, Justice, Security and Toleration.

INDOLENCE, SELF-INTEREST AND PARTISANSHIP

If one were asked to name the three chief hindrances to good citizenship, what would they be? After much pondering over this question, the Philosopher has come to the conclusion that his answer to it is as follows: indolence, self-interest, and unreasoning partisanship. Of these, indolence is the most general; and if we are to conclude that it is also the most harmful to the public good, it is because the other two make it serve their evil purposes. Self-interest is the most noxious; it not merely perverts individual honesty and intelligence, but corrupts and turns to harmful ends the loyalty to party which meant originally loyalty to certain principles and ideals. Writing of the dangers of democracy, James Bryce (whom it comes more easy to speak of under that name than under the title of Viscount), one of the ablest of modern writers on the problems of statesmanship, says that "as the love of money is the root of all evil, so the power of money is for popular governments the most constant source of danger, worse than ignorance, worse than apathy, worse than faction, worse than demagogism, because it is so multifarious, so insidious, so hard to detect, so quick to spread." But money is not the final master of humanity. Justice and reason are mighty, even though the majority of the people are inattentive and lacking in alert public spirit.

ORDINARY, AVERAGE PEOPLE

We cannot all be intellectually brilliant. And is there not in this fact, which, so far as we can see, will always be true of humanity, something which is of very great importance in regard to the problems of democracy? In every generation the great mass of people have always been, and we may be sure always will be, not brilliant, able people, but just ordinary people, average people. The Philosopher is inclined to think that ordinary, average people, with right feeling and sound instincts, but without intellectual brilliancy, are likely to go more straightly, more safely, and more comfortably through life than the person of intellectual brilliance is. For after all, the whole detailed experience of the countless generations of human life is distilled down, so to speak, and deposited in the minds and feelings and instincts of the average, ordinary people who make up the great mass of each generation. Democracy needs able leaders, of course. But it is the great mass of average, ordinary people who have the say as to who their leaders shall be. They do not do this with their intellects altogether; they do it very largely by a sort of "feel," which helps them in selecting the better from the worse, the genuine from the false.

The Philosopher

THE BASIC QUESTION IN REGARD TO BOOZE

The continuing prevalence in the newspapers of jokes and pictures about booze and "home-brew" and bootleggers furnishes ground for thought. All this use of printer's ink, day in and day out, about intoxicating liquor and the violators of the law against it, shows no sign of abating. Is the subject as constantly in the minds of as many of the public as the newspapers appear to believe? Surely, to the great majority of the people of this country prohibition is not an important personal question, really vital to their daily happiness, as so many of these newspapers' references to it represent it as being. Many folk never drank intoxicating liquor at all in the past, and certainly do not drink it now. Of those who sometimes used to drink it, many never drank enough to hurt them seriously. To the great majority of all the people the question is not a personal one at all, as distinguished from public policy. It is a question whether or not the excesses of a lesser number, and the wreckage of human values consequent upon such excesses constitute such a public wrong and menace as to justify the surrender by us all of liberty of choice in the matter of alcoholic drink. This is the question; it is too frequently confused with other things by the arguers against anti-liquor legislation. All this newspaper joking about booze and "home brew" and bootleggers and other violators of the law does not represent the attitude of the great serious-minded majority of the people of this country in regard to this formidable question.

MARRIED WOMEN'S NAMES

An organization has just been formed in the United States under the name of the Lucy Stone League, which announces that its purpose is "to win for married women the right to use their maiden names." But are not women's maiden names the names of their fathers? If existing surnames are evidences of "the servitude of women to men," as the Lucy Stone League insists, is not that true in regard to an unmarried woman's name, in at least as large a measure as it is true in regard to a married woman's name? When Mary Smith marries John Jones, her title of Mrs. John Jones is an assertion of personality, proclaiming that a certain woman willed to be the wife of John Jones. If she remains Mary Smith, she wears a name which she had nothing whatever to do with choosing. If a woman "suffers a loss of identity under the shadow of her husband's name," as the manifesto of the Lucy Stone League declares, what about the shadow of her father's name? Surely if that League wants to be logical, it must recognize that the "right" it asserts is one to which every human being is equally entitled; the only logical way in which the League's proposed reform could be carried out would be to have every man, as well as every woman, select his, or her, name. As things are, the infant son of the Jones family is destined to be a Jones all his life; but not so his infant sister, who may grow up and become Mrs. William Smith.

THE PIONEERS

There is inspiration for every thinking Canadian in the lives and labors of the pioneers in every section of the country, East and West, who laid the foundations of our Canadian nation. They were brave, unselfish men and women, who had firm hold of the essentials of right living. Duty came first with them. Their lives were founded in the great fundamentals, without which no true culture is possible and no nation is safe. High ideals in private life and public morality must be the guiding stars; if they do not shine and their guidance is not followed, dark indeed is the sky. Education and religion are primary vital needs. It is of imperative importance that all thinking people keep this in mind in a time when so many seem to have gone amusement-mad and measure everything by money. The real value of personal and national life are not money values. This is the lesson which the lives and labors of the pioneers have for us Canadians of to-day.

ARMISTICE DAY AND THANKSGIVING DAY

Hereafter Thanksgiving Day in Canada will fall on the Monday in November which comes closest to the eleventh day of that month. Whenever November 11 is a Monday, that Monday will be Thanksgiving Day for that year. Thus in every year Thanksgiving Day and the annual commemoration of November 11, 1918, the day on which the armistice was signed, will be combined. An Act providing for this was added to the statute book at the recent session of the Dominion Parliament. Canada has thus set an excellent example to all the other nations by whose self-sacrificing valor and steadfastness the attempt to make ruthless autocracy and military might the masters of human destinies was thwarted. The free peoples of the world will during all time to come have reason to combine Armistice Day and Thanksgiving Day as a festival of the highest importance in the calendar.

MORALITY, SOME MOVIES AND SOME FICTION

There are two charges made against motion pictures. One is that they have too many killings. The other is that they do not treat sex matters properly. The case against the movies is the same as the case against a great many of the novels that are produced in these days. The truest way of stating it is that the motion pictures and the novels which pander to the love of sensationalism and the other lowest instincts of unthinking and unreasoning persons are, in every sense, false to life. That is a comprehensive statement of their offence; it includes all their offences, not merely the two classes of offences indicated at the beginning of this article. Banishing the guns from them and banishing also kisses and insisting on a certain standard length of skirts will not make them necessarily any more moral; they can be cleansed of offence in these two respects and still be false to life. It is by the spirit and intent of these productions that they are to be judged, by the presence in them, or the absence from them, of deliberate pandering to low instincts. This is the true test.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE STARS

The Philosopher was recently one of an audience which listened attentively to an instructive and interesting lecture on astronomy. And as he walked home after the lecture, the Philosopher looked up at intervals at the shining host of the stars in the cloudless night, and gradually all the facts and figures given by the lecturer seemed to disappear from the tablets of his mind. He could only look at the stars as he well remembered looking at them when he was a child. So have all the countless generations of humankind gazed at them. Is it not easy to understand how in the early ages the stars, always looking down steadfastly from the heavens, should have come to be regarded as powers influencing the destinies of men? We moderns do not regard them so, but we find a certain comfort in their reliability. Old and faithful friends of our childhood, youth and age, they are always the same. The stars, as seems natural, were kindly friends to St. Paul, who never seems more truly human than when he writes that in tribulation on the sea and the stars appeared not, "all hope that we should be saved was then taken away." We cannot express hopelessness more truly than as "a sky without stars." It has always seemed to the Philosopher that it should be less hard to die on a starry than a clouded night.

LANDS WITHOUT SPELLING BOOKS

All the languages which are spoken and written in the world, outside the languages of China, Korea and Japan, are written with letters which are put together to form words. Japanese, Chinese and Korean school children do not learn to spell. The words in their languages are not written or printed with letters. On the contrary, each word is represented by a shape, or hieroglyph, or (to give it the scientific name, an ideogram), such as we see on the checks handed out to customers in Chinese laundries when they leave their bundles. The Japanese language differs from the Chinese language far more widely than English differs from French. A Jap and a Chinese cannot understand each other's speech. But the curious thing is that each understands the other's language when it is written down, or printed. In the same way a Canadian can learn to read Japanese or Chinese, without learning anything at all of either as a spoken language. With us the letters of the alphabet represent sounds; the symbols, or ideograms used in writing Japanese, Chinese and Korean (which are three different languages) represent not sounds, but ideas. These symbols are the same in all three countries, and are Chinese in origin. School children in those three countries have to learn these symbols. Nothing does more to keep those three countries apart from the rest of the world than this. Our alphabet is now being introduced into Japan; but it will take many years to bring it into general use among the Chinese, the Japanese and the Koreans.

CANADA AND THE PROPHETS

When we hear the future of Canada glowingly described by gentlemen with enthusiasm and a great flow of language, we cannot help wondering why it is that some men are so ready to undertake to be prophets. Could any of the greatest men of Canada who lived a hundred years ago, or even fifty years ago, have predicted truly what Canada is to-day? Could they have been expected to foresee and to judge accurately the new centres of strength and the then unthought-of influences on character-making which the years were to bring into action? The unfolding of the future is beyond the power of man to see. If some Canadian of vision were to utter to-day a true prediction of what Canada will be a century from to-day, would he be listened to? Canada has outgrown her greatest statesmen in the past. Canada will continue to outgrow her greatest statesmen. What is the span of one human generation in the life of a nation? That our country is destined to be great we may be sure. It is for each and every Canadian to do his part faithfully and sincerely towards the best development of Canada, the best realization of its best possibilities of true greatness. Faithful and sincere living and working are what count for the individual and for the nation.

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THE SUMMER BRIDE

The summer bride is extremely popular this year. One of our daily papers is giving her a department every issue for a month or more. Surely she deserves attention in our department. Nearly every girl who reads this page will be a bride someday. Perhaps several will this summer.

Nearly every normal girl plans her "hope chest," her china cabinet and her kitchen corner. And it is well she does.

I know a girl and her "intended" who started their library six years before their marriage. They were both at school, and of course she would not interfere with his college course. Their engagement, therefore, was long. At Christmas, birthdays and Easter each gave the other a book or set of books. They have a very choice library now and their children find it helpful.

He worked his way through college—she realized he could not afford expensive theatres and dinners, so she tactfully refused those invitations and suggested an inexpensive treat instead. Thus he was able to finish his course and after their marriage their thrift and capable management made it possible for them to enjoy comforts and luxuries that an expensive engagement could not have accomplished. In fact expensive engagements have prevented many marriages. Would you make a good wife?

The president of one of the largest manufacturers of women's garments in New York City said in an interview, that only about fifty per cent of the girls of to-day strive for efficiency; the others are so bent on marriage and are so mistaken in their efforts to attract men that they defeat their own purpose, and it is the efficient ones who get married as a rule.

Some of the best home makers I know were efficient business girls. The same system and common sense they applied to their work in business, they used in the home.

There is no other step in life which requires more serious consideration than marriage, yet so many regard it lightly. Great haste robs the couple of a helpful engagement. The little tests and constructive planning of the months before marriage strengthen so beautifully the bond of love that is the foundation of an ideal home.

Right here let me urge the girl in her teens to heed carefully the advice of her parents. As a rule the young girl falls in love quickly and reasons very little—her "heart runs away with her head" and if she is not careful she makes a marriage that she regrets. How often I have heard women happily married say that they think with disgust of the man they thought they wanted to marry in their teens. How miserable their lives would have been had they married the man they thought they loved at seventeen!

Let every girl ask herself: "Has this man the qualities that would make a good husband?"

Changes in fashion, in education, or modes of living do not change a man's ideal of the fundamental requirements of a wife—that of home-maker. They seek in marriage, comfort, harmony and companionship. Impatience and irritability are qualities men do not admire. Moral, mental and physical attraction create a complete marriage. The harmonious blending of two souls is the supreme idea of marriage. There must be spiritual and mental attraction if a couple would create a home of highest service to the country.

If all our girls who expect to marry could be gathered together and have illustrated lectures to picture the conditions of girls who have married within the last five years what lessons they would teach!

Only men who are physically, mentally and morally fit could hope to win a true girl and the same would be true of girls—only those who are physically, mentally or morally fit could hope to win clean honest husbands.

Does not civilization need schools of matrimony more than it does schools of law or engineering? A marriage is a community business. It will affect the community. It will bless or menace the community. In 1720 a good-for-nothing lazy fisherman had five daughters. Twelve hundred souls have since been traced as descendants—nearly all of whom were degenerates, criminals and paupers. They have cost the state \$1,700,000. On the

other hand about the same number were descendants of Jonathan Edwards, a clean, pure-blooded man. Investigation shows that three hundred were college graduates, thirteen became college presidents. One hundred were noted clergymen, sixty were physicians, and seventy-five were officers in the army and navy. One hundred were lawyers, sixty, noted authors, and thirty were judges on the bench. Eighty held public office. Some of the great solid substantial business houses of the country and a score of banks were built up by descendants of this noble family. Health, purity and happiness are foundation stones of marriages that bless a country.

Every marriage is a blessing or a curse to the community.

There is no public official, no professional man, no business man so important as the home-maker.

The dream of her home is the most vital dream of a girl.

SUMMER FRIENDSHIPS

During the summer months girls have better opportunities for making friends. The choice of friends often determines the entire future of a girl. A mother of a teen-age girl told me recently that her young daughter reflects the temper of her friends. She has two friends who are very opposite. One is nervous, selfish and irritable. The other is considerate, kind, wholesome and very ambitious in the work at home.

When the young girl is with the first friend she is very unkind and nervous and saucy. But if she is with the second girl she is thoughtful and helpful.

I have noticed this same influence often. A girl's friend does mean much in developing a disposition.

There are our older young women, too, who reflect association in the same way.

In our particular country we shall meet some young women from the old land this year. Let us be hospitable and extend to them a courtesy that will make them feel welcome. They will spend many a homesick hour unless we are friendly. We need them—and they need us.

SCHOOL GIRLS

You are home now from the grades, high school, normal, college or university. Just what have you brought back to your home? Are those in the old home happy through your opportunity or are they disappointed? Of course the home does appear different to you from the environment of your school days—but adjust yourself happily. That is a test. Do not try to put father and mother through a four years' course in two months. It cannot be done. They know more than you do about many things. They have sacrificed much to send you to school. In a way you advertise your school. If you adapt yourself helpfully and make yourself congenial the home people will think well of the school. And the neighbors—those men and women who have watched you grow from babyhood—they are anxious to know what the opportunity has done for you. John Jones may send his own daughter to school if you reflect helpful training.

I knew a girl who helped her neighbor when she had extra men to cook for. The girl did the cooking so systematically, showed such unusual resourcefulness and turned out such tempting bread and cakes and pie; and well-cooked vegetables that John Jones sold some extra stock that year to send his own daughter to school. (Of course John Jones was not his real name).

Perhaps you are taking a course in the university or normal. You can help in the social and church affairs. Do not be like the girl I knew who was taking a course in the conservatory. During the summer she would not use her talent in any way to help her community.

I once knew a girl who returned from her first year at school so patronizingly offensive that the community treated her as a joke.

"Yes," she would reply after the welcome hand shake of an old neighbor, "I'm home—such as it is. The buildings all seem so small to me—the stores and houses are so tiny, I really feel as if I can hardly endure my vacation here." I learned later that she described her home to her school friends as the finest residence in the village. It was a two-roomed shack in the country.

In striking contrast is the story of an English college student—told by Dr. Pidgeon. Last summer while in England he was entertained a week end at the home of this young man. He had several walks with the young man. During his visit he noticed an exceptional collection of books in a bookcase in the corner of the room. Just before he left he mentioned to the mother that those were very fine books.

"Yes," she replied, "Those are all prizes my son has won at college." The boy had not mentioned his work in any way.

CANADIAN POETS

Charles Mair is now in his 81st year, but is still active, strong and vigorous. His letters are literary jewels. He must be deeply interested in the formation of Canadian authors' clubs because he always said Canada should build up a literature instinct with her own genius and shot through by the splendid light of her own land. He was recently invited to the meeting of authors in Vancouver. Charles Mair's best known production is the finest poetical drama in the historical literature of Canada. It is the story of the famous Indian chief who became the great ally of Sir Isaac Brock in 1812. It is a drama native to the soil and still without a successful rival.

It is intensely dramatic and inspires one with respect and admiration for Tecumseh and his race.

In his poem "Innocence," Charles Mair describes in beautiful verse the religion of a pure girl.

"Visions of Duty's height,
And pious legends told at dimmest eve,
Came thronging, faintly bright,
The habit of her inner life to weave.

Thus chiefly did she love
To soothe the hidden ruth, the bridled
tear;
With counsel from above,
Alleviating woe, allaying fear.

For all alive to pain,
Another's was her own; Life's ceaseless
care,
Which loads with chain on chain
The heavenward spirit, she was wont to
share.

All this, and more, was hers—
What the sad soul remits to God alone;
What the fond heart avers
In secret helplessness before His throne.

For He who made the light,
Earth and the biding stars, was all her
guide.
She worshipped in his sight,
She joyed, she wept, she flung away her
pride.

She thought of One who bore
The awful burden of the world's despair;
What could she give him more
Than helpful deeds, a simple life and fair?"

My collection of books by Canadian poets is increasing and I feel it is a choice corner of my library.

The latest book added is "The Amber Army and Other Poems," by Prof. Wm. T. Allison. This book contains some gems that I wish every reader of this department might know.

There is so much of beauty and grandeur in our environment in Canada that men and women are spiritually inspired and they are rich indeed who have the power to express the song in their soul. It touches a similar unexpressed song in our own. To them do we owe a debt of gratitude. Canada has

poets. "A country that has no poets does not live," quoted Arthur Stringer in a recent address.

"The Amber Army" is the first poem in Prof. Allison's book. This is the poem:

"Red-coated, amber, gray,
The falling leaves to-day
Drop in dead drifts within the wood,
As soldiers should.

In their green, glorious prime,
Through the short summer time
They swing, like soldiers on parade,
In sun and shade.

Then came the stern campaign
With wind and frost and rain,
Making the brilliant country side
One ruin wide.

Of hosts so fair and fine,
Witness the thin red line,
The sole survivors of the fray of yesterday.

Soon the last leaf will fall
From every tree, and all
The leaves which drew such valiant
breath
Lie hushed in death

The amber army dies
Under the frosty skies;
They fall by myriads in the wood
As soldiers should.

Like men the leaves go down,
Careless of all renown,
But all are heroes, leaves and men,
In God's kind ken.

Life's grim, courageous fight
Rages by day and night,
On forest and in city street,
Charge and retreat.

But no good ever dies,
Success in failure lies;
New life shall spring from out the mould,
New from the old."

Two very interesting stories of pioneer ministers have come to this department—one from the east—New Brunswick, written by Mrs. Alex Colter, the other from the West written by Mrs. Ella M. Sparrow. These stories are history. They helped make Canada. Let us have more.

A PIONEER PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER

By Mrs. Alex Colter, Burtt's Corner, York Co., New Brunswick

When the 42nd Highlanders settled on Nashwaak in 1776, they were all, or nearly all Presbyterians; but for some unaccountable reason no Presbyterian minister visited them. The Episcopalians' Methodists and Baptists came and naturally many joined these churches. My mother was married in 1830, and I have heard her say she never saw a Presbyterian minister until after she was married. Then they had occasional visits from the Fredericton minister and from the Rev. John Turnbull of Blackville, Miramichi, and the Rev. James Soutar, of Newcastle. Many of the old soldiers had passed away, but there were some left, who with their descendants were loyal to the Presbyterians, and they built a kirk, although they did not often have a preacher. Rev. Donald MacCurdy lived at Keswick and afterwards moved to Fredericton. For some years he used to come and preach once in two weeks. But there was no settled minister there until 1855, when the Rev. Peter Keay came from Scotland to Nashwaak. The pioneer Presbyterian minister, and for twelve years he went about doing good. The friend of all; the enemy of none. He was in labors abundant; enduring many hardships. At first he had no horse but walked about among his people. Those who had horses were glad to take him when he wished it. He had no regular boarding place. He would stay a week with one family and then go to spend a week with another, and visit his people from these centres. He was gladly welcomed by any that had houses large enough to place a room at his disposal. After a time he married and they built him a house and he dwelt among them, serving them as best he could. He formed Sabbath schools and visited day schools.

There was no resident physician and if one was required they had to drive a distance of fifteen or twenty miles to Fredericton. There were no telephones or railroads there then. Mr. Keay bought medical works and studied them;

bought medicine and administered it; attended to their bodies as well as their souls. Watched by sick beds night and day. Relieved many suffering ones and comforted the anxious. He married the young people, baptized their children, and buried dead. He met a sudden death. He slipped from a station platform, at MacAdam Junction, and fell between the car wheels and "he was not, for God took him."

There were many sad hearts. No person who ever died on the Nashwaak was so universally lamented as the Rev. P. Keay. He rests from his labors and his works follow him. It is nearly fifty years since he passed away but he is still kindly remembered by the older people. They have a fine new kirk now, a large number of church members and many adherents and always have a settled pastor. The Presbyterians of Nashwaak owe much to their pioneer Presbyterian minister, Rev. Peter Keay.

A PIONEER STORY

By Mrs. Ella M. Sparrow, Kinley, Sask.

Among our stories of pioneers it seems fitting that one should appear of a pioneer minister. Many ministers have given us years of their lives in loving service, and to one such, this story is a respectful tribute. As he is still resident in the West, I shall withhold his name. It is however as Scotch as Robbie Burns.

He was born in 1861, in the Province of Ontario, County of Simcoe, in a settlement of hardy Scotch pioneers, and claims acquaintance with the school-master whom Marion Keith describes in the story of "The Silver Maple."

When only four years of age his father died, leaving his mother, and a sister and brother older than himself. For a few years their uncle lived with them; they afterwards took up the work of the farm. This did not give a very good opportunity for schooling. He was very ambitious for an education and made the most of his time when at school, and frequently made marks equal to those who attended full time.

He learned to plough when he was "knee high to a grass-hopper," and his mother taught him to bind grain by hand. He became very proficient, and could bind an acre of grain in an almost incredibly short time. His brother cut the grain with a cradle.

After finishing public school he worked his way through collegiate, attending only part time as before. Then he taught school for four years. This gave him sufficient to put him through Toronto University, where he secured some scholarships, which also helped out. He graduated in 1890, and attended Knox College, taking mission work in the summer months. After graduating from Knox he preached in Ontario for some four years.

Then came the call of the West. Two years he served at Wapella, then was called to Rocanville. The railroad was not there at that time, and the work was most strenuous. Long drives and services in out-of-the-way places. His reward was in the kindness shown him by the new Canadians, and in the knowledge that his Master also went about doing good—It was while here that he married.

"Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

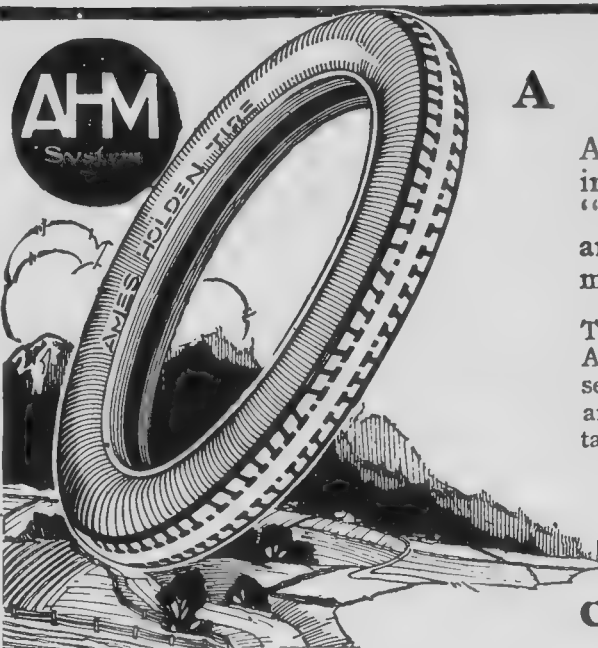
His wife lived only two brief years.

Later he decided to homestead, and moved to Invermay. He continued to preach however, in houses, in schools and churches, as the country went ahead. Missionary work here was very heavy, involving 50 or 60 miles to a round trip. Prairie trails are rough and bumpy and often taxed his endurance to the utmost. But even in the newest country the "vital statistics" must proceed, and the minister must officiate at baptisms, marriages, and funerals, quite regardless of eight-hour days.

At the present time another man has taken up the work and he is free to pursue his way. He has now a half section of land, well stocked, and has secured prizes for his horses and cattle. Has always been a lover of animals.

This is but an outline of his life but lives like this help to make true the words of Burns:

"For a' that and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that;
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that."



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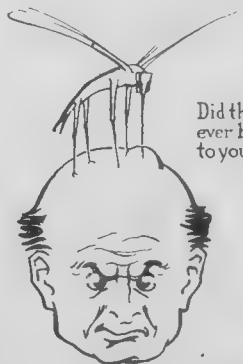
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A Tale of Two Cities

By Argus

Having lived or sojourned in a few of the world's great human "beehives" we have a fixed belief that there are none of them that are more fortunate in their choice of easily available holiday resorts than the City of Winnipeg. There is a foolish fiction to the contrary among a certain type of citizenship who can see nothing short of California or Kamschatka when the vacation fever hits them.

One of the most perfect two weeks "let up" we ever knew was that spent

on the Lake of the Woods some years ago. Accompanied by half of the family and the faithful mate of a quarter of a century, we took a whole week's voyage on that Lake of a thousand "Emerald Isles." At that time Captain "Freckles" was in command of that splendid and sumptuous inland ocean liner, "The Keenora," and for courtesy and information a more gallant seaman never sailed the "briny deep."

As we passed one splendid pine-clad island home after another, he satisfied the last desire of every passenger as to the name and fame of the owner or occupant.

"And what happy little bunch of thinly clad nymphs are those, captain?"

"They are not nymphs," said the unromantic skipper, "they are the girls of the M.L.A. Camp, hard working business girls and school teachers from Winnipeg."

It was a most heartening experience we were passing through just then. Here we were on the little steam yacht's deck, scudding along at six knots or less! A light breeze, rich with ozone, cleaned out and took possession of every lung cell on board that "ocean liner." For the time being we weren't in a position to spend a dime. Everybody's money was intact and safe in his or her own purse, and yet in real, rollicking, glorious life we were living at the rate of millions a year, for at least one fast fleeting fortnight.

We step out of our close uninviting office or school room. Is there any place to get cool? We have only to bear with it seventy minutes, and then a jump in the lake at Winnipeg Beach. If we have not a week or two to spare we are just as welcome for a Saturday afternoon or an evening, and if it is possible to move the family down for

the summer commutation is as simple as boarding a street car for home.

If our hospitable friends are "full up" the hotel is a great place for a weekend, or even a prolonged period, with its fine bedroom accommodation (some 80 of them), many leading out into private cooling balconies facing the lake and offering a perfect view of the reaming life around this haven of rest, and recuperation, which has been well named the "lungs of Winnipeg."

But no pictures, words or music will ever do justice to Winnipeg Beach. Apart from its environments, its associations or friendly ties and social relationships are locked up for ever with some of the finest interludes in the lives of thousands of Winnipeg's oldest and most valued citizens, while children of yesterday have nothing in their horizon of happiness that will ever take its place.

A Prescription

By Grace G. Bostwick

Are you weary? Are you grumpy?—Say Don't forget that life is not all work There's a thing you can't afford to shirk—

You must take your hours off for play!

Are you feeling kind of seedy—blue? And disgusted with the whole blamed show?

That's the very time you need the most to go And learn some very foolish thing to do!

Is your work a sort of burden on your heart?

Do you find your meals an awful bore?

What you need is just to lay around and soar—

Say, be a boy again and play your part!



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O Welcoming Home!

By Archie Joscelyn

BOTH were in a hurry, which perhaps accounted for it, in part, though the engineer had had his part, also. He was leaving the smoker, she had just come from the chair car, and both were holding on to parcels of one kind or another. Therefore, when the train stopped twenty feet too soon, with a jerk, they collided—lightly, and she dropped one of her parcels. He stooped and recovered it, and both apologized, somewhat hastily. Other passengers were crowded behind them now, so he had but a moment in which to notice that her hair was of that rare color of red which he had always secretly admired, that her eyes matched, as they should, with a deep brown, and that she seemed just a bit frightened and bewildered.

Still carrying the parcel for her, he alighted from the train and led the way a little to one side, out of the hurrying crowd. The train moved on, the press thinned out, and they were alone on the platform—as was the habit on that particular platform. She had been gazing around her with a slightly puzzled air, but now she turned and held out her hand for the parcel, and he noticed that her smile was very weary, wherefore he retained his hold.

"It was very good of you," she said, "and I was clumsy—" she swayed slightly, and he dropped the parcel and put out an arm to steady her.

"Thank you," she said after a moment. "I was seasick, and the motion of the train—but it is past."

"I'm mighty sorry," he protested earnestly. "I always was clumsy and then that chump of an engineer—"

She laughed, suddenly, and he felt cheered. "It was his fault, of course," she agreed, "not yours, nor mine, so let us forget it. I—am a stranger here. Could you tell me which hotel would be the best?"

"The Charlton," he replied. "That's where I've been staying. It's the newest, and I suppose the best. But that's three quarters of a mile from here. You'll need a cab." He glanced around, then his gaze wandered back, irritated. "All gone, of course. If you're a stranger to the town, Miss—Miss—?"

"Delphine," she supplied.

"Thank you, Miss Delphine. As I was going on to say, if you're a stranger, you'll probably be prejudiced against our city. The railroad came through here—half a mile from the real town, and there's no car line running between. The only thing to do is to walk—or you might wait in the station, until I could go uptown and send a cab back?"

"No, I'll walk too, thank you," she replied.

He hesitated. "I—I was wishing that you had some friends, or acquaintances here, that might introduce us—but if you're a stranger—"

"I'm just from England," she said.

"England? That's a long and tiresome journey. But, in that case, my name's Eaton, Jack Eaton. I tell you what, I could take you to the Methodist parsonage—the pastor knows me, and his wife might advise you, or something—"

"I shall be glad to meet them," she agreed gravely.

"And, until we can be properly introduced, you must let me carry your things uptown for you," said Jack. "You're all tired out, and I'm not."

"Do you live here?" she asked, after they had walked a little way in silence.

"Live here?" he repeated absently. "Oh—yes. At least, I exist. It's little better than that, at a hotel."

"I know how it is," she assured him. "I have lived that way, in England, for the past four years—while there were other girls, working, a lot of us were together. But since the war, they were

gone, and—one gets so lonely for a home."

"I should say they do," he agreed. "My parents both died three years ago—we had a home, before that. Then, when a person went off on a trip, he had something to look forward to, on his return. But as it is—That shows what I mean," he exclaimed, breaking off to point to an inviting little house, set back amidst a green lawn and under green trees. "That might be a fine home—and it's for sale, too. I've sometimes thought of buying it, but batching would be worse even than the hotel. But I'm boring you," he broke off. "You're tired, and don't even know me, yet I'm telling all of my wishes—"

"No, no, you are not tiring me," she cried, eagerly. "I—oh, when I see these other people who have homes, and don't appreciate them, why, I—"

"Let's go in and look at the house, if you're not too tired," said Jack, with a flash of understanding. "I have the key. The owner has left town for a few days, and left it in my charge, so that anybody could see it who wished. It's ready furnished, and all—"

That was a joyous tour of inspection, through that little house. Each continually found something to admire, to praise, to sigh over. When they had finished the inspection, and were again on the lawn outside, she finished his sentence.

"And all ready to be a home—if it had somebody to live in it."

"I say!" It was a domineering voice, which broke in on their musings. "I've been looking all over for you, Eaton. Somebody told me you had the key to this place. We want to look it over—might buy it." The man was as coarse, as domineering as his voice, and both he and his wife were rich, blase—bored. That was apparent.

"The door is unlocked," said Jack. "Go in now and look if you wish."

That second inspection was not what

the first had been. It was critical, suspicious. That much Jack and the girl at his side sensed, and instinctively they felt angry at the two who thought of a house only as a shelter, to be purchased cold-bloodedly, not as a home to be lived in. And, though they said nothing, as they waited, both knew, unconsciously, how the other felt, and it seemed to be a bond between them.

"What's the price?" said the man. "Five thousand? I think I'll take it. You're acting agent, aren't you? Hardly worth it, but I'll give it, anyway. Good as most shacks in this town. Not a real house here. Just see about the papers—I'll make out a check—"

"I'm sorry," interrupted Jack, "but you're too late. The place is taken already."

"Already taken? Why didn't you tell me?—wasting time—"

"I didn't know—then," said Jack. After they had gone he turned to the girl at his side. "I've decided to take it myself—Delphine," he said. "I couldn't bear the thought of those two getting it. For them it's only a shelter—when it could be made into such a home—for us two—if you would, Delphine?"

"But—you don't even know me, Jack?" she said, very seriously, looking up into his eyes, her own troubled.

"But it seems as if I'd known you—a long, long time," said Jack. "Anyway, I know you as well as you do me, and I know we'd be happy together, where the other way we're both homeless, and lonely. Would you—be willing to marry me—and try? After going through that—home, I don't feel as if I could go back to the hotel, again. Though—I suppose that you came from England, for some purpose—?"

"Yes," she admitted, "I did. I came—Jack—to try and make a home for somebody, and to make that man—happy. And now I've found you, and a home, to welcome me. I'm going—to like your city, Jack!"

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It is not sufficient or efficient to buy a furnace as you would a kitchen table. Your furnace will either be a source of comfortable, economical warmth for many years to come—or a source of trouble from the day you get it! You need not take a chance, simply fill in the coupon now while it's in front of you—full facts will come at once.

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IS NOT a pipe furnace with the pipes left off. It is a scientifically constructed heating plant of the most modern type and not only does such a furnace heat the home properly by circulating moist, warm air, but does it without cutting up walls, filling the basement with pipes—and with the smallest amount of fuel—easily one ton saved in seven.

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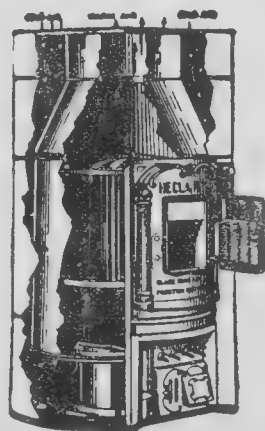
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YOU'LL APPRECIATE, Mr. Smoker, a really classy oval cigarette at half cost, made with my new perfect machine, registered for \$2.00 with eighth pound shredded turkish free. Wilson Sales Company, City Post Office, 3253, Montreal.

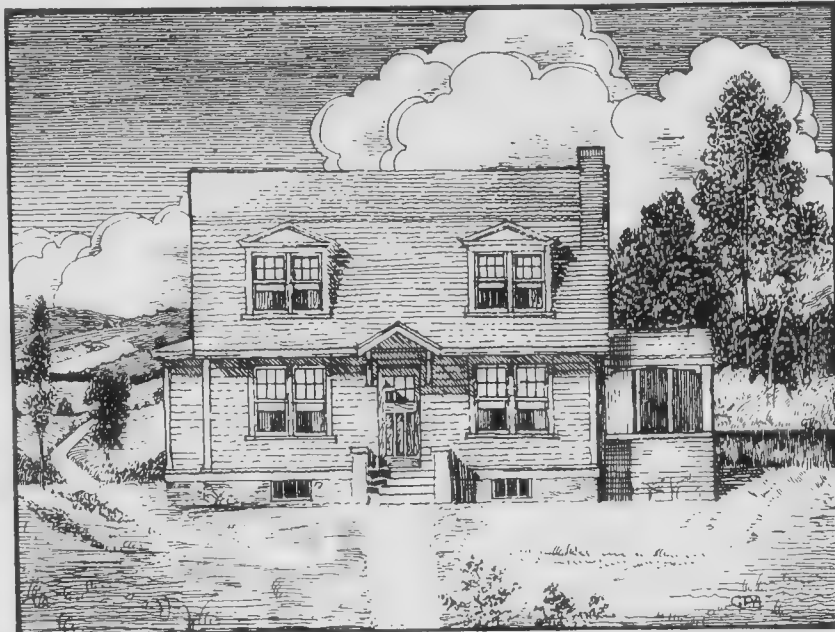
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JOIN OUR CORRESPONDENCE CLUB—List of people willing to correspond, 15c. Pilot Advertising Service, Woodstock, Ont. 7-21

Sensible House Designed for West

By F. F. LE MAISTRE

The home we illustrate this month is a small, but at the same time, roomy one. Halls and passages have, as far as possible, been eliminated and all available floor space used to advantage



A Small Compact Roomy House—Size 28 x 24 feet

The home we illustrate this month is a small, but at the same time, roomy one. Halls and passages have, as far as possible, been eliminated and all available floor space used to advantage.

The living room, 15 ft. 6 ins. x 11 ft. with staircase and vestibule opening off, the fireplace gives it a homelike and cosy finish. The screened veranda, 7 x 11 ft., opens off the living room. The dining room is in direct communication with the pantry and kitchen and has a large china closet.

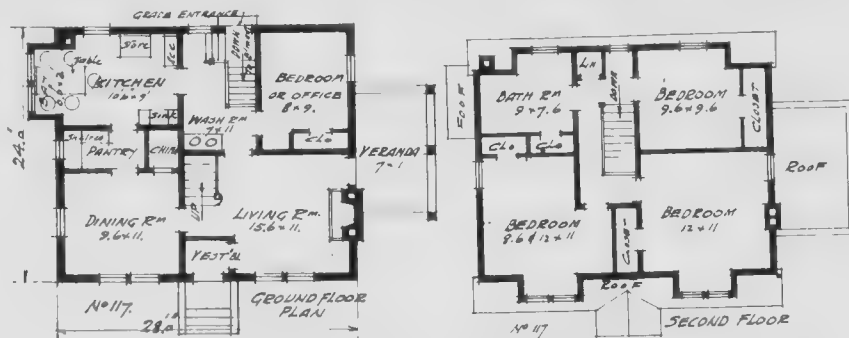
The kitchen has received careful attention with regard to placing the furniture. Note the bay or dining alcove; this feature gives more space to the kitchen proper and makes the serving of meals comparatively easy.

sunlight, air and light are free and glass is cheaper than it ever was. You may require to have more radiation or a larger furnace, that is true, but what does an extra ton or two of coal matter if your family are healthy and well.

Points worthy of note in this new home are:—

1. Rear entrance, hall and small bedroom can be entirely shut off from remainder of house.
2. Veranda has privacy, but could be omitted if desired.
3. Dining room can be used for other purposes if desired.
4. All rooms well lighted with direct light.

As in our last issue, we have arranged to supply our readers with blue-print



The rear entrance, washroom and basement stairs are conveniently concentrated: the bedroom or office off the rear hall will be found to be useful in the case of hired help.

The second floor contains three large bedrooms, each with a good closet, bathroom and linen closet.

The exterior treatment of the house is that of the Dutch colonial finished in siding and shingles. Stucco could also be used for the walls to good effect. The house is intended to have a full basement well lighted on four sides.

To home builders we would say, put plenty of windows in your house, let in the

working plans to build from for the nominal sum of \$4.00. With this offer goes the privilege of having the floor plans changed to suit your own ideas and requirements. All you have to do is cut out these plans, attach them to a sheet of paper explaining what changes you require, if any, enclose \$4.00, and address to the Plan Service Department of this paper, Bannatyne Avenue, Winnipeg, and we will then mail you plans as above to build from. Even if you do not intend building until the fall or next spring, get your plans while the opportunity offers. If a bill of material is required send \$2.50 extra, and for specifications \$2.50 extra.

BANKING INFORMATION

WHENEVER you are in need of information in regard to banking, you should consult the Local Manager of the

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Economy double mileage tires are reconstructed with three plies of additional fabric which gives you the assurance of 3500 miles or more. Guarantee sent with every tire.

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30x3	\$5.00	\$1.05	31x4	\$7.85	\$1.45	32x4	\$9.95	\$1.80	36x4	\$11.60	\$2.05
30x3	6.50	1.15	32x4	8.25	1.55	33x4	10.15	1.85	36x5	12.00	2.45
32x3	6.75	1.20	33x4	8.60	1.60	34x4	10.50	1.90	37x5	12.65	2.45
34x3	7.25	1.30	34x4	9.10	1.75	35x4	11.20	1.95			

Send \$3.00 deposit on each tire and one dollar on each tube ordered. Balance C.O.D. 5% discount allowed when full amount accompanies order. Re-liner free with every tire. State whether a straight side or clincher. Non-skid or plain tires same price. Full amount must be sent with order if in the following Provinces: British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. Be sure to give nearest express office. We do not pay charges on shipments.

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MOTHER

In the days when all was sunshine,
As a baby, glad and gay,
I was happier still if Mother
Only joined me in my play.

As I grew from infant prattler
To a child of older years,
It was Mother whom I needed;
She alone could dry my tears.

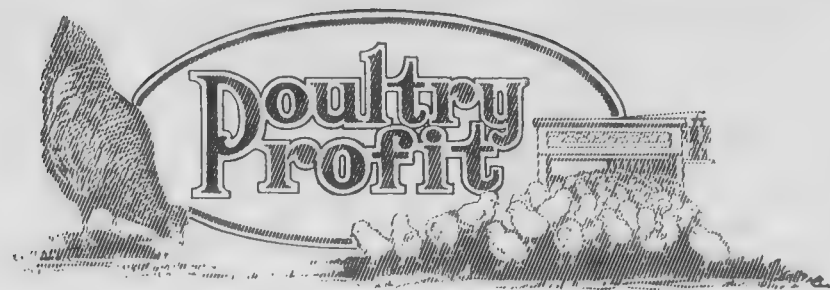
Then when teen age cast around me
Magic thoughts, ambitions great,
It was Mother who unfolded
Visions of a nobler state.

And as e'er the years rolled onward,
Bringing cares, mixed joys and griefs,
Mother was my friend and comrade,
She gave counsel, brought relief.

Right throughout my varied life scenes
Mother's in the foreground stood,
Aiding, guiding, teaching, loving;
She has giv'n me all she could.

And though memory's halls are crowded
With the pictures of the past—
Mother's is the central figure,
Draped with sunshine, ne'er surpassed.

—E. A.



By Helen E. Vialoux

THE baby chick business has grown tremendously in Canada the last few years, and there is no doubt "custom hatching" of early chicks is solving the problem of profitable winter laying on many poultry farms. Our western winters are usually long and cold, therefore the percentage of fertile, hatchable eggs in March is much too low. Poultrymen who specialize in supplying winter eggs for the city markets, now secure most of their early chicks from the hatcheries south of us, where weather conditions are less severe and a larger percentage of April chicks are hatched.

Mr. E. S. Miller, of Cathedral Ave., is one of the largest importers of baby chicks of all breeds in Winnipeg. In 1920, Miller and Achison ran several machines of large size with good success, but too many eggs were "infertile" in March and early April for poultry profit. The firm filled many orders, however, supplying the Brandon Experimental Farm and other large govern-

ment institutions from their incubators, hatching several hundred chicks every week. However, the orders grew faster than the chicks hatched, so Mr. Miller began importing baby chicks such as we see in the photo from a reliable chick hatchery in Minnesota. The business has grown, as the chicks of the four leading breeds, White Leghorns, White Wyandottes, Barred Rocks and Rhode Island Reds flourish on Canadian soil and have proved most reliable.



A Shipment of Baby Chicks ready for the Expressman

This season nearly forty thousand baby chicks have been imported by E. S. Miller with a loss, in transit, of only 2 per cent. Considering thousands of wee mites of chicks, aged from one day to three, are shipped all over the West right up to Calgary, this is rather wonderful. The birds travel in paper cartons, 12 in each section, four sections in each carton. They all seem bright and chirpy on their arrival, when they are unpacked and placed in a huge hover heated by electricity, where they are fed and watered, then repacked and sent on to their various destinations. When the rush of orders is on each shipment contains 2,000 birds, more White Leghorns, in proportion, than the heavier breeds for "egg farm" poultrymen in Winnipeg and the West.

Mr. Miller ran a bird shop in Winnipeg very successfully, importing canaries and making a specialty of British birds such as goldfinches, linnets, blackbirds, song-thrushes and bullfinches.

this last February, only one bird dying en route.

The young birds are trained to sing, taking regular lessons from their trainer, "Caruso," who has a cage hung in a sunny window. On all sides of him are young singers, learning to trill, thrill and warble new notes under his tuition. "Caruso" has now been sold for \$80 and a new trainer will take his place in the aviary. Young roller singers are worth 30 dollars each.

I was shown the new arrivals from England that had just come over in a big ocean liner—a song thrush and an English blackbird. They seemed none the worse for their trip, and their travelling compartment was a neat little cage of wire about 4 inches in height. Every attention is given these

A good many experiments in breeding are carried on at this Winnipeg aviary. A roller canary hen crossed with a bullfinch produces a very fine singer known as a "mule." The large pen of English wild linnets and finches and other birds made a great fuss as we looked at them darting about and chirping. They are difficult to tame and feel their confinement very much, never really settling down to a caged existence.

Mr. Miller handles between 500 to 600 pet birds each year, shipping them from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and has lost only one bird in transit since he began business.

Which is YOUR Tractor?

For the tractors listed below and for every other make of tractor, En-ar-co Motor Oils save repair bills, cut down oil bills and provide proper economical lubrication.

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Sandusky	Heavy En-ar-co	Heavy En-ar-co
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Liberty	Extra Heavy En-ar-co	Heavy En-ar-co
Twin City	Extra Heavy En-ar-co	Heavy En-ar-co
International	Heavy En-ar-co	Heavy En-ar-co
Mogul	Heavy En-ar-co	Heavy En-ar-co
Titan	Heavy En-ar-co	Heavy En-ar-co
Moline Universal	Extra Heavy En-ar-co	Extra Heavy En-ar-co
Avery 5-10	Heavy En-ar-co	Heavy En-ar-co
Avery Motor Cultivator	Heavy En-ar-co	Heavy En-ar-co
Avery 8-16 and larger	Extra Heavy En-ar-co	Extra Heavy En-ar-co
Eagle	Extra Heavy En-ar-co	Heavy En-ar-co
Allis-Chalmers 18-30	Extra Heavy En-ar-co	Heavy En-ar-co
Big Pull	Heavy En-ar-co	Heavy En-ar-co
Parrett Model "H"	Extra Heavy En-ar-co	Heavy En-ar-co
Fox	Heavy En-ar-co	Heavy En-ar-co
Turner Simplicity	Extra Heavy En-ar-co	Extra Heavy En-ar-co
Kardell Utility	Heavy En-ar-co	Heavy En-ar-co
E - B	Heavy En-ar-co	Extra Medium En-ar-co
Wellington	Heavy En-ar-co	Heavy En-ar-co
Hart-Parr	Extra Heavy En-ar-co	Heavy En-ar-co
Wallis	Heavy En-ar-co	Extra Medium En-ar-co
J.T.	Extra Heavy En-ar-co	Heavy En-ar-co
Rumely Oil Pull	Heavy En-ar-co	Heavy En-ar-co
Russell	Heavy En-ar-co	Extra Medium En-ar-co
Toro	Heavy En-ar-co	Heavy En-ar-co
Victory	Extra Medium En-ar-co	Extra Medium En-ar-co
Shelby	Extra Heavy En-ar-co	Heavy En-ar-co
Cletrac (Spring)	Extra Medium En-ar-co	Medium En-ar-co
Peaver	Heavy En-ar-co	Heavy En-ar-co

You try En-ar-co. Tell us the kind of car, truck or tractor you run. Then we will explain, without any obligation on your part whatsoever, just how to use En-ar-co so that it will save money for you. Send the coupon below to our nearest branch. Get it in to-day and we will send you as well, "The Auto Tour," a most interesting game that should be in every home. It's free—just send a 3c. stamp to cover postage.

Besides En-ar-co Motor Oils we also manufacture—**En-ar-co Gear Compound**—Best for gears, differentials, transmissions. **White Rose Gasoline**—Pure, clean, powerful. **National Light Oil**—for kerosene operated tractors, also lamps, stoves, incubators. **En-ar-co Valve Oil** and **Black Beauty Axle Grease**.

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Do You Want CHEAPER COAL?

It's Up to You!

THE Railway Commission has put into effect A TEN PER CENT. REDUCTION IN THE COST OF SUMMER FREIGHT SHIPMENTS OF ALBERTA COAL, and the Alberta mine operators and prairie coal dealers are also co-operating by reducing costs. This reduction is for the SUMMER MONTHS ONLY. The old rates will again be in force before the grain movement begins.

Alberta Coal

PLACED
IN YOUR
BASEMENT
NOW,
WILL KEEP
IN GOOD
CONDITION
UNTIL YOU
NEED IT.

The ruling of the Railway Commission means that the residents of Manitoba and Saskatchewan have the opportunity, for a short time only, to SAVE HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS on the cost of their coal supplies for next winter, if they will only ORDER THEIR SUPPLIES NOW.

The Railway Commission has frankly stated that the freight REDUCTION IS AN EXPERIMENT, and whether it will be repeated next year will depend on the volume of business this year. Last year hundreds of private citizens and manufacturers on the prairies said they would use Alberta coal this year if the cost could be reduced. THE COST HAS BEEN REDUCED, but for a short time only.

There are several varieties of Alberta coal, and there is a variety which will economically and effectively fit your requirement. Consult Your Dealer.



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For the benefit and protection of the public, the Province of Alberta offers, free of charge, the services of its qualified combustion engineers, who are prepared to inspect your heating installation and advise you in the selection and use of Alberta coal.

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PROVINCE OF ALBERTA
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277 Smith Street, Winnipeg
M. L. HYDE, E. M., Representative

Freight Reduction on Alberta Coal

No official government order in recent years, affecting the prairie provinces is expected to have such a far-reaching effect as that of the recent decision of the railway commission, by which a ten per cent freight reduction on summer shipments of Alberta coal to the prairies goes into effect. That this order means cheaper Alberta coal for prairie manufacturers and residents is the statement of Howard Stutchbury, trade commissioner for the Alberta government, who adds that the coal operators and dealers throughout the West are also co-operating by reducing their price, so that a considerable reduction in the cost of Alberta coal is assured.

The 1921 publicity campaign on behalf of Alberta coal, aimed particularly at the Manitoba and Saskatchewan markets, begins this week. Extensive advertising in the daily papers, farm journals, and other publications will be continued from June 25 to the end of August, the central idea being to get prairie people to take advantage of the reduced rates prior to September 1, and fill their coal bins and basements now. The publicity arrangements are along very much the same lines as in former years. Mr. Stutchbury has one new stunt, however, this being the placarding of every load of Alberta coal delivered during the summer. On one side of each load will be the announcement, "Your Canadian dollar is worth 100 cents when you buy Alberta coal," and on the other, "Buy Alberta coal; it costs less if you order now."

In addition to the newspaper publicity, the fuel demonstration plant is to be continued in Winnipeg during the summer. The results from this plant have been very satisfactory. Mr. Hyde, the Alberta representative in charge, holds himself in readiness to give advice free of charge, as to the most effective use of Alberta coal under all conditions. One slogan of the campaign is, "There are several varieties of Alberta coal, and there is a variety which will effectively and economically fit your requirement."

Mr. Stutchbury is enthusiastic about the value of newspaper and farm journal publicity, which is the only kind he uses. He does not believe that the results already secured could have been

obtained in any other way. He believes that this season's work will pretty well ensure control of the Western Canada fuel market for Alberta coal.

One point to which Mr. Stutchbury wishes to direct public attention is that the order by the railway commission with regard to the ten per cent freight reduction is only an experiment. The commission intends to watch very carefully the volume of sales during the summer, and if, in the opinion of the commission, the increase in sales is not sufficient to justify the order, then the experiment will not be repeated next year. The question of cheaper Alberta coal is therefore up to the prairie consumers.

DAFFODILS

'Tis a dull, rainy day,
Making earth hideous,
And heaven grey;

But here within my city room
Glow emerald tones and yellow,
With the radiance of green fields,
The light of sunshine mellow—

Some blooms of gold
In a quaint blue vase
That dragons hold:

Crumpled petals, velvet-grained,
With straight, bright blades
Transparent green, upreared,
Fresh from the haunt of naiads.

Mystic odors do they bring
In their dainty goblets,
'Tis the breath of spring.

Such golden flowers!
Surely 'neath the mould,
Some of last summer's sunshine
Must have been kept in hold.

There concentrated and condensed,
Through the fine veins
Of these bright blooms dispensed.

And prisoned here it shines
A flame more warm
To cheer the dreary days made dark
By February storm.

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About The Farm

Conducted by Allan Campbell

SWEET CLOVER

With the increase of mixed farming in the prairie provinces due to the fact that straight grain growing cannot go on to best advantage indefinitely, sweet clover has for the past two or three years been given an extensive trial as a forage crop. There are said to be about twenty species of sweet clover found throughout the world, most of them being native of Europe and Western Asia. The white sweet clover (*Melilotus alba*) is becoming a popular forage crop in Manitoba, and is to be found growing wild along the roadsides. When the term "sweet clover" is used it is the white flowering biennial which is usually meant.

Sweet Clover is a deep-rooted leguminous plant. The young plants resemble closely those of alfalfa, but the former have a bitter taste in the foliage. The flowers of sweet clover are produced in long loose racemes and the seeds are borne singly in pods. With this plant, like all legumes, bacteria have the power of penetrating the young roots, thus forming nodules and fixing the free nitrogen of the atmosphere so that the plant can use as food this important element.

In regard to feeding value it has been found that sweet clover stands high in protein, though not so high as alfalfa, and in chemical composition, generally speaking, the former occupies a prominent place.

THE GOPHER PEST

The gopher may well be described as one of the worst enemies of the farmers of the prairie provinces. Making their homes in the ground they become well established right in the vicinity of the most valuable crops and carry on their destructive work while multiplying on a large scale.

They are exceedingly difficult to keep in check as they sleep all winter and awake in time to feed on the tender young plants in field and garden making thousands of acres poor in yield after much time and labor has been expended on the cultivation and other essential work.

The damage done is generally greatest where the areas under cultivation are scattered and often limited in area, as the gopher will travel long distances to obtain tender young plants. The field will not only be attacked by the gophers actually living on it but will be visited by other gophers living at a distance of over half a mile beyond it on all sides, thus the damage wrought may be very serious. This travelling habit on the part of the gophers will often cause the farmers to think that the poison which has been put out is not doing its work, whereas, it may have cleaned up the gophers very thoroughly on the land immediately under the poison area, but the mischief will have been done by neighboring gophers living at a distance from the crop. Where the surrounding land is well under crop one will not be troubled very much by such visits.

While the gopher naturally has the hand of every farmer directed toward his destruction, he has other enemies to contend with such as coyotes, skunks, weasels, snakes, hawks and owls. Hawks and owls account for many gophers, especially on waste lands, but should one of these birds appear over the average farm he is usually greeted with a shot if a gun be within reach in defence of the chickens on the farm, but all the same, it must be conceded that these birds are capable of reducing to a considerable extent the numbers of gophers on the prairies.

There are many ways in which to combat the gopher pest but a good many of these methods are not practicable on the average farm as it tends to draw away valuable labor which should be directed toward the raising of crops. Of course, the plan of employing poison commends itself to the general farming communities as the results obtained are quick, and large areas may be treated with a comparatively small outlay in regard to labor, etc.

The following recipe is one that is recommended in preparing wheat for the poisoning of gophers: Dissolve one ounce of strychnine or sulphate of strychnine in one quart of vinegar to which has been added one quart of hot water. Stir with a stick until all the strychnine is dissolved,

boiling if necessary. Add one pound of sugar or one pint of molasses, and a teaspoonful of oil of anise. Pour the hot solution over half a bushel of wheat, and, if necessary, add enough hot water just to cover all the wheat. Let the grain stand in the solution for twenty-four hours, and if any of the solution is then still unabsorbed, add a handful of shorts and stir the whole mixture well. Put a tablespoonful of the moist grain well into the entrance of each gopher hole.

Caution—Great care must be taken in the handling of strychnine as it is a deadly poison, and utensils used and the grain itself should be kept out of reach of children and the farm animals.

In distributing the poisoned grain, a pail may be used suspended from the shoulder by a strap, and a long handled spoon used for dropping the bait down the holes. The spoon should be well inserted so that the poison is out of reach of the prairie chickens and other birds, and thus make sure that it is eaten by the gophers only. In order to carry out a successful campaign against the gophers it is necessary to distribute this poison in the holes on a strip at least a hundred yards wide round the outside of the farm to keep off "outsiders."

While such methods as shooting, suffocating, etc., are not very effective in reducing the numbers materially, it must be borne in mind that the average gopher's litter is eight or ten, and one gopher is capable of destroying two or three bushels of grain, therefore every one destroyed means a piece of good work done toward the saving of the crops. There is a means of suffocation by gasses and also by smoke fumes but, of course, such methods mean keeping a man fully occupied in destroying gophers individually and not collectively.

CARE OF YOUNG PIGS

On most farms apparently but one litter a year is raised and the young pigs are weaned about eight weeks after birth, though there appears to be considerable difference of opinion as to the best age at which to wean them. It is a good plan to fence off a part of the enclosure in which the sow and her litter is so as to make it possible for the little pigs to enter this fenced off part, but impossible for the sow to follow, and in this special enclosure should be placed a flat shallow trough containing sweet new whole milk which will give them an excellent start in life. In this connection cleanliness must be strictly observed or the result will be disastrous to the young digestive organs. After a short period, skim milk may be substituted and to this may be added equal parts of very finely ground oats, shorts, cornmeal and oil meal. This mixture will be found to give very satisfactory results.

Like all young things they will overeat if not carefully fed, and care must be taken to feed only small amounts of these foods at a time, but at the same time it will be to their advantage to receive food as frequently as four or five times a day. If pasture is not available they will appreciate some green feed, sods and roots from time to time.

As weaning time is rather a critical period they should be given plenty of exercise, frequent feeds as above described and protection from wet and cold. By giving the sow less feed she will gradually become dry when she can be removed to some distance out of sight and hearing of the little pigs.

With further reference to feeds, some recommend that the grain ration be shorts alone or shorts and finely ground oat chop with the hulls sifted out, or again if shorts be not available, feed oat chop and skimmed milk. A method of ridding the oat chop of hulls is to take a fairly fine screen from the fanning mill and sift the chop by hand, throwing the hulls to one side. In the case of skim milk not being available, tankage is recommended to the extent of one-tenth to one-twentieth of the grain feed. The tankage can be simply mixed with the shorts and chop and fed.

HAIRLESS PIGS

The cause of hairless pigs has from time to time caused mystification on the farm where it has occurred, and the blame has been laid in various directions. As a

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About the Farm

By A. Campbell

Cont'd from page 33

potash (potassium iodide), which prevents the development of the goitre. This condition may be prevented by the addition of a little iodine to the mother's feed, as is evidenced by the success attained by many breeders in this country.

In feeding sows, as the pigs must have the iodine in the early stages of their development, it has been found a good plan to feed one grain of potassium iodide per sow per day for three months. Take three-fourths of a pound of common salt, add one rounded teaspoonful of potassium iodide for each sow to be fed, mix thoroughly and feed one teaspoonful of this mixture each day to the group of sows; not one spoonful to each sow but, say you are feeding four sows together, add four teaspoonfuls of potassium iodide to three-fourths of a pound of salt, mix well, and feed a spoonful of this to the sows every morning. The feeding of iodine to the sow in the last thirty days of her pregnancy has not been found to do any good.

POINTERS ON A GOOD PIGGERY

A piggery to be perfectly satisfactory must be well lighted from the south, east or west, or better still, from all three directions. Direct sunlight is best to insure good health and sanitation.

Warmth is another important feature, and when the cold weather comes it should not be secured at the expense of pure air. If it is impossible to ventilate properly and at the same time keep a sufficiently high temperature with the natural heat of the animals, it might be found advantageous to use artificial heat. In any case, pure air is more to be sought than a high temperature in winter quarters.

Freedom from moisture on the walls and ceilings is another important requirement. The walls and ceiling should be built with a dead air space. This space should have building paper on both sides of it.

In regard to ventilation, the air should be admitted in such a way as not to allow the cold air to come in direct contact with the pigs, and the foul air had better be removed from near the floor.

CONTROLLING INSECT PESTS

With the various crops that are raised each year come the many and varied swarms of insects bent on destruction unless means are found to combat them. In planning our defenses against this common enemy a knowledge of their means of attack is an essential, for some insects destroy the foliage, others the stems by boring into them, and others again attack the flowers, hence a good knowledge of the habits of destructive insects is a valuable asset in the raising of crops. In making preparations for the control of insects one must prepare sprays according to the class to which the insects belong, viz.: biting insects which bite and chew their food, such as caterpillars, cutworms, etc., or sucking insects which suck up their food by means of their beaks, such as the aphids, scale insects, etc.

In the case of an attack by biting insects, a stomach poison such as Paris green or arsenate of lead is the usual remedy, but if they happen to be sucking insects, contact preparations such as kerosene emulsion, etc., are usually applied. Where the latter kind of insect has to be controlled it would be useless to use Paris green because the insects would insert their beaks beyond the range of the poison and feed in comparative safety. Not all the insects found in the garden are the enemies of the gardener for there are many which are a help in destroying other insects of an injurious nature. Chief among these valuable helpers are the different kinds of lady-bird beetles which feed almost exclusively on plant lice and scale insects.

In regard to the application of a spray of insecticide, a sprayer should be chosen that will deliver from the nozzle the liquid evenly in a fine spray.

Paris green solution for the control of biting insects should be made in the strength of four ounces to forty gallons of water with about half a pound of fresh lime added. To obtain a much smaller mixture where only a few plants are to be treated, one teaspoonful of Paris green

with the same quantity of lime to a pail of water is about right.

Arsenate of lead is preferred by some gardeners owing to the fact that it adheres better to the plants when rain occurs and does not burn the leaves. It is made up in the proportion of the following quantities:

Copper sulphate (bluestone).....4 lbs.
Unslaked lime.....4 lbs.
Water.....40 gallons

Dissolve the copper sulphate (by suspending it in a wooden or earthen vessel containing 4 or 5 or more gallons of water). It will dissolve more quickly in warm water than in cold. Slake the lime in another vessel. If the lime when slaked is lumpy or granular, it should be strained through a fine sieve. Pour the copper sulphate solution into a barrel, or it may be dissolved in this in the first place; half fill the barrel with water; dilute the slaked lime to half a barrel of water, and pour into the diluted copper sulphate solution, then stir thoroughly. It is then ready for use. (Never mix concentrated milk of lime and copper solution)

For sucking insects kerosene emulsion is recommended and is made up as follows:

Kerosene (coal oil).....2-gallons
Rain water.....1 gallon
Soap.....1/4 pound

Heat the water, cut the soap into fine shavings and add them to the water, stirring until all is dissolved, then pour this into the kerosene and stir the whole violently with a syringe or force pump for about five minutes or until a thick creamy emulsion is produced. This makes the stock solution which, as it cools, thickens into a jelly-like mass. When required for use, dilute with nine times its measure of warm water. The stock solution when properly made will keep for months if kept from the air.

THE WEST

By Evelyn Gowan Murphy

Flush of green on the red-barked willow,
In fairy-white blossoms the wild-cherry
drest;
Fields that are verdant with promise of
grain;
Slender white poplars that bend in the
rain,

That is the West.

Days full of sunshine, azure and golden,
Roses that carpet the plain,
Honk of the wild fowl,
Far off coyote howl,
That is the West.

Air, cold and dry and clear—
Nature's elixir;
Smoke plumes curling straight on high,
In lofty spirals to the sky,
That is the West.

Earth cradled under a blanket of snow,
Night, when the heavens with radiance
glow,
Swift shifting grandeur of Northern
Light,
Filling with mystery and color the night,
That is the West.

A PREACHMENT OF GOOD CHEER

By Fred Scott Shepard

I preached a preachment of good cheer
To one whose way was sad and drear,
And, as I smiled into the face
Where sorrow's mark was plain to trace,
A smile came back—a tender smile,
Which told of burdens eased the while.

I clasped the hand of friend of mine,
Whose lot had caused him to repine—
No word was uttered, but the glance
Of eye to eye spoke much; perchance,
New hope within his heart was born,
To take the place of fear forlorn.

I gave a sympathetic touch
Of hand on arm—it was not much,
But told that one was near who cared
How battles of his brother fared;
And thus, again, a heart was cheered
Which in life's conflicts shrank and
feared.

The preachment may be small indeed,
But, if it meet another's need,
What matter what the method be,
So heart be cheered and soul set free!
Then preach with word or touch or
glance
The sermons that will life enhance.



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Music in the Home

Music Day at the Exhibition

Some day gatherings of Canadian people will break into song just as readily as they now remain silent and some day our children's violin lessons or piano lessons will be taken in classes at the public school just as grammar, geography and spelling are now. Little by little we are heading that way and surely there is real progress in sight when so important an organization as the Canadian National Exhibition is about to give official recognition to music.

At this year's Exhibition in Toronto there is to be a Music Day. This will be on Thursday of the first week of the Exhibition. There are to be competitions for amateur vocalists and pianists. There are to be choruses and band competitions open to all Canada. There are to be public recitals by Canadian Artists, and community singing in the open air when everybody will join in singing favorite ballads, and popular songs, old and new. The grand final will be a monster chorus in front of the grand stand in the evening.

Perhaps this is the first real step toward a fine permanent Music Temple without which this great annual Exposition will never be complete.

England Honors Talented Musicians

Less than 100 years ago in England, music was regarded as an art derogatory to those who practiced it. Nowadays all that has been changed; music is now acknowledged as a thing honorable in the service of humanity and a valuable means of education. The noteworthy distinctions recently conferred upon several leading British musicians are indications of this very much altered condition.

Ivor Atkins, organist of Worcester Cathedral, has long been a power in the Western Midlands. This year he rendered signal services to music by taking a prominent share in the resumption of the Three Choirs Festival, a famous gathering which, after being in existence since 1724, had lapsed during the war. Grave doubts were expressed as to the possibility of reviving it but happily all opposition was overcome and the festival took place last September under the direction of Mr. Atkins. In December, the University of Oxford conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Music and the still greater honor of knighthood was bestowed on him by the King on New Year's Day.

Professor Percy Buck who is at the head of the music department in Harrow School has held the post of professor of music at Dublin University for sometime and the Oxford University has paid him the highest compliment in its power by making him an honorary fellow of Worcester, his own college there. Thomas F. Dunhill, another gifted musician and composer has just been made dean of the faculty of music in the University of London.

Some Thoughts on Appreciation in Music

It is a serious state of affairs when people are told that they cannot appreciate sound without being taken into the laboratory of music, and that they cannot appreciate color and design without a preliminary study of painting.

So far as music is concerned, the training of the nineteenth century has left a legacy of audiences who rarely hear sound at all, being so engrossed with other thoughts. It is a rare thing to meet with a man who loves the symphony orchestra for the richness of its sonority, and not for somebody's inversion of the second subject. If the process were to go on much farther, there would be some danger of its attaining its ideal, a composition so lofty and so full of mystic thought, as to be appreciated only by one man in the world, the man who made it, who would spend the rest of his days initiating others, and endeavouring to raise them to his level. When one reflects upon this attitude of those in authority, one begins to understand why there is so little humorous music in comparison with humorous literature, the world's wealth of comedy and the mirth of brush and pencil.

There are musicians with a sense of humour, but if they value their reputations, they give it a holiday when they write music, for there is nothing the pundits resent more than a composition which makes the audience smile. They

have more hopes of a composer who loves the death-chamber than of one who loves the nursery. They are not even consistent, for if music makes an audience feel sad, if it moves them to tears, they will be prepared to concede that music has fulfilled its mission, even though that audience has not understood it in their sense of the word. But if the music has made the audience feel happy some of them will always be found to say that it was not music at all, but something else incorrectly known by the same name.

FAMOUS DANCE ORCHESTRA NOW MAKING RECORDS

In a big city like Chicago there are plenty of exceptionally good musicians. Anyone in the "Windy City" arranging a high-class function, with dancing as part of the program, may have his choice of many splendid orchestras. But, with one accord, the people of Chicago, when they want music at its tip-top best, try hard to get the Isham Jones Dance Orchestra.

But it's not so easy to get Isham Jones and his group of musicians as you might think. They are so enormously in demand. Their services are booked up months ahead. And all because of the wonderful rhythm which they get into dance music. Wherever dancers congregate throughout Chicago and the West they are almost boisterously enthusiastic about Isham Jones music.

And once you hear a dance selection rendered by the Isham Jones Dance Orchestra, you can easily understand the reason for such remarkable popularity. Their music is positively irresistible. One's feet simply must go into action, so compelling is the rhythm of the syncopated music.

It will be good news, therefore to phonograph owners to hear that the Isham Jones Dance Orchestra are now recording exclusively for Brunswick Records. And, as Brunswick Records play with steel or fibre needle on any make of phonograph, Isham Jones dance music is available for everybody, right in their own homes, on Brunswick Records. These records are pressed in Canada.

An Historic Tombstone

In the pretty little church yard that surrounds the church at Edgware, immortalized by the famous composer and musician Handel, stands an old tombstone erected to the memory of a blacksmith named William Powell.

According to the story, Handel took shelter one day from a heavy fall of rain in the village smithy at Edgware and was so struck by the effect of the singing of the smith to the accompaniment of his own anvil that he went straight home to the Cannons, near by, and wrote the score of that well known composition,

The Harmonious Blacksmith. The stone has been raised to commemorate this event. At the top, above the inscription is carved a blacksmith's hammer, anvil, and floral design together with a bar of music.

Musical Notes

A Chinese legend states that China had musical machines 2,000 years ago.

There is a harp on display in the Louvre, Paris, France, that was found in an Egyptian tomb, said to be four thousand years old.

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Mothers Section

WHAT DOES NOT COUNT?

If we are notable housekeepers we are in danger of putting our carpets and curtains, our well-kept furniture and our things in general before our children. I have known a mother to pass by without notice a rude and boorish act on the part of a child, when she came down like a veritable Day of Judgment on the same little culprit if his ball happened to break a pane of glass. There are mothers who can pardon anything except an ink spot on the front of a frock, or a rent in a garment. Ink spots on character and rents in behavior are a thousand times more injurious than a transient damage to clothing or furniture.

Mothers need to discriminate. Harshness and severity should never be meted out to the child who is the victim of an accident. With the utmost admiration I remember the perfect poise and unbroken calm of a sweet woman whose little girl had the misfortune to knock over a very costly vase which had for her mother previous associations connected with her wedding journey in the Far East. The vase stood on a table where it had been placed after having been shown to guests, who had gazed at it almost with envy. In came little Barbara, her doll in her arms, her foot caught on a rug, slipped along the polished floor; she threw out a hand to save herself from falling, and lo! the vase lay in fragments at our feet. "Never mind, Barbara," said the mother, gently, "you did not mean to do it. I am so glad you are not hurt, and that even Dolly has not a scratch."

The object lesson in self-control was worth going far to see, and its effect would never be lost on the character formation of the little daughter.

WHEN SHALL THE BROODING BEGIN?

The mother-bird begins her brooding when the pearly eggs are under her breast, in the round nest hidden among the leaves. Our mother-brooding should begin during the months of patient waiting before the child is here. Re-

luctant motherhood imposes a disadvantage on the unborn child. During the sacred time before the baby comes the mother should look upon herself as hallowed and set apart. She should carefully guard herself from irritation and depression, from the despotism of her low mood, and from excessive and vehement emotions of every kind. For the sake of the child who is coming she should be pure and unspotted from the world, gentle, courageous and strong. The child is hers long before the little head is pillowed in her arms.

In order to be entirely fair one must admit that there is a good deal to be said in favor of the small family too. The mother of one or two children can do more for them, spend more money, can lavish upon them more personal care, and in one way and another deal with them at closer touch than if her efforts were spread over a greater number. I have in mind a mother to whom was given an only child, a son. From the hour of his birth he was her first consideration, and never once during his boyhood was he suffered to be out of her sight or beyond the vigilance of some member of the family. "No hired hands" she said proudly, "ever cared for him in infancy, and his father and myself took all the charge of him while he was growing up." The boy was prepared for college at home, by his parents; he had no other teachers, and until he was thrown into a world of hustling young fellows at college he had no companions. His mother said, "I was his playmate, comrade, friend, and confidante for seventeen years." This boy was never reproofed, and it goes without saying that he was never punished. Everybody predicted that so much coddling and such exclusive nurture would result in sending forth at maturity a weakling unfit to cope with the problems of life. But there was good stuff in the boy, and by some miracle the toddling did him no harm. He turned out a strong, self-contained, resourceful man, who has taken a high rank in an exacting profession, who is popular with men, and gets on with them, and who is

so sweet tempered and sunny that one knows at a glance he has never been warped by injustice or embittered by fault-finding. Everything in his childhood home revolved around him, as the planets around the sun, yet he was not spoiled. I do not commend this system of training. It seems to me all-important that boys and girls should be thrown into the company of those of their own age while they are children. How else shall they learn, as a rule, to become good neighbors and good citizens? One of life's most important lessons is adjustment to other people and acquiring the art of living and working successfully with other people. Perhaps the ideal lies between the extreme and ceaseless mother-brooding that is given to the single child and the necessary letting alone which is the portion of eight or ten.

AVOID NAGGING

The greatest defect in home discipline is continual nagging. Children who are exposed to a constant hailstorm of fault-finding grow hardened to it by repetition, and it makes no healthful impression on their minds. Resentment is aroused by reproof given in public. A sensitive child hates ridicule, and loathes comment that is unsparingly bestowed before the family or the family friends. One of the most brilliant and beautiful women in America told me that her child was unspeakably wretched because her mother and her elder sisters never omitted an opportunity to criticize her when she made a mistake or transgressed a rule of etiquette. She was a large girl who had long limbs and an awkward carriage at twelve, and her mother would say, "I am so mortified at Elizabeth's clumsiness. We keep her out of sight as much as we can, but she is so big that it is hard work." It was always "Sit up straight, Elizabeth," or "Go back and see if you cannot enter the room more quickly," until poor Elizabeth wished that the ground would open and swallow her up.

Mothers who do not understand what mother-brooding means have much to answer for, since the one lack that can never be made up while life lasts is the lack of happy memories in childhood. Fortunate are the men and women who, looking back, recall with gratitude a mother whose smile was their sunshine, whose deft hands cut out garments and made them, who knew how to make a little money go a long way, whose children appeared well, took prizes at school, and never missed any pleasure that belonged to their age, because behind them was a mother who added to love common sense and tact, and a faculty for making the best use of things.

If you find that the habit of criticism is creeping over you, that you are readier to blame than to praise, to reprove than to reward, call a halt. Remind yourself that fruit and flowers ripen in the sunshine, and that affection has before now been winter-killed. Not the things in a home, but the people in it make the home a place of charm and repose.

THE HOBBLEDEHOY

Mothers should not forget that all the petting and care are not to be monopolized by the juniors. A lad who has reached what we call the "awkward age" is often sensitive and uncomfortable as well as shy and unreasonable. Every one knows that transition moments are trying, and the bridge between husband and young manhood is a peculiarly perilous and uncertain affair. A mother needs much patience and much tact in influencing her growing boy. She must often indirectly shield him from the consequences of his inexperience. She may even have to stand between him and his father, since fathers have not always the quick sympathy with their sons that they usually have with their daughters. The tides of manhood are rushing in upon the growing boy. He does not understand his own moods. He is often the prey of older men who take advantage of his vanity, or tempt him to his undoing.

Even though the mother neglect some of her other cares and duties she will do well to brood lovingly over her boy of sixteen to twenty. Later on she will have no reason to regret that she maintained her steady hold on his confidence and love. Nor should she intermit this brooding care when her boys and girls are away at school. Her letters and love should maintain constant touch with teachers, and she should know all about companions and friends.

A WORD ABOUT FATHERS

In all this talk about mothers, it seems as if fathers were overlooked. Yet a father's part in the upbringing of children is not less influential and not less direct than that of the mother. A father whom his children honor, whose integrity and rectitude are unbending, whose goodness is their shield, and who stands to them almost in the place of Divine Providence, is for children their best ideal of the heavenly Father. During the very earliest years, children are most closely under the molding hand of mothers, but from an age that reaches back into the dim adumbration of infancy they receive some impressions from their father. The man's province is to provide for his home, to be its bread-winner and its defender, and therefore, working hard and long, he often has little opportunity to be much with his children. Sunday is the father's day. The children make acquaintance with him then. He talks to them, tells them stories, goes with them to walk, carries the baby on his shoulder, and sometimes sits at the head of the family pew with a row of little heads between him and their mother. It is a beautiful sight and it is a good omen for the future when some portion of the Sabbath is given to worship, and parents and children are, together in church. Among her pleasantest recollections a woman, no longer young, tells me that she cherishes her pictures of her father sitting by the firelit hearth, a child on either knee, while he told the small spellbound listeners stories of Joseph the dreamer, of David and Goliath, of Daniel in the den of lions, and of the three children who walked in the fiery furnace, and were none the worse.

A home in which both father and mother unite in training their children is the one retreat on earth which gathers to itself the light of heaven.

THE SAP OF SPRING

In spring the latent sap bursts forth in bud and blossom,
All nature dons her richest robe of green,
A song of hope and love fills every human bosom,
And lusty birds their glossy plumage preen.

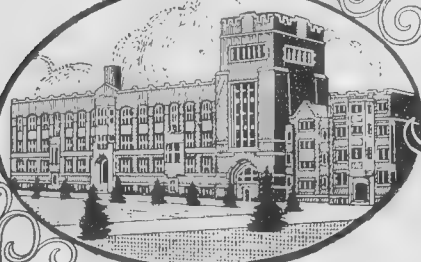
In holes and woods the sleeping beasts awaken,
The thrill of life pours through their veins anew,
And each unto itself a mate has taken,
And fresh and rested nature's course pursue.

The little bulbs so long in snowy covering,
Kissed by the sun's warm rays wakes from the dead,
While overhead the happy lark is hovering,
Through moss the violet and primrose shows its head.

In nature's plan each bird and beast and flower
Gives out its sweetness and fulfills its duty,
Makes life a serious purpose every day and hour,
And makes the world a thing of joy and beauty.

So let us, when we feel the spring sun shine,
Give way to every good and true emotion,
Open our hearts to Heaven's bright rays divine,
And give to GOD and man our unreserved devotion.

—Robert M. Large.



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Sunday Reading

FINDING GOD

By Henry Ward Beecher

I remember the first time I ever spoke from inspiration I had heard eloquent speeches and discourses of various kinds; but I thought such things were too high for me till, on one occasion, when I was speaking among my boy companions, the spirit seized me and whirled me into ecstasy of speech; and though I could not get it the next time, nor the next, I had a consciousness that it was in me. I had had it once, and I felt sure that I should have it again, and I said: "I know it is there, and by-and-by it will come."

So, no one who has been broken down in sweet and royal penitence before God can forget the experience. Oh, there is something so blessed in penitence, where it is a penitence toward one who is so noble as God! No one has had his heart charmed in the hour of vision, as Luther's was, in view of the majesty, and mercy, and generosity, and grandeur of God, and of the way in which He receives men, without being permanently impressed. It made Luther cry out; "Blessed be my sins, for they interpret such a conception of God as otherwise I never should have had. I never should have known such a blessed God of mercy and forgiveness if I had not sinned." And no one has this feeling that it does not lay the foundation at once for more faith.

Working out, then, your conception of God, little by little; gathering conceptions of the Divine being from all that is good, and high, and noble in practical life, and bringing back to yourself, as motives in your own soul, corresponding qualities that your nature, in its measure, may become like God, growing in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, you will find that your sense of the Divine presence purifies itself, cleanses itself, makes itself more and more powerful, until the time comes in which you can say, literally: "I walk with God. My God made the heavens and the earth. My God made all that is beautiful in the air, upon the mountain, and in the field. My God rides the winter storm, and smiles with all the plenitude of beauty in the summer. He is a God of force, and a God of tranquility. My God is father and mother to my thought. My God is companion and lover. He is all that is transcendent in patience, and meekness and goodness; and not because He is inert—not because He is weak—for He will by no means clear the guilty. He upholds the right. He stands for the oppressed. He is a God who is determined that good shall prevail as against evil. But He works with a mother's heart, by tears, by groans by death itself.

Payson, on his dying bed, declared, "The truth of God appeared to me at first like a fixed star, bright but distant; but it has been growing larger and brighter, year by year, until now it fills the whole heavens; and I float in the beams of the light of His soul like a mote in the sunlight, wondering, with unutterable wonder, why He should bestow such joy and glory on me."

THE BIG BROTHER

By M. E. Sangster

There is nobody in the household who has so many chances to make the rest happy as the big brother. He is the pride and delight of his father and mother, and the younger children fairly worship him. His sisters are ready to do whatever he wishes, and unless he is very unkind and disobliging, they are quite right in this disposition; for the big brother is always supposed to be a manly, generous fellow, willing to help weaker people and ready to lend a hand to those who need it.

I remember one big brother whom I greatly admired. He was about eighteen years old, tall and broad-shouldered, with a faint shadow of moustache on his upper lip. He was studying hard

for his profession, but there was not a moment when he would not lay his books aside to solve a difficulty for Lulu or Jennie, whose parsing troubled them; and he never said an ungentle word to the little brother, ten years his junior, who came to him with his kites and skate-straps, and broken toys to be mended. The manly brother lost nothing by his kindness and suavity, and now that he is a physician, a little bald, and with boys of his own to bring up, the same gentleness of demeanour recommends him to patients and friends.

Some boys seem to think it very fine to affect rudeness and bluntness of manner at home. They take off their hats very gallantly to the young ladies

who reside in the opposite house, but it is too much trouble to be courteous to their own sisters. They scorn the idea of encumbering themselves with a little brother or cousin who wants to go and see a procession, or to accompany them on an excursion. It does involve some self-sacrifice to give up ones careless independence on a journey and be responsible for the safety of a child; but then if all the world were looking out simply for itself, where would the happiness go to?

Believe me, boys, that the people for whose opinion you really care, will value and honor you far more for your habitual tenderness, good nature, steadiness, and patience with those who are younger than yourselves, than for your most brilliant performances in the schoolroom. If you are tempted sometime to be cross and petulant, to say

sarcastic things to those who cannot easily answer them, and to snub your little sister and brothers, ask yourselves whether or not after all you do not love these home folks better than any others in the world? Are you not sure of their love for you? Then is it not worth while to be amiable and lovely to those whose love makes earthly sunshine, and whose absence would make earth dark indeed? I often think if we were all more careful to be kind in little things, we would be repaid by the comfort we should have in our own consciences. It is very easy to say a gruff word when a gentle word would be the right one, but to most boys there is apt to be a troublesome prick afterward. A kind and pleasant word, even in the way of reproof, costs no more than a gruff one, and is a hundred-fold better. If you doubt it, try it.



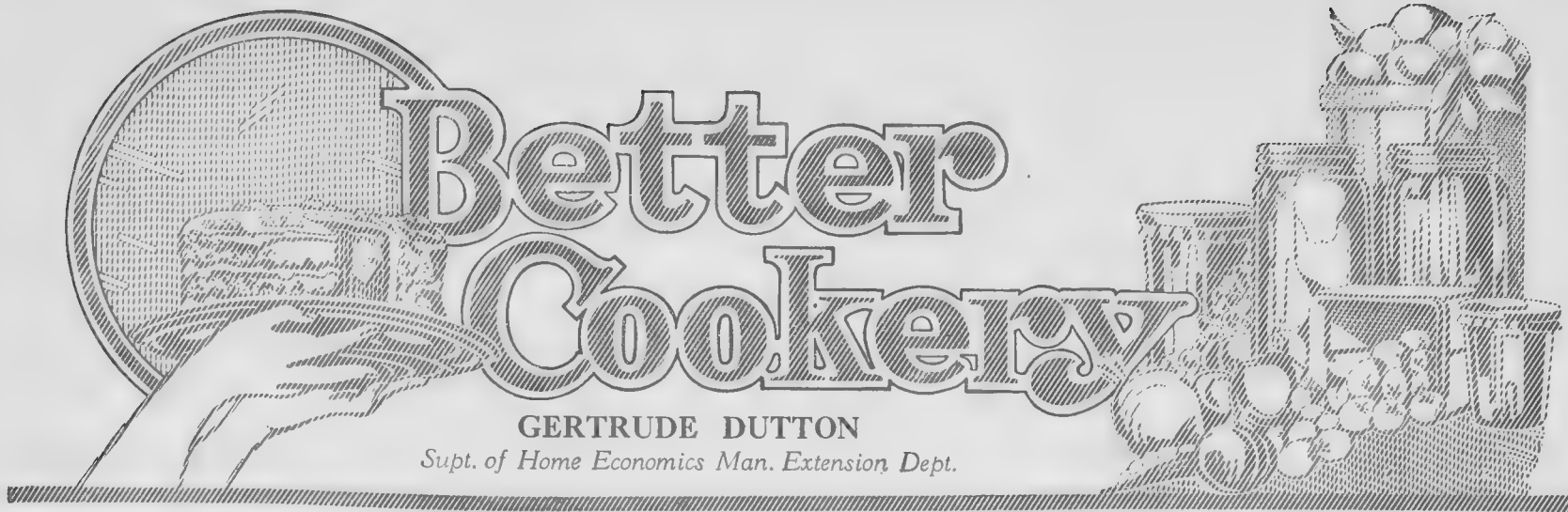
FROM A KODAK NEGATIVE

Five-O'Clock Tea

Every day, in their little-world-of-make-believe, the children offer countless Kodak opportunities. Mary, entertaining at five-o'clock tea or with motherly solicitude putting Dolly to bed; little Jim, manfully mastering his spirited wooden steed or in Indian garb carefully stalking a mountain lion impersonated by Tabby who is blissfully blinking beneath the lilacs—such are the pictures that mean the most.

It is pictures of these every-day happenings that give to the Kodak Album its intimate, human interest. To-day it is full of charm; to-morrow, when the children have outgrown childhood, it will be priceless.

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COOLING DRINKS

When one is hot, dusty, tired and thirsty nothing is more refreshing than the tinkle of ice in a pitcher of some delicious beverage.

Tall slender glasses seem particularly attractive, especially when one uses the glass spoons with a hole through the centre similar to straws, which are often found in china stores.

Time is saved if a bottle of syrup is kept on hand, as granulated or loaf sugar sometimes will not melt in the cold liquid.

Syrup for Beverages

Sugar, cups one
Boiling water, cups one
Add the sugar to the water, and boil for ten minutes without stirring. Cool and bottle for use.

Unfermented Grape Juice

Concord grapes, 10 pounds
Water, 1 cup
Sugar, 3 pounds

Put the grapes and water in a granite kettle, which is not chipped. Heat till the seeds and pulp separate, strain through a jelly bag. Add the sugar, and heat to the boiling point. Seal in sterilized bottles. When serving dilute with cold water.

Iced Chocolate

Make chocolate by any favorite recipe, cool, then place in the ice-box till thoroughly chilled. Serve in tall chilled glasses. A spoonful of whipped cream or marshmallow cream may be put on top of each glass.

Ice is never added to cocoa or chocolate.

Cocoa Float

Thoroughly chilled cocoa
Vanilla ice cream
Cherries if desired
To each glass of cocoa add a large spoonful of vanilla ice cream. A cherry may be placed on top

Orangeade

Orange juice, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup
Lemon juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup
Cold water, 1 quart
Syrup to taste
Combine the ingredients, add a small lump of ice, and if desired put a cherry on top of each glass.

Grape Punch

Juice of 2 lemons
Juice of 1 orange
Syrup, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups
Grape juice, 2 cups
Water, 2 cups
Pour over a large block of ice in a punch bowl. As the ice melts, more grape juice, fruit juice and syrup should be added as required. Any sliced fresh fruit or berries may be used with good effect.

Lemon Punch

Lemons, 6
Sugar, 1 cup
Water, 1 quart
Diced fruits, 1 cup
Wash the lemons and slice very thin, and mix with the sugar. Leave in a cool place for an hour. Press the lemon slices with the back of a spoon to extract as much juice as possible. Add the water and pour over a block of ice in a punch bowl, adding diced pineapple and banana or strawberries.

Fruit Punch

Squeeze the juice of three lemons into one quart of water, add two cups of

syrup, one cup chopped pineapple, one chopped orange, one thinly sliced banana, one-half a cup preserved cherries, one pint grape juice. Pour over a block of ice in a punch bowl. Let it stand for fifteen minutes before serving.

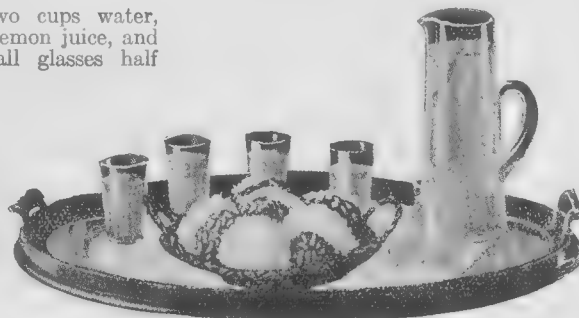
Mint Punch

Select long-stemmed sprays of mint, and crush them between the thumb and finger to extract the flavour. Lay in a punch bowl, sprinkle over them two tablespoonfuls sugar and lay pieces of ice on them, and let stand for half an hour. Pour in the bowl three pints of lemonade.

Pineapple Lemonade

Water, 2 cups
Sugar, 1 cup
Juice of 3 lemons
Grated pineapple, $\frac{1}{2}$ can
All the juice from the can
Water, 1 quart
Boil the sugar and two cups water, cool, add the pineapple, lemon juice, and water and pour into tall glasses half filled with cracked ice.

Tall slender glasses seem particularly attractive, especially when one uses the glass spoons with a hole through the centre similar to straws, which are found in china stores.



Limeade

Squeeze the juice of two limes into a pitcher in which has been put two tablespoonfuls of sugar, or three tablespoonfuls of syrup may be used. Add to this two or three sprigs of crushed mint and three cups of cold water. Serve in glasses partly filled with crushed ice.

Tea Punch

Make a strong infusion of tea, let it stand closely covered for five minutes, then strain. When cold pour over a block of ice in a punch bowl. Add granulated sugar to taste and the juice of two lemons to each quart of tea. Decorate with slices of lemon and mint leaves and diced fruit if desired.



A refreshing drink can be made with Grape Punch. Put a block of ice in the bowl, and as the ice melts, grape juice, fruit juice and syrup should be added as required.

OUR PRESENT KNOWLEDGE OF VITAMINES

When housewives felt that the well-being of their families was secure because they had learned to balance proteins, fats, carbohydrates and minerals in the diet, they were thrown into consternation by the discovery of "vitamines."

It is a difficult undertaking to discuss the subject, because the developments have been so rapid, and there is so very much still to learn about it. Much of what we have learned has been from the observation of human experiences with wartime diet, in addition to laboratory research.

The attention of scientists was first

drawn to the lack of a vital element in food, by the prevalence of a disease called beri-beri in Orientals who lived almost exclusively on rice from which the outer coat had been removed. From the husks a chemist isolated crystals of a hitherto unknown substance which he called "vitamine," as it appeared to be vital to health.

Three vitamins have been discovered, which no one has yet had time to name, so they are called "Fat-soluble A," "Water-soluble B," and "Water-soluble C."

Children must have A or they will not grow. The lack of A in the diet causes a form of eye trouble, frequently resulting in blindness, which is cured by adding A to the daily menus. Dr. Wells of the University of Chicago, who carried on Red Cross Work in Roumania, found the children there suffering from this disease. Their scanty diet consisted of very small

animal foods. It is much more widely distributed than A, being found in cereals, spinach, cabbage, potatoes, carrots, onions, turnips, beets, tomatoes, clover, timothy, alfalfa, nuts, apples, pears, and particularly in the citrus fruits.

It is the germ of wheat, not the commercial bran, which contains B. Yeast is the richest known source of it, with dried spinach ranking second.

A high temperature is apt to destroy considerable of this element. There is danger of the lack of B in canned foods or in those cooked under high pressure. In ordinary cooking much of B is found in the water in which vegetables are cooked, making it advisable to use this water in soup.

A lack of B in the diet causes a loss of weight in the body organs, digestive disturbances, loss of appetite, anemia, headache, subnormal temperature and enfeebled heart action. There is no doubt that an inadequate supply of B is responsible for much of the vague ill-health of humans in this day of over-refined foods. A simple diet containing ordinary vegetables, fruits and cereals will supply us with all we require. The Scotsman who attributes his splendid physique to the porridge on which he was raised comes closer to the truth than many of us realise.

The third vitamine, C, is the most recent discovery. It is the element which prevents scurvy, which is frequently accompanied by pyorrhea and other dental troubles.

C is found to the largest extent in fresh fruits and green vegetables, more than in root vegetables, or tubers. There is very little present in meat or milk, none in yeast, fats, or cereals. Orange juice is the best source among the fruits, of this vitamine, with lemon juice second. Among the vegetables raw cabbage is a better source of C than even orange juice and is much cheaper. Rhubarb is also valuable. Long cooking destroys a large number of these vitamins, although the tomato, the best known source of C, both canned and fresh, is an exception, perhaps because it is so rich in them to begin with, and because the acid present prevents their destruction. Drying seems to destroy C to a large extent, except in tomatoes, oranges and lemons.

It is wise in cooking vegetables to be very cautious about the use of soda, which counteracts the acid present in practically all vegetables.

Peach Cup

Place half of a large canned peach in a sherbet cup. Fill the cavity in the centre with a mixture of chopped raisins and nuts, and top with whipped cream or marshmallow cream.

Apricot Rice

Boil or steam the rice till soft but not broken. Pile in a dish lightly, arranging halves of canned apricots on top, with the cut side up. Serve the apricot juice with it. Sliced peaches may be used in place of apricots.

Berries

Instead of cream and sugar, serve canned strawberries with blanc mange. Heat canned raspberries, and serve with cottage pudding instead of pudding sauce.

Errata

In the recipe for Raisin Fudge, in the May issue, it should read " $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins to 1 cup sugar" instead of "to one cup water."

amounts of corn meal and a thin soup made of bran and vegetables. The Austrians had driven off the cows, so there was no milk nor butter. Learning that a ship load of cod-liver oil had reached Archangel, Dr. Wells secured it, and by feeding it to the children, restored their health and sight. Adults must also have an adequate supply of A. In the Northern lumber camps where the only fat used is that of cured bacon, a condition of night-blindness is prevalent, which is cured by the use of cod-liver oil.

A occurs in a number of foods, butter being the most important. Oleo, fish-fat, liver, kidney, spinach, lettuce, alfalfa, clover, timothy, carrots, egg yolks, sweet potatoes, yellow corn, bananas, are all

sources of A. A curious fact is that A occurs only in foods containing yellow colouring matter, or green which is derived from yellow. Milk and butter are richer in it in the spring and summer when alfalfa, clover and timothy are fresh and plentiful, than in the winter. There is very little of it to be found in skim milk.

Growing children should have butter or whole milk regardless of cost. Ordinary cooking and pasteurization appear to have little effect on A, although butter loses some of it by long storage.

We need to concern ourselves very little about B, as it is almost everywhere although plants are richer in it than are

Home Doctor

SOME NEW FACTS OF THE INTELLECT

The old doubt of whether man has one memory or distinct forms of memory, has just been put to complicated, scientific tests by numerous laboratory and experimental psychologists.

You know the difference between a literary psychologist and an experimental one. This is no riddle. The answer is easy.

The former speculates and writes in fine language. The latter merely presents cold, undoubted facts without human interest or personal fancy.

Experimental psychologists are usually far ahead of surgeons and physicians with facts of thought.

Facts force you to the judgment that there is only one memory, but each type of knowledge must be learned in itself. Memory is a unit applied by different persons, each differently. Memory thrives on what you already have in your past.

Links of recognition with pleasure, interest, attention and repetition are the elements which feed your memory. That is to say, if you have already experienced the pleasure of a book, a picture, a sail, a vacation, and if you come upon a similar one, your attention, interest, pleasure, and more or less, recognition coupled with the repetition makes it almost indelible in your memory.

The strength and agility of a person's memory is in direct proportion to his or her capacity for immediate recall and recollection of the things to be remembered.

Old age, feeble-mindedness, mentally dull persons, and the insane, often remember old times, old events, and things of long ago. Their memory for recent events however is very poor.

Even healthy children—a child's memory is more accurate and better than its elders—as tested by experimental psychologists, remember over 90 per cent of things three and four hours later, yet recall only 73 per cent worth immediately after the test.

When you say, "I think my memory is getting bad," you not only use poor grammar, but you are careless with your words. What you mean, is perhaps that you are "absent-minded," ill, need glasses, have noises in your ears, have lost too much sleep, or are otherwise not able to fix your senses, your attention, your interest, in some matters which you should have done.

After 20 or sooner the average person uses his one-track memory mechanically, automatically. He is in a rut, and does not know the stores or signs or car numbers. A child, however, does, because it is forever learning, while most grown folks hate to learn, which means they do not exert themselves to remember.

These are the facts, though it hurts our pride to admit them. Will you remember them, and remembering them, be convinced to reform? I doubt it.

EMBOLISM

Embolism is the stopping of a blood vessel by a bit of tissue or of coagulated blood carried thither by the blood stream from some other part of the body. It is distinguished from thrombosis more by its origin than by its results. Thrombosis is the simple clotting of blood within an artery or vein. It may arise from various causes, but since it almost always occurs when the flow of blood in a vessel is permanently arrested, it usually follows embolism, and helps to produce some of the symptoms of that condition.

The symptoms of embolism vary greatly according to the position of the embolus that has obstructed the artery. Fortunately, the arteries are so numerous, and they communicate so freely with one another, that the tissues sometimes suffer little or no damage from the plugging of a small artery. The part of the body that is affected simply takes the blood it needs from other arteries.

But when there is not a plentiful supply of communicating blood vessels, the stop-

ping of an artery is a more serious matter. According as the obstructed artery is large or small, the local death of a larger or smaller area results.

Embolism in the brain or kidney almost invariably causes grave disease; in the heart or the lower portion of the brain, it may cause instant death; but in the fleshy parts of the body it often causes so little trouble as to escape notice altogether. The embolus may be a bit of membrane detached from one of the valves of the heart, when that organ is diseased, or it may be a small clot that has formed in some vein or artery. Occasionally embolism results from the entrance of fat globules into an artery during an operation or through an accident, such as a bone fracture.

There is no special treatment for embolism; the worst results of an obstructed artery usually come about immediately. After the embolus has once quietly lodged, it is better to leave it alone.

ANGINA PECTORIS

"A sudden ice-cold flame of pain" is the graphic description of an attack of angina pectoris that, in one of his stories, Mr. Henry van Dyke puts into the mouth of a sufferer. In mild cases the pain is felt behind the breast-bone, but it may radiate to the left shoulder and arm, or even to the right arm. Extreme weakness accompanies the pain; a hand seems to compress the chest and impede respiration, although actually the breathing is not seriously affected; the skin is moist with perspiration, and may be pale or livid.

After a few minutes the pain disappears, and the patient feels as well as ever, except for a certain weakness that may last a day or two. Distressing as the attack may be, angina pectoris seldom causes death, although the underlying cause of the attack may.

When the attack is not the result of organic disease of the heart or of the arteries that feed its muscular walls, it is called false angina pectoris. A person whose heart is irritable may suffer from

such an attack after any exertion, like running or walking up-hill. Exposure to a cold wind or to the sun on a hot day, mental strain or nervous excitement may bring on a seizure. Most cases of pseudo-angina are probably due to autotoxication, or to a disturbance in the chemistry of the vital processes of waste and repair. Often an error of diet lies at the bottom of the trouble, and attacks can be prevented for a time by a dose of castor-oil. That, however, is only a temporary expedient, and the management of the affection is by no means so simple.

The condition is serious, even when due to false angina, for it means that the heart is irritable, if not actually diseased, and usually that there is some fault in the chemistry of nutrition. Relief, and not actual cure, is in many cases all that the most expert specialist can effect. The attack can usually be controlled by certain drugs, such as nitroglycerin; but they are so powerful that the patient should take them only under the physician's explicit directions.

EATON'S MID-SUMMER SALE CATALOGUE IS NOW READY

EATON'S MID-SUMMER SALE

SALE ENDS AUG. 20, 1921

LOWER PRICES AND BETTER FACILITIES

New EATON buildings, now in operation, are devoted to service of customers in Western Canada.

This Sale Catalogue is crammed with bargains which reflect better values and lower prices. We urge customers to make an immediate selection and send in their orders at once. The range is wide and the saving liberal.

With price advantages we also have better facilities for the rapid handling of orders in the new EATON Mail Order Buildings at Winnipeg comprising two units with basement and eight and nine stories respectively, occupying the greater portion of an entire city block, and equipped with every modern device.

In the Mail Order Buildings, as pictured below, there is a floor space of about 15 acres, with the retail store and other buildings, the total floor space of the firm's property in Winnipeg is approximately 17 acres.

T. EATON CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA

WRITE FOR YOUR COPY TO-DAY

LOWER PRICES

BUILT ON A FOUNDATION OF LOWER PRICES

Dependable EATON merchandise at lower prices was the foundation on which we built this Midsummer Sale Catalogue. How well we have succeeded you can judge by a glance over the 64 pages, crammed full of bargains. You will find listed Women's, Men's and Children's wear, Boots and Shoes, Home Furnishings, Harness and Farm Supplies, etc., all at prices which offer remarkable opportunities of saving. If you have not already received this Big Bargain Book, write to-day and your copy will be mailed by return.



You Get More Yardage per Ounce
when you use

Monarch Yarns

—and the finished garment will give you greater satisfaction. Why? Simply because of the superior quality of Monarch Yarns. Garments knitted from Monarch Yarns keep their shape and give you the style you want. You can buy "cheaper" yarns—that is, yarns that cost less per ball. But you will not be getting as good a yarn or as much of it for your money. Monarch Yarns are made only from the finest quality of Australian wools. When you spend your time knitting a stylish garment, you do not want to risk having all your time and trouble wasted. Protect yourself by asking for MONARCH YARNS.

Send 25 cents and the coupon for "Art in Knitting Monarch Yarns, No. 6," or 10 cents and the coupon for special folder on hand-knitted dresses, containing complete directions for making.

Made in Canada

**The Monarch Knitting
Co., Limited**
DUNNVILLE, ONT.

Factories at Dunnville, St. Catharines and
St. Thomas, Ontario.

Also manufacturers of Monarch-Knit
Hosiery, Sweater Coats, etc.

THE MONARCH KNITTING CO.,
LIMITED, DUNNVILLE, ONT.

I enclose _____ cents for which please send me
"Art in Knitting Monarch Yarns" No. 6 (price
25c). Special Folder on Knitted Dresses (price
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Name _____

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W. H. Monthly, July

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Last to advance its price;
First to drop its price;
Always in Front;
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Always the same;
Always the best;
Try it.

77

THE FACT THAT AN ARTICLE IS ADVERTISED
IN THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY MEANS
THAT IT IS EXACTLY WHAT IT IS REPRESENTED TO BE.



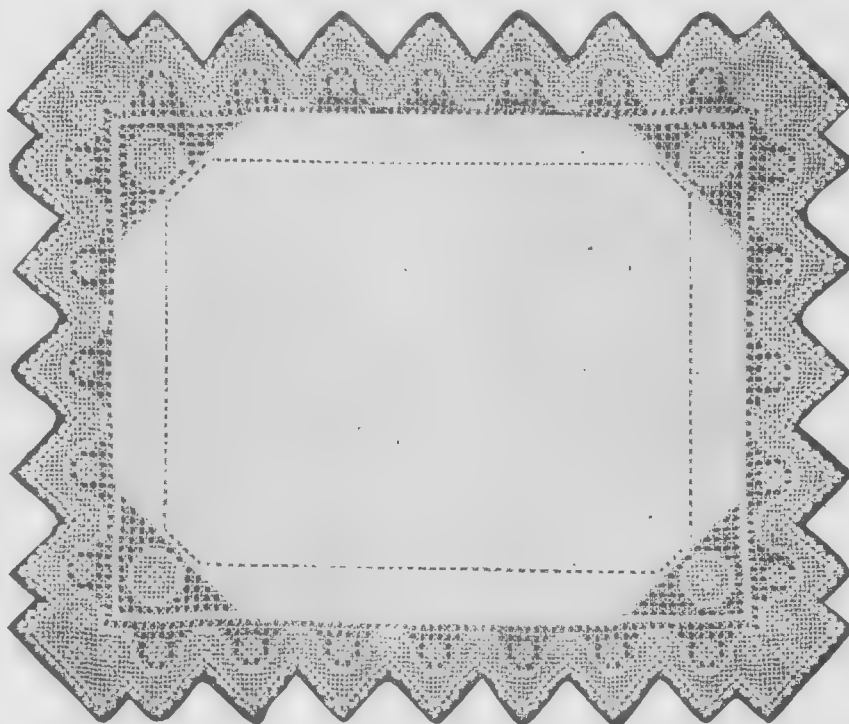
Lace edging and triangle that may be used with very
pleasing effect on either dining-room or bedroom linen.

LACE AND TRIANGLE FOR TRIM- MING A TRAY CLOTH

Abbreviations: ch, chain; d c, double
crochet; tr, treble; h, hole; l, lacet;
b, bar; l t, long treble (cotton twice
over hook).

The holes are made with 2 ch, miss
two stitches, 1 tr into next, and where
a group of treble is given the trebles
follow in each consecutive stitch, whether
chain or treble. A lacet consists of 3
ch, miss two stitches, 1 d c into next,
3 ch, miss two stitches, 1 tr into next.
A bar is 1 tr into required stitch, 5 ch,
miss five stitches or lacet, 1 tr into next
stitch. The treble finishing the last hole,
bar or lacet before a group of treble
also counts as the first treble of the
following group. To make a slip-stitch,
insert hook into required stitch, cotton
over hook and draw through the stitch

turn. 12th row—Miss one treble, 3 tr,
2 b, 1 h, 4 tr, 1 h, 4 tr, 1 b, 4 tr,
5 h, 4 tr, 5 ch, turn. 13th row—Miss
three treble, 4 tr, 4 h, 4 tr, 1 l, 1 h, 4
tr, 3 l, 4 tr, 3 ch, turn. 14th row—
Miss one treble, 3 tr, 4 b, 2 ch, 1 tr on
double crochet, 2 tr into loop of lacet,
1 tr on next treble, 4 h, 4 tr, 5 ch,
turn. 15th row—Miss three treble, 4
tr, 4 h, 4 tr, 4 l, 4 tr, 3 ch, turn. 16th
row—Miss one treble, 3 tr, 2 b, 2 ch,
1 tr on double crochet, 2 tr into loop
of lacet, 1 tr on next treble, 2 tr into
loop of next lacet, 1 tr on double crochet,
2 tr into next loop of lacet, 1 tr on
next treble, 4 h, 4 tr, 5 ch, turn. 17th
row—Miss three treble, 4 tr, 6 h, 4 tr,
2 l, 4 tr, 3 ch, turn. 18th row—Miss
one treble, 3 tr, 1 b, 2 ch, 1 tr on
double crochet, 2 tr into loop of lacet,
1 tr on next treble, 6 h, 4 tr, 5 ch.



and the loop on the hook at the same
time, thus forming an almost invisible
stitch.

Materials: Crochet cotton No. 30 and
a steel crochet hook, size 5, will make
the lace 2½ inches wide.

Commence with thirty-five chain.

1st row—Miss seven chain, 1 tr into
each of next four stitches, 2 h, 4 tr,
1 h, 4 tr, 1 l, 4 tr, 3 ch, turn. 2nd
row—Miss one treble, 3 tr, 1 b, 4 tr, 2
h, 4 tr, 2 h, 4 tr, 10 ch, turn. 3rd
row—Miss seven chain, 1 tr into each
of next four stitches, 2 h, 4 tr, 3 h,
4 tr, 1 l, 4 tr, 3 ch, turn. 4th row—
Miss one treble, 3 tr, 1 b, 1 h, 4 tr,
6 h, 4 tr, 10 ch, turn. 5th row—Miss
seven chain, 1 tr into each of next four
stitches, 6 h, 4 tr, 2 l, 4 tr, 3 ch, turn.
6th row—Miss one treble, 3 tr, 2 b, 1
h, 10 tr, 4 h, 4 tr, 10 ch, turn. 7th
row—Miss seven chain, 1 tr into each
of next four stitches, 4 h, 4 tr, 4 l, 4 tr,
3 ch, turn. 8th row—Miss one treble,
3 tr, 4 b, 1 h, 4 tr, 4 h, 4 tr, 10 ch,
turn. 9th row—Miss seven chain, 1 tr
into each of next four stitches, 4 h,
4 tr, 1 l, 2 ch, miss two chains of next
bar, 1 tr into each of next four stitches,
3 l, 4 tr, 3 ch, turn. 10th row—Miss
one treble, 3 tr, 2 b, 2 ch, 1 tr on
double crochet, 2 tr into loop of lacet,
1 tr on next treble, 1 h, 4 tr, 1 b, 4 tr,
5 h, 4 tr, 6 ch, turn. 11th row—4 tr
on four treble, 5 h, 4 tr, 2 ch, miss two
chain of next bar, 1 tr into each of next
four stitches, 3 h, 4 tr, 2 l, 4 tr, 3 ch,

turn. 19th row—Miss three treble, 4 tr,
2 h, 4 tr, 3 h, 4 tr, 1 l, 4 tr, 3 ch, turn.
20th row—Miss one treble, 3 tr, 1 b,
4 tr, 2 h, 4 tr, 2 h, 4 tr, 5 ch, turn.
21st row—Miss three treble, 4 tr, 2 h,
4 tr, 1 h, 4 tr, 1 l, 4 tr, 3 ch, turn.
Repeat from the commencement of the
2nd row until a triangle and corner is
required.

TRIANGLE

Work to the end of a row like the
13th row, 6 ch, turn.

14th row—4 tr on four treble, 4 b,
1 h, 4 tr, 4 h, 4 tr, 5 ch, turn. 15th
row—Miss three treble, 4 tr, 4 h, 4 tr,
4 l, 4 tr, 2 ch, 1 tr into third chain
of loop at end, 2 ch, 1 l t into same
place, 6 ch, turn. 16th row—1 tr on
long treble, 1 l, 4 tr, 2 b, 1 h, 10 tr,
4 h, 4 tr, 5 ch, turn. 17th row—Miss
three treble, 4 tr, 6 h, 4 tr, 2 l, 4 tr,
1 b, then 2 ch, 1 tr, 2 ch, 1 l t into
third chain at end, 6 ch, turn. 18th
row—1 tr on long treble, 2 l, 4 tr, 1
b, 1 h, 4 tr, 6 h, 4 tr, 5 ch, turn. 19th
row—Miss three treble, 4 tr, 2 h, 4 tr,
3 h, 4 tr, 1 l, 4 tr, 2 b, then 2 ch, 1 tr,
2 ch, 1 l t into third chain at end, 6
ch, turn. 20th row—1 tr on long treble,
3 l, 4 tr, 1 b, 4 tr, 2 h, 4 tr, 2 h, 4 tr,
5 ch, turn. 21st row—Miss three treble,
4 tr, 2 h, 4 tr, 1 h, 4 tr, 1 l, 4 tr, 3
b, then 2 ch, 1 tr, 2 ch, 1 l t into third
chain at end, 6 ch, turn. 22nd row—
1 tr on long treble, 4 l, 4 tr, 1 b, 4 tr,
2 h, 4 tr, 2 h, 4 tr, 10 ch, turn. 23rd
row—Miss seven chain, 1 tr into each
of next four stitches, 2 h, 4 tr, 3 h, 4

tr, 1 l, 4 tr, 4 b, then 2 ch, 1 tr, 2 ch, 1 l t into third chain at end, 6 ch, turn. 24th row—1 tr on long treble, 5 l, 4 tr, 1 b, 1 h, 4 tr, 6 h, 4 tr, 10 ch, turn. 25th row—Miss seven treble, 1 tr into each of next four stitches, 6 h, 4 tr, 2 l, 4 tr, 5 b, then 2 ch, 1 tr, 2 ch, 1 l t into third chain at end, 6 ch, turn. 26th row—1 tr on long treble, 6 l, 4 tr, 2 b, 1 h, 10 tr, 4 h, 4 tr, 10 ch, turn. 27th row—Miss seven chain, 1 tr into each of next four stitches, 4 h, 4 tr, 4 l, 4 tr, 2 b, 2 ch, 1 tr, on double crochet, 2 tr into loop of lacet, 1 tr on next treble, twelve more treble over next two lacets, 1 b, then 2 ch, 1 tr, 2 ch, 1 l t into third chain at end, 6 ch, turn. 28th row—1 tr on long treble, 1 l, 2 ch, miss two chain of bar, 4 tr, 5 h, 4 tr, 2 l, 4 tr, 4 b, 1 h, 4 tr, 4 h, 4 tr, 10 ch, turn. 29th row—Miss seven chain, 1 tr into each of next four stitches, 4 h, 4 tr, 1 l, 2 ch, miss two chain of bar, 4 tr, 3 l, 4 tr, 1 b, 2 ch, 1 tr on double crochet, 2 tr into loop of lacet, 1 tr on next treble, 7 h, 4 tr, 1 b, then ch, 1 tr, 2 ch, 1 l t into third chain at end, 6 ch, turn. 30th row—1 tr on long treble, 1 l, 2 ch, miss two chain of bar, 4 tr, 4 h, 4 tr, 4 h, 4 tr, 1 l, 4 tr, 2 b, 1 h working the treble into the double crochet stitch of lacet, 4 tr, 1 h, 4 tr, 1 b, 4 tr, 5 h, 4 tr, 6 ch, turn. 31st row—4 tr on four treble, 5 h, 4 tr, 1 h, 4 tr, 3 h, 4 tr, 2 l, 4 tr, 1 b, 4 tr, 3 h, 4 tr, 1 h, 4 tr, 3 h, 4 tr, 1 h, 1 b, then 2 ch, 1 tr, 2 ch, 1 l t into third chain at end, 6 ch, turn. 32nd row—1 tr on long treble, 2 l, 1 h, 4 tr, 2 h, 4 tr, 3 h, 4 tr, 2 h, 4 tr, 1 l, 4 tr, 2 b, 1 h, 4 tr, 1 h, 4 tr, 1 b, 4 tr, 5 h, 4 tr, 5 ch, turn. 33rd row—Miss three treble, 4 tr, 4 h, 4 tr, 1 l, 1 h, 4 tr, 3 l, 4 tr, 1 b, 4 tr, 3 h, 4 tr, 1 h, 4 tr, 3 h, 4 tr, 1 h, 2 b, then 2 ch, 1 tr, 2 ch, 1 l t into third chain at end, 6 ch, turn. 34th row—1 tr on long treble, 3 l, 1 h, 4 tr, 4 h, 4 tr, 4 h, 4 tr, 1 l, 4 tr, 4 b, 1 h, 4 tr, 4 h, 4 tr, 5 ch, turn. 35th row—Miss three treble, 4 tr, 4 h, 4 tr, 4 l, 4 tr, 1 b, 1 h, 4 tr, 7 h, 4 tr, 4 b, then 2 ch, 1 tr, 2 ch, 1 l t into third chain at end, 6 ch, turn. 36th row—1 tr on long treble, 5 l, 1 h, 4 tr, 5 h, 4 tr, 2 l, 4 tr, 2 b, 1 h, 10 tr, 4 h, 4 tr, 5 ch, turn. 37th row—Miss three treble, 4 tr, 6 h, 4 tr, 2 l, 4 tr, 2 b, 1 h, 16 tr, 6 b, then 2 ch, 1 tr, 2 ch, 1 l t into third chain at end, 6 ch, turn. 38th row—1 tr on long treble, 12 l, 4 tr, 1 b, 1 h, 4 tr, 8 h, 4 tr, 10 ch, turn. 39th row—Miss seven chain, 1 tr into each of next four stitches, 6 h, 4 tr, 3 h, 4 tr, 1 l, 4 tr, 12 b, then 2 ch, 1 tr, 2 ch, 1 l t into third chain at end, 3 ch, turn. 40th row—Miss long treble, then 2 tr into hole, 1 tr on next treble, 2 tr into next hole, 1 tr on next treble, * 5 tr into next bar, 1 tr on next treble, repeat from * 11 times more, 3 tr on next three treble, 1 b, 4 tr, 2 h, 4 tr, 1 h, 4 tr, 6 h, 4 tr, 10 ch, turn. This finishes the triangle and the corner of lace is now commenced.

CORNER

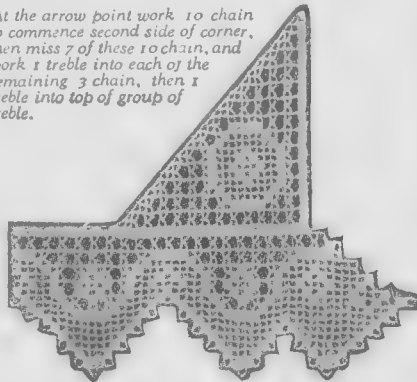
1st row—Miss seven chain, 1 tr into each of next four stitches, 6 h, 4 tr, 3 h, 4 tr, 1 h, 4 tr, 1 l, 8 ch, turn. 2nd row—4 tr on four treble, 2 h, 4 tr, 1 h, 4 tr, 8 h, 4 tr, 6 ch, turn. 3rd row—4 tr on four treble, 9 h, 4 tr, 3 h, 4 tr on four treble, 1 tr into each of next three stitches, 5 ch, turn. 4th row—Miss three treble, 1 tr into next, 14 more h, 4 tr, 5 ch, turn. 5th row—Miss three treble, 4 tr, 12 h, 5 ch, turn. 6th row—1 tr on second treble, 3 more h, 4 tr, 6 h, 4 tr, 5 ch, turn. 7th row—Miss three treble, 4 tr, 4 h, 4 tr, 1 h, 4 tr, 1 h, 3 ch, turn. 8th row—Miss one treble, 3 tr, 3 h, 4 tr, 2 h, 4 tr, 5 ch, turn. 9th row—Miss three treble, 4 tr, 2 h, 4 tr, 1 h, 3 ch, turn. 10th row—Miss one treble, 3 tr, 2 h, 4 tr, 5 ch, turn. 11th row—Miss three treble, 4 tr, 10 ch, turn work sideways to commence second side of corner.

SECOND SIDE OF CORNER

1st row—Miss seven chain, 1 tr into each of next three chain, 1 tr into top of treble now reached, turn sideways, and work 1 tr on first treble of group here seen, 2 ch, 1 tr into top of three chain at end of group, 2 ch, turn. 2nd row—1 tr on last treble of group, 3 more treble, 10 ch, turn. 3rd row—

Miss seven chain, 1 tr into each of next four stitches, 4 h, 2 tr into next hole, slip-stitch to top of treble at left, slip-stitch along next three stitches, 2 ch, turn. 4th row—1 tr on last treble of group of previous row, 5 more h, 4 tr, 10 ch, turn. 5th row—Miss seven chain, 1 tr into each of next four stitches, 8 h, turn sideways, 1 tr on next treble, 2 ch, 1 tr into third chain at end, 2 ch, turn. 6th row—Miss the last three treble made, 1 tr on next treble, 8 more h, 4 tr, 6 ch, turn. 7th row—4 tr on four treble, 9 h, 4 tr, 1 h, turn sideways, 1 tr on next treble, 2 ch, 1 tr into third chain at end, turn. 8th row—2 tr into hole, 1 tr on next treble, 1 h, 4 tr, 8 h, 4 tr, 5 ch, turn. 9th row—Miss three treble, 4 tr, 6 h, 4 tr, 3 h, 4 tr, 2 ch, 1 tr into top of next treble, 2 tr into side of same treble, slip-stitch to third chain at end, then slip-stitch along next two rows and up four treble, 5 ch, turn. 10th row—4 tr on four treble, 2 h, 4 tr, 1 h, 4 tr, 6 h, 4 tr, 5 ch, turn. 11th row—Miss three treble, 4 tr, 6 h, 4 tr, 3 h, 4 tr, 1 d c into bar, 3 ch, slip-stitch to third treble at left, slip-stitch along next three treble, 5 ch, turn. 12th row—1 tr on first treble of group, 1 h, 4 tr, 8 h, 4 tr, 5 ch, turn. 13th row—Miss three treble, 4 tr, 6 h, 4 tr, 1 l, 3 ch, 1 d c into bar, 3 ch, slip-stitch to third treble at left, slip-stitch along next three treble, 5 ch, turn. 14th row—Miss lacet, 1 tr on next treble, 1 b, 1 h, 10 tr, 4 h, 4 tr, 10 ch, turn. 15th row—Miss seven chain, 1 tr into each of next four stitches, 4 h, 4 tr, 3 l, 3 ch, 1 d c into next bar, 3 ch, slip-stitch to third treble at left, slip-stitch along next three treble, 5 ch, turn. 16th row—Miss lacet, 1 tr on next treble, 3 b, 1 h, 4 tr, 4 h, 4 tr, 10 ch, turn. 17th row—Miss seven chain, 1 tr into each of next four stitches, 4 h, 4 tr, 1 l, 1 h, 4 tr, 2 l, 3 ch, 1 d c into bar, 3 ch, slip-stitch to third treble at left, slip-stitch along next three treble, 5 ch, turn. 18th row—Miss lacet, 1 tr on next treble, 1 more b, 1 h, 4 tr, 1 h, 4 tr, 1 b, 4 tr, 5 h, 4 tr, 6 ch, turn. 19th row—4 tr

At the arrow point work 10 chain to commence second side of corner, then miss 7 of these 10 chain, and work 1 treble into each of the remaining 3 chain, then 1 treble into top of group of treble.



on four treble, 5 h, 4 tr, 1 h, 4 tr, 3 h, 4 tr, 1 l, 3 ch, 1 d c into bar, 3 ch, slip-stitch to third treble at left, slip-stitch along next three treble, 5 ch, turn. 20th row—Miss lacet, 1 tr on next treble, 1 more bar, 1 h, 4 tr, 1 h, 4 tr, 1 b, 4 tr, 5 h, 4 tr, 5 ch, turn. 21st row—Miss three treble, 4 tr, 4 h, 4 tr, 1 l, 1 h, 4 tr, 2 l, 3 ch, 1 d c into bar, 3 ch, slip-stitch to third treble at left, slip-stitch along next three treble, 5 ch, turn. 22nd row—Miss lacet, 1 tr on next treble, 3 more bars, 1 h, 4 tr, 4 h, 4 tr, 5 ch, turn. 23rd row—Miss three treble, 4 tr, 4 h, 4 tr, 3 l, 3 ch, 1 d c into bar, 3 ch, slip-stitch to third treble at left, slip-stitch along next three treble, 5 ch, turn. 24th row—Miss lacet, 1 tr on next treble, 1 more bar, 1 h, 10 tr, 4 h, 4 tr, 5 ch, turn. 25th row—Miss three treble, 4 tr, 6 h, 4 tr, 1 l, 3 ch, 1 d c into bar, 3 ch, slip-stitch to third treble at left, slip-stitch along next three treble, 5 ch, turn. 26th row—Miss lacet, 1 tr on next treble, 1 h, 4 tr, 6 h, 4 tr, 5 ch, turn. 27th row—Miss three treble, 4 tr, 2 h, 4 tr, 3 h, 4 tr, 3 ch, 1 d c into bar, 3 ch, slip-stitch to third treble at left, slip-stitch along next three treble, 5 ch, turn. 28th row—4 tr on four treble, 2 h, 4 tr, 2 h, 4 tr, 5 ch, turn. 29th row—Miss three treble, 4 tr, 2 h, 4 tr, 1 h, 4 tr, 3 ch, 1 d c into bar, 3 ch, slip-stitch to third treble at left, slip-stitch along next three treble, 5 ch, turn. 30th row—4 tr on four treble, 2 h, 4 tr, 2 h, 4 tr, 10 ch, turn. (Cont'd page 48)

Summer Skirts

Here they are at last! For several weeks past, we have been receiving hundreds of enquiries about the new Richardson Wash Skirts.

Ask a Richardson customer why she prefers to buy from us, and she will tell you that she knows she can rely upon the quality of the article she orders. No flimsy materials are ever employed. Then she has found from experience that Richardson prices are away below all others for apparel of similar quality. And finally, Richardson skirts and Children's Dresses are not ready made, but made after receipt of order, to individual measure.

Money refunded if desired.

No. 115—White Satin Finish Costume Drill. A Summer skirt of most attractive style, with its smartly tailored double belt, adorned with fine pearl buttons. This stylish skirt is easily laundered and will give its wearer excellent service. It is 1½ yards around the bottom. Price prepaid..... **\$3.25**

No. 114—Fine White Pique—A stunning model, fastening on the left side beneath a smart pearl button trimmed tab. A skirt with exceptionally smart lines, of excellent quality material. 1½ yards around the bottom. Price prepaid..... **\$3.45**

In ordering skirts, give length and size of waistband desired.

Send for new Summer Catalogue

Richardson's, Limited

13 Breadalbane St., Toronto



No. 115

No. 114



17

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Gold Standard Baking Powder
"It-raises-the-dough"
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—the pencil

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Short with ring in cap.

Free Lessons in Music

During Summer Months Largest School
Makes Wonderful Offer to
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An opportunity that will be eagerly seized by ambitious music lovers, both young and old, is being extended during the summer, by the largest school of its kind in America, the U. S. School of Music of New York City.

By an entirely and amazingly simple and easy method for teaching music—a system originated by this institution—more than 250,000 pupils have been successfully trained in their own homes to play the Piano, the Violin, Mandolin, Banjo, Organ, Cornet, Harp, Sight Singing, Guitar, Cello, Clarinet, Trombone, Piccolo, Flute, Ukulele, Saxophone, Harmony and Composition, Voice and Speech Culture, and Drums and Traps.

At a recent meeting of the board of directors the school decided, during the summer, to accept a limited number of new pupils to whom full courses of instruction will be given without charge in order to further advertise this new system for teaching music by mail.

All those who apply at once will be enrolled. Instructions will be given them at practically no cost; charges amounting merely to about the cost of sheet music, postage, etc. The school is located at 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and any one interested can obtain full particulars simply by addressing a postal to the President, Mr. D. F. Kemp, Dept. 127.



OUR HOME MONTHLY FASHIONS—PATTERNS

Although the circular skirt and tunic are most charming and altogether correct as to style, the flaring outlines have by no means effaced or supplanted the straight silhouette. The most distinguished looking costumes now being worn, show straight lines despite the changes in detail and trimming. Among recent importations are simple frocks of colored linen, dainty and attractive with wide bands of drawn work, squares or parallel rows of hemstitching, or little insets of contrasting material. White narrow wash braid set on in vertical rows, and forming loops one or one and a half inch long makes an attractive trimming for a linen or gingham frock. Many of the one-piece frocks have one characteristic in common—the straight effect. To avoid the bias at the side seams, the material is lashed at or below the waistline, and the fullness is laid in plaits or gathers, and covered with trimming or a belt. New coats are shown to be worn with the little straight frocks. They are straight and unbelted sometimes finished in high neck effects, and with raglan sleeves. The closing is unique in that it is invisible. The sleeves are plain and there are no pockets. Capes are equally stylish and attractive this season, and are often, like the coats, made of the same material as the gown. Sport suits are delightfully gay in color combinations. One dark blue coat of rough tweed is marked with cross strips of black on bright green. The skirt of green continues the "gypsy" pattern. A cape of dark blue knitted cloth is threaded with white wool and is bound with white wool jersey at its lower edge. A smart suit for country wear may be made of white serge and trimmed with gray and white striped mohair. A very pleasing suit of navy blue twill shows a trimming of putty color satin. The skirt has plaits at the side, the coat has straight simple lines and raglan sleeves. The use of double faced materials is shown in new capes and suits. The coat may be of the plain side of the material and the skirt, checked or striped, collars, pockets and other trimming must be of contrasting material. For a really truly summer frock one may combine dotted Swiss and organdy. A girdle of black velvet ribbon is smart with this dress. Pinafore blouses are much in evidence among summer styles. They come in wool, jersey, linen, cotton, ratine, crepes, chambrays, gingham and even cretonnes. Covert cloth is an interesting rival of serge and twill for suits and separate coats. It is a material practically dust proof, and does not wrinkle easily. That would make it desirable for travelling and for general wear; and it does not require trimming. Suits shown in this material have unbelted jackets and are fastened by one or two buttons. These jackets are cut in box shapes, sacque and tuxedo. The range of color in summer materials is extraordinarily large and most attractive and varied. With the wide skirts comes the semi-fitted bodice, slightly below the waistline and with oval neckline, sometimes untrimmed, or, finished with a lingerie collar. The uneven hem is a feature of some new models. Crepe, taffeta and satins lend themselves well to the full skirts. Checked and striped materials are shown in abundant patterns. Sleeves when shown long are trimmed. The Empire and Directoire effects are shown in the higher waistline.

A Practical Apron Dress—Pattern 3633 was used for this design. It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; and Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size will require 5½ yards of 36-inch material. To make the small apron illustrated will require 1½ yard. Gingham, linen, chambray, percale, sateen, drill and calico will be attractive for this style. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 2 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable, Desirable Model for Mature or Slender Figures—This attractive design combines waist pattern 3631 and skirt pattern 3637. The waist is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt in 7 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. A medium size will require 6 yards of 40-inch material. For vest and long sleeves, if made as illustrated 1½ yard will be required. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 2 yards. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Smart Gown with "Back or Shoulder Closing"—Pattern 3648 was used to make this model. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 5½ yards of 38-inch material. Crepe de chine, satin, taffeta, crepe, foulard, serge, linen and gingham are attractive for this design. The width of the skirt with plaits extended is about 2½ yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Popular Style—Pattern 3204, cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure, is portrayed in this model. Size 38 will require 8¾ yards of 24-inch material. The width of the dress at the foot, with plaits extended, is 2¼ yards. Gingham, percale, seersucker, chambray, linen, sateen and flannellette may be used for this style. The

sleeve in wrist length, may be finished with a closing so that it may be rolled or turned up. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Apron Style—Pattern 3623 is shown in this illustration. It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; and Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size will require 3¾ yards of 36-inch material. Gingham, seersucker, percale, sateen, alpaca, linen, and drill are good material for garments of this kind. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Frock for the Growing Girl—Pattern 3644 is here illustrated. It is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size requires 5¼ yards of 27-inch material. This is a very pretty model for combinations of material. It also is attractive for crepe de chine, organdy, batiste, voile and silk, gingham and chambray. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple, Attractive Frock for Mother's Girl—Pattern 3651 is shown in this illustration. It is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size will require 2¾ yards of 36-inch material. The model is attractive for bordered materials, for combinations of fabrics and colors, and also for linen, gingham, voile, gabardine, serge, taffeta, poplin and repp. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Neat and Becoming Play Garment—Pattern 3632 was used for this style. It is cut in 5 sizes: 6 months, 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. A 1-year size will require 2¼ yards of 27-inch material. As here shown dotted percale and chambray are combined. The model is attractive for gingham, linen, pongee, poplin, repp, calico, flannellette and flannel. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.



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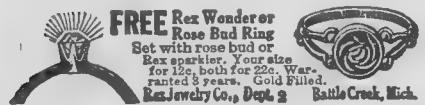
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A Comfortable Work Dress—Pattern 3638 is here shown. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. Percale, gingham, chambray, repp and poplin are suitable for this style. The sleeve has a short outer seam, that may be left open and the edges of it finished with buttons and buttonholes for a closing; thus the sleeve may be turned back for convenience in the working. The width of the skirt at the foot is about $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Stylish Gown for Stout Figures—Comprising waist pattern 3638, and skirt 3417. The waist is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt in 7 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 54 inches. As here portrayed figured foulard and satin are combined. Gingham and taffeta, linen and voile, are good combinations for this design. To make the dress for a 40-inch size will require $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of figured and $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of plain material 27 inches wide. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Charming Negligee—Pattern 3647 was used to make this pretty model. It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 44-inch material. Crepe, crepe de chine, flannel, lawn, batiste, voile, poplin, dimity and dotted Swiss are attractive for this style. The width of the skirt at the foot is about $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Simple Style—For this pleasing model pattern 3649 was selected. It is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size will require $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 44-inch material. Crepe, crepe de chine, gingham, foulard, voile, tricolette, satin and linen could be used for this style. The width of the skirt at the foot is about $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pleasing Frock for Mother's Girl—Pattern 3159 is here depicted. It is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. For a 6-year size $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch material will be required. Percale, gingham, chambray, lawn, challie, serge and gabardine are attractive for this style. As here illustrated dotted blue and white printed voile was used. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable "Sleeping" Garment—Pattern 3650 was employed to make this design. It is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 6-year size will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Muslin, cambric, nainsook, crepe, flannellette and lawn are suitable for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Dress for Mother's Girl—For this model pattern 3628 was selected. It is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 27-inch material with bolero; without bolero $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards will be required. Organdy, dotted Swiss, lawn, voile, etamine, gingham, taffeta, crepe and crepe de chine, are desirable for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Trim Suit for the Small Boy—Pattern 3630 is illustrated here. It is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4-year size requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 27 inches wide. The vest may be omitted. The trousers should be joined to a waist or blouse. Velvet, corduroy, cheviot, twill, gingham, seersucker, drill, linen, poplin, madras and serge are attractive for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Frock for a Little Tot—Pattern 3629 is shown in this design. It is cut in 4 sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. A 2-year size will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 27-inch material. As here shown gingham in green and white was used with bands of white pique for trimming. The design is good also for chambray, linen, pongee, wash silk, voile, crepe and batiste. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Yoke Frock for Small Girls—Pattern 3645 was used for this style. It is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4-year size requires 2 yards of 36-inch material. Gingham, chambray, serge, check or plaid suiting, linen, poplin or repp could be used for this model. The sleeve may be short or in wrist length. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.



3636



3638



3647



3649



Your Daughter

IS your daughter at that critical age, approaching womanhood, when nothing is so important to her as mother's care and mother's advice?

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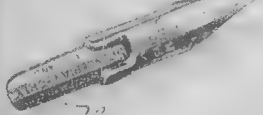
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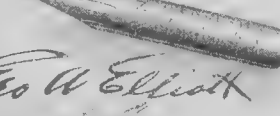
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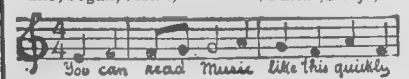
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SOMETHING TO LEARN

THE CATERPILLAR

A tired caterpillar went to sleep one day
In a snug little cradle of silken grey,
And he said as he softly curled up in
his nest,

"Oh, crawling is pleasant but rest is
best."

He slept through the winter, long and
cold,

All tightly up in his blanket rolled,
And at last he awoke on a warm spring
day.

To find that winter had gone away.

He awoke to find he had golden wings,
And no longer need crawl over sticks
and things.

"Oh, the earth is nice," said the glad
butterfly,

"But the sky is the best, when we learn
to fly."

Above a shop door in Devizes,
A tinman his wares advertises
In language that's queer:
"Take notice—sold here,
Quart measures of all shapes and sizes!"

Are you trying to win a camera?

SOMETHING TO PUZZLE OVER

When you are all gathered together
on the verandah some warm summer
evening give your family these puzzles
to work over but keep the answers to
yourself until you see if they can work
them out.

I'm round and solid, soft and light.
Pray hurl me down with all your might.
You'll find that I ne'er break that way;
But cut me and I've had my day.

An India rubber ball.

Which is the coldest river?
The Isis (ice is).

What is the difference between a dishonest milkman and a swallow?
One skims the milk and the other
skim's the water.

Why should a doctor keep his temper?
Because he will lose his patience
(patients) if he does not.

To-day as I at breakfast sat
I saw a thing—Pray tell me what?
Transpose it, and it will disclose
What grows between my neck and nose.
Bread. Beard.

I am a dainty dancing thing,
My name has letters six;
Pleasure and beauty both I bring.
Gay colors oft I mix.

Remove the second letter from the end,
Crop tail from off the third:
Although I sound the same,
You'll find I'm quite a different word.

I'm white, instead of being gay,
I'm soft and good to eat.
When mixed with other luscious things
I'm pretty hard to beat.
Flower. Flour.

Fill in the blanks in these sentences
with the name of an animal and each
sentence will be complete.

1. The man has a —d.
2. A —cule is very small.
3. Did you ever see a — —ch a mouse?
4. The — —eon is very tame.
5. The man is a —ard.
6. Baby has a new —tle.
7. Some poets like to write —gerel.

SOMETHING TO TELL

A king decided to send an ambassador
to a neighboring monarch with a very
haughty and threatening message.

"Your Majesty," protested the ambassador, "I will take the message, but I am afraid I shall lose my head. For so proud a king as he to whom I go will never receive such a message without beheading the messenger."

"Don't worry about that," said the king. "If this king takes off your head,

I will take off the heads of a hundred
of his subjects."

"I thank your Majesty," replied the ambassador, "but not one of them would fit me so well as my own."

"What an easy time you seem to have of it, sitting there and singing best part of the day!" said a saucepan to a kettle. "Now, my work is hard and decidedly uninteresting, and so far from singing, I can simply splutter and hiss with indignation and anger."

"Ah," replied the kettle, "I do what is given me to do. I boil the water and work as hard as you do, but I do it all cheerfully and I cannot help singing. If you would try to take a little more interest in what you do, you would probably sing too."

How about that camera?

First Scout: "I know what you're going to say next."

Second Scout: "What?"

First Scout: "I knew I'd be right!"

"Tommy, your head is wet. You've been in swimming against my orders." "No, pa. I was just standin' on the bank watchin' the other boys when that little Tompkins kid did a 'belly-buster' an' splashed me."

"Then why wasn't your hat wet?" "I had it in my hand, pa, fannin' myself."

"Umph! I guess I'll have to make a lawyer out of you, son."

THE FARMER'S SECRET

A farmer met another farmer driving in a narrow country lane in the deep snow of winter.

The track was only broken in the centre of the road, so that turning out was difficult. When the two met, the first farmer blustered:

"If you don't turn out for me, I'll do to you what I did to the last man I met who wouldn't turn out for me!"

Much alarmed, the second farmer pulled out into the deep snow to let his belligerent neighbor pass.

When he was back on the road again, he turned, and said to the farmer:

"Tell me, neighbor, what did you do to the man who wouldn't turn out for you?"

"I turned out for him!" replied the hot-headed farmer.

Do you like wild flowers? Try collecting them.

SOMETHING RECEIVED

THE CROW SAID, "CAW"

I've heard it said, a crow can talk,
And now I know it's true,
For just to-day, I saw a crow
That talked like me or you;
He was the very blackest crow,
That I have ever saw,
And when I said, "Hello", to him,
The crow said, "Caw".

He lighted by the granary door
To have a feed of wheat,
And I was much surprised to see
How much a crow can eat;
He never moved to fly away,
Till he had filled his craw,
And when I said, "Good-bye", to him,
The crow said, "Caw".
—R. G. Chase, Milestone, Sask.

Stuartburn, Man., April 27, 1921.

Dear Editor:

My favorite book is "Anne of Green Gables". I suppose others will choose this one too. I like it because Anne was so amusing. She did so many funny things. Anne has become very popular too. They even put her in the movies. Speaking of movies, I was so disappointed because they changed the book so much. The "Anne" in the picture was not as I pictured her. But still, that's not telling about the book. I think every one will agree that it is the nicest book unless they put Pollyanna first. I like the book because

of all her loving ways, and think how she even transformed the old maid, Marilla.

She went out every morning and made friends with the birds and trees and her imagination was always busy. Although she was fond of people, she hated one boy in the school. He had called her "Carrots". She would not make friends with him for a long time and then at last she made friends with him and they got married. Of course, you have to read all the rest of the "Anne" books to find all about that.

Lily Loosemore (Grade V).

How about that camera?

Holland, Man.

Dear Editor and Readers:

I wish to join your club but I have not had enough courage. I am 13 years old and in Grade 7, but I hope to pass this summer into Grade 8.

I have one brother. He is 9 years old. I hope to receive my membership badge. I am a bookworm. I would like to correspond with any boy or girl who is 13 years old. I will answer all letters. Wishing the W.H.M. good luck.

Yours truly,

Leslie C. Morrow.

We do not give membership badges, Leslie. Our gold buttons for the club are given to the prize winners each month. They are beautiful buttons and well worth working for. Isn't that so, boys and girls?

This month we asked you for mottoes suitable to place at the top of the Children's Cosy Corner. Only a few sent in any and I don't think you will like any of them well enough to chose them for the C.C.C. for always. Now, think again and send in your mottoes, marking them plainly on the outside of the envelope, **Motto Competition**. When we get some good ones we shall vote for the favorite.

YOUR SUMMER WORK

A prize of a camera will be given for the best snapshot, one taken in June and one in August, of the garden, the chickens, the pig, the calf, or any pet animal or bird or plant showing how well they have grown.

There will also be three buttons given for the three next best pictures.

Another camera will be given for the best collection of wild flowers, pressed, mounted, named and dated. Buttons for the three next best collections.

Pictures and flowers to be in by August 31st. Get busy!! Begin it now!

SOMETHING TO READ

GREEDY MR. CUT-WORM

By Enid M. Griffis

Mr. Cut-worm lived under the ground in the big backyard of a town lot. He was such a fat grouchy old thing that no one cared where he lived as long as he didn't come bothering them. He wore a coat which was supposed to be white, I guess, but from always grubbing about in the soil, it had been turned to a dirty grey. He was surely an ugly old creature, and I don't wonder that he lived under the ground as he did.

It happened that the lot in which he had made his home was the garden belonging to the people who lived in the big brick house on the corner. When spring came, the man of the house came out one warm day with a big spade and began to dig up the earth to make it ready for the seed which he wished to sow.

Now, while he was turning over the soil, what should he do but knock against Mr. Cut-worm, who, just at that moment, was taking a very pleasant afternoon nap, snugly tucked away in the moist earth. The man not only knocked the grouchy old fellow with his spade but turned him out, head over heels, on to the side of the garden plot. This made Mr. Cut-worm very angry and he fumed and fussed and grumbled in a shocking manner.

"I'll get even with you, you great rude man," he said, "Just wait until you have finished; I shall crawl back into my cosy bed (Cont'd on page 47)

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Beautiful Actress Attributes Her Wonderful Success to Her Famous Complexion Tells How You Also May Have One



New York—When Miss Dorothy Dalton, the beautiful actress who was selected for the leading role in that mammoth New York production, "Aphrodite," was questioned as to the secret of her phenomenal success, she unhesitatingly said, "My complexion." When asked further details she explained: "Every one of my friends always raved about the texture and coloring of my skin, and I have no doubt but that my first engagement was made possible through the reputation I had acquired for a beautiful complexion. Managers are like ordinary mortals, they admire a beautiful skin as much as anyone, and in selecting their casts they naturally prefer those whose complexions are attractive. I think the best asset any girl or woman can have is a beautiful skin and complexion. It is easy to have this if one will spend only a little time in taking care of the skin. A girl may have irregular features, but if she possesses a beautiful complexion she will attract attention anywhere. I am always glad to tell any girl or woman just how she may possess a skin like mine. Here is the recipe: Night and morning cleanse the skin first with warm water, then apply a good cold cream (Liska cold cream I have found to be the best) after massaging it into the skin take off the superfluous cream with a soft cloth. Then before going out during the day or evening I apply Derwillo, a simple toilet preparation which can be purchased at the toilet counter of any up-to-date drug or department store. The first application of this wonderful Derwillo will astonish you. It imparts instant beauty to the skin and makes a rosy-white complexion—every one will

talk about it. I find it excellent for my complexion as it protects my skin in all kinds of weather. That's why I prefer it to all other toilet preparations and am never without it. Now that short sleeves are in vogue you will want beautiful hands and arms. There is nothing like Derwillo for this purpose. Many of my professional friends to whom I have recommended Derwillo use it in preference to all other face powders or beautifiers." Just try it once before going to the theatre, dances, parties or an afternoon call and note the favorable comments of your friends. Derwillo instantly puts a life-like tint on your cheeks which defies detection. It takes the place of face powder and stays on until you wash it off. Perspiration does not affect it, nor will it rub off on clothing; it also prevents the nose and face from shining. It's wonderful for a dark, sallow, rough skin, blackheads, coarse pores, oily skin, freckles, tan and for the instant beauty it imparts. Over 500,000 girls and women are using it. It's absolutely harmless to the most sensitive skin. Just try it once and you will need no further argument to convince you that there is nothing "just as good," "better," or "just like it." Insist on Derwillo, then you will not be disappointed.

NOTE—Druggists and department stores everywhere sell Derwillo with the guarantee that if you don't like it you get your money back. It is the one beautifier that gives satisfaction at all seasons of the year. You can secure it at all toilet counters in this city, including

ALL TAMBLYN STORES.

Correspondence

JOE COMES WITH A RUSH

Dear Editor and Readers,—

I'm coming, I'm coming, my head is bending low; I hear the jolly readers calling, come and join us, Joe. So here I am. The trip has been a long one. I have been going to write and try to join your column for a long time, but duties in these Western provinces forbid, and, believe, after one has done justice to a day's work, and on top of that a supper dished up with his own dainty methods, nature seems to set in and one just simply goes to sleep till the next morning.

I am glad to see the page of this magazine holding its own. Where are all our city readers, surely they can give us some enlightenment on some of their ways, which are still only partially revealed to the minds of our poor country toilers. I would like to see some of them come out with a good lively debate. I am sure there are all kinds of things we differ in opinion on and there are some good writers in this old world. For instance, "Spit Fire," she sure holds her own ground. Those are the people I call "The ones that will make their mark." Let one come out with their views and hold them until they are truly convinced they are wrong. We are all a little too willing to let the other fellow get off with his way and then complain when it is too late.

I am the possessor of a good camera. Some time ago I took snaps which are now nearly as precious to me as dollar bills. I would like to correspond with someone, anywhere (city or country). Of course, if you have no snaps we could exchange views. I once had a correspondent in the East and I had a great deal of pleasure in writing her, but some good looking fellow, at least I hope so, stepped in, and that ended it.

Come on, girls, don't be bashful when wearing overalls. We "outdoor cooks" are not in the least way backward when we are caught in the midst of house cleaning, washing, etc., etc., and as long as our apron strings stay tied we don't mind being called bachelors.

Well, I have taken up considerable space, but I am sure the editor will excuse me this time. If "he" or "she" will excuse me, when I come again I will not stay so long. Can any of the readers send either to the paper or to me the words of "The Deacon Drove the Calf."

Joe 13.

CITY VS. COUNTRY

Dear Editor and Readers,—

I have been a constant reader of your paper for quite a few years now and would like to compliment you on your magazine. I enjoy every page of it and always look forward to receiving my copy.

The correspondence column is very good and the writers all seem to be good-natured and happy. Being a city bred fellow and always having lived in the city, I have had the idea that I would like to have a holiday in the country and especially on a farm, to experience for myself the life of a farmer and his family. Of course, from what I have seen I don't think I would like to live for good on a farm, as I think the life would become too monotonous and I would often long for the "bright lights," as they are called, and the many more things that take one's attention. Living on a farm has its advantages in some ways over the city, and although I love the beauty of the country, give me the city to live in. Now, farmers and farmerettes, what have you to say about this? I think a debate between city and country would be very good, especially from an educational standpoint, as I think it would perhaps teach us all something about each other's mode of life.

As this is my first attempt at writing your page, I don't want to take up too much room, so will close, wishing the editor and readers all kinds of good wishes.

I would like to hear from some of our "fair" readers. My address is with the editor.

City Bred.

A BOOST FOR THE EDITOR

Dear Editor and Readers,—

I am just a new subscriber to your magazine and this is my first letter. I read many copies of The W.H.M. before subscribing, and needless to say I enjoyed them.

Being a bachelor farmer I have not much time for reading, but I hardly miss a meal without The W.H.M. by my side until it is read through. Say readers, how did you like the editorial in the March number. The editor claims in "A Chat with Our Readers," that upon receiving letters of praise the staff modestly blush and he walks out and buys a bigger hat. I think if all his editorials are of the same good sense he deserves a hat whether he needs it or not.

I like Bonnycastle Dale's chat very much. I would like to accompany him on one of his story hunting jaunts. Any time he takes the notion to visit the correspondents I hope he won't pass me by.

I always read with interest the letters and hope to receive many. I will answer all.

Prairie Hopper.

LOVES SCOTLAND, BUT CANADA MORE

Dear Friends,—

May I come in and join your cosy circle. I have been going to ask admission ever so often, but never did so till now. I enjoy reading The Western Home Monthly from cover to cover, and consider it one of the foremost papers printed in Canada. Every bit of it is so wholesome and pure.

I am Scottish. Came to Canada in 1914. I love the land of my birth, but would rather live in Canada. This is a fine country and there is lots of room for one to grow up and admire the wonders of nature. I am a nurse and of a jolly disposition. I would not enter into any other profession, as I love my work and I am most happy when trying to relieve some poor soul over the rough parts of sickness.

Seeing this is my first letter to your page, I will now close and if any of the members care to write to a lass of 21, I will endeavor to answer them and make my letters interesting.

Wishing the editor and W.H.M. long life and success.

Burns' Nancy.

AN EX-MOUNTIE

Dead Editor and Readers,—

Having just finished reading the cheerful letters that appeared in the correspondence page, April issue, I could not resist the temptation to write again to the breezy columns.

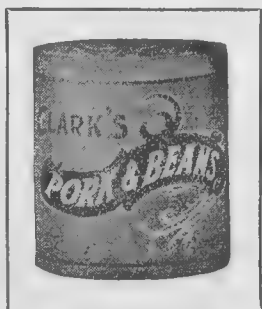
Last time I wrote to the page was in January last, and I was at that time stationed close to the boundary line, in charge of a "Mounted Police" detachment. My term of engagement has since expired and I am back once more on the dear old baldheaded prairie, and intend to stay here as long as I can. I was always fond of the great out-of-doors, and on the prairie one is nearer to nature and cannot help enjoying the crisp air and glorious sunshine. Some seem to think that life on the open prairie is dull and tedious, it may be for some who have only thoughts for pleasure and a care-free easy time. If one stops to have a look at their surroundings here on the Western plains, they cannot help but note the wonder and vastness of it all. For my part, I am satisfied with my share in life.

I wonder where all the Knights of Bachelor Hall are keeping themselves of late. I have noticed very few letters from them. Cheer up, pardes, there are better times ahead.

I have a 3A Eastman Special Kodak and have over 150 views. During my spare time in the evenings I practice on my guitar, and hope to be able to play to advantage ere another year or so passes.

I reckon I had better hog-tie this pen of mine, as it is liable to run away with the page. I must give the other readers a chance, so will say so long for this time, as before, its

Sod-buster.



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BONE DRY HAPPINESS

Dear Editor and Readers,—

Being a reader of your most interesting magazine for about a year, I find your correspondence page very interesting. I certainly enjoy reading the letters from those who live on farms. Being a resident of the city, though born on a ranch in Alberta, I certainly like to motor out into the country where everything seems so peaceful and quite a change from the bustle and hustle of the city.

I quite agree with "Aloha Oe" that there are many more happy homes in Manitoba since the province went bone dry. I only hope B.C. will follow their example.

I would like to hear from any of your readers, especially those living on farms. My address is with the editor.

Totem Bill.

TAKE PITY AND WRITE

Dear Editor and Readers,—

I have written to your page before, but was very unfortunate as my letter was not printed. However, I hope I am admitted into your jolly circle this time. My object in writing to the correspondence page is to gain some friends. I wish readers of either sex and around my own age of 19, will take pity on me and write. I am extremely fond of receiving and writing letters. All letters I receive will be answered to the best of my ability.

With all good wishes to The W.H.M.
Wild Rose.

SOME APPRECIATIONS RECEIVED

The Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg, Man.
Gentlemen,—

I am enclosing you subscription for The Western Home Monthly.

I have only had three issues of your magazine and I certainly think that for a clean, high-toned and educational paper, it certainly stands supreme. The tales are so well chosen and I always have a copy in my office for my clients to look at.

I am writing just as the thought comes to my mind, just to show you what an Ontario man thinks of The Western Home Monthly.

Yours very truly,
Thos. H. Barclay,
Brantford, Ont.

The Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg, Man.
Gentlemen,—

We think very highly of your magazine as you will know by our having already forwarded you a two years' subscription. I am very glad to think that at least one Canadian magazine has become so popular. The high moral standard of its articles, combined with its reasonable subscription rate, ought to insure it a place in every home.

Annie M. Harper,
Jubilee, B.C.

THE TRAVELLER

By Grace G. Bostwick

I travel far—I travel wide
Each day that sees me on the street,
As viewing every face I meet,
I see the marks of time and tide.

For every face is but the map
Of heart, within, or young or old,
Or if it be the slave of gold
Of a fasting saint, mayhap.

And every heart contains a world—
The world in which its owner moves
And blindly hates or greatly loves
Whichever way his sails are furled.

In one a wondrous world is seen
Of glories various and rare,
Of mountain heights and valleys fair,
And glowing loveliness serene.

In others, darkness hides the sun
And quite obscured, the light of mind
In selfishness, is hard to find—
Ah, this of all, the saddest one!

I travel wide—I travel far
Each day as on my way I go,
But God and I alone may know
How dear these journeys are!

Greedy Mr. Cutworm

By E. M. Griffis

Cont'd from page 44

the minute you go away, and you shall see what I will do to pay you back for this insult." The man seemed not to hear, nor, for that matter, to see, for he kept on digging and whistling quite merrily. In a short time his work was finished for the time being and he went into the house, never knowing what an angry cut-worm was planning to do to him.

As soon as he had gone, Mr. Cut-worm, grunting and grumbling, crawled back to the garden and worked his way down into the soil again and was soon doing.

A few days after this the man came again—this time with seeds—and after smoothing out the ground and dividing it into square plots, he began to make the rows in which to sow the seed. To do this, he used a sharp stick, and at one time he came so near jabbing into Mr. Cut-worm, who had come up near the surface to see what was going on, that that gentleman was very much frightened, and very angry too.

"You will, will you," he growled. "I'll fix you for your nasty tricks," and he looked quite fierce for such a fat old man.

It was not long after this that the seed which had been planted began to grow, and soon little shoots were showing above the brown of the earth. They were very fond of talking, these little plants that sprang from the seed, and spent a good deal of their time telling what they would do when they grew big and strong. They all had such fine plans, too, and all agreed that they would be, first of all, useful.

Mr. Cut-worm heard all this talk from his home just under them, and laughed an ugly laugh to himself as he thought: "That is just what the man would like. You may talk of being useful, but I know what comes of that. You will be eaten for your pains—that's what will happen. You might as well be eaten now, and it is a good way to settle my score with that monster from the brick house. I will have a party and my friends and I will make short work of these tender things." And he sneered at the tiny plants which were trying so hard to grow to be good and useful for the man who had planted them with such care.

You would think that even such a bad old creature as Mr. Cut-worm could not bear to destroy the tiny growing things, but he thought it quite a good joke, and sent word to all his friends that there would be a feast at his house the next day, and asked them all to come.

Mr. Cut-worm's friends were, like himself, very greedy and such a number came that they were quite crowded. They did not seem to mind this, however, and soon were gnawing and cutting away at those parts of the plants which were under the ground. All morning they worked and feasted, and still they were not satisfied. Many of the poor plants were already dead and many more were dying when the sun set that day.

In the evening a robin flying over the garden heard sounds of weeping, and flew down a little closer to ask what the matter was. When the plants told their trouble the robin was very angry and promised that he would do his best to help them.

Early next morning the plants were aroused from their uneasy sleep by the sound of chirping, and were surprised to see a great number of birds hopping about through the garden, picking about in the ground, and from time to time darting off with a fat grub in their beaks. This work they carried on all day and for many days following, until there was not another worm to be found for a great distance around the garden.

It was too late to help many of the plants, but a greater number were saved, and Mr. Cut-worm and his greedy friends were well punished for their cruelty.



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Editorial

Cont'd from page 3

"City and country are often as far apart in thought and feeling as though they represented separate nations. Organized capital and organized labor pursue their ends without any real knowledge on the part of the leaders of either group of what the rank and file of the other are thinking. Some of this is an inevitable result of the rapid growth of the nation, to which we have not been able to adapt our minds and consciences fast enough. Some of it is due to the lack of social distinction, to the fact that we play the games of business and politics as though the players were poker chips, instead of remembering first, last and all the time that they are live men and women like ourselves."

The very thing that President Hadley regretted in the United States is the thing that is in evidence here. The cure for misunderstanding is conference. It is all wrong for employers to meet together and consider the unreasonableness of their workmen, and for labor men to meet together and revile the employers. And in the religious world and the world of races, segregation is equally wrong. As we all have to live together our first aim should be to know each other and to help each other. Division spells disaster.

THE RETURN TO NORMAL

Recent increases in wholesale prices of certain commodities do not indicate a new period of rising prices. They do show, however, that the violent general decline in raw materials is evidently at an end. What has happened is a return towards normal conditions. Henceforth, commodities may be expected to fluctuate in obedience to the influence of specific supply and demand. The New York Times summarizes conditions in these words:

"While the violent general decline in raw materials and related products is over, this does not preclude a slow decline for a period of years. Such a decline would be no menace to sound business. It is perfectly possible in such a period to carry on sound manufacturing and merchandising operations with profit. Gradually falling prices over a period of years would not materially affect the price movement of commodities over such periods as are usually necessary for these operations. The present generation of American business men has been unduly alarmed by the downward tendencies of prices. Rising prices are not necessary to prosperity and a slow downward movement is discouraging only to reckless speculative activities."

CANADA'S RIVALS

We are naturally proud of the discovery of the Norman oil fields and if they are properly controlled and operated they will add much to our national greatness. Yet Canada has no monopoly.

Brazil has thirty-five oil fields, representing an area of 25,000 square kilometers, in the states of Alagoas, Pernambuco, Bahia and Sergipe, and there are great quantities of petroleum in the northern states. There are more than 200,000 kilometers of petroleum fields, with an estimated producing capacity in ten years of from 500,000,000 to 600,000,000 barrels.

Brazil has this advantage—that the government owns the wells on government land and can also take over wells on private property if public necessity justifies it. Let us learn a lesson. This last great resource of Canada should be for the good of the Canadian people.

COST OF FOOD AND SHELTER

It is usually estimated that the cost of food is something over 40 per cent of a family's expenses, and that rent figures between 25 and 30 per cent of the total. These two items, therefore, comprise about two-thirds of the outlay. There has been a reduction in the cost of some foods, but a great deal of this has been seasonal as in the case of the dairy products. The great drawback in the effort to lower the cost of food is in the transportation and retailing ends. This applies to the meats and to all farm and orchard products. Yet, the more food costs, the less there is of the family income remaining for other purchases. The same holds true as regards rent. As

things appear now, it is going to take a long time before adequate housing facilities are provided for the populations of the cities of the country.

It will take years to catch up with the demand. Until this is within sight, however, rents are likely to remain high. This matter of rent, moreover, hits two ends of business. It restricts the purchasing power of the masses while, at the same time, it increases the storekeeper's cost of selling goods. The stimulating of building, which is necessary to correct this condition, is under an especial handicap just now because of the great demand for capital for other purposes. This makes borrowers, whether they be governments or individuals, willing to pay high interest rates. With good securities offering 7 or 8 per cent, it is hopeless to expect cheap money for building operations.

Work for Busy Fingers

Cont'd from page 41

31st row—Miss seven chain, 1 tr into each of next four stitches 2 h, 4 tr, 3 h, 4 tr, 3 ch, 1 d c into bar, 3 ch, slip-stitch to third treble at left, slip-stitch along next three treble, 5 ch, turn. 32nd row—1 tr on first treble of group, 1 h, 4 tr, 6 h, 4 tr, 10 ch, turn. 33rd row—Miss seven chain, 1 tr into each of next four stitches, 6 h, 4 tr, 1 l, 3 ch, 1 d c into bar, 3 ch, slip-stitch to third treble at left, slip-stitch along next three treble, 5 ch, turn. 34th row—Same as 14th row. 35th row—Same as 15th row. 36th row—Same as 16th row. 37th row—Miss seven chain, 1 tr into each of next four stitches, 4 h, 4 tr, 1 l, 1 h, 4 tr, 2 l, 3 ch, 1 d c into bar, 3 ch, 4 tr into side of three chain at end of last row of triangle, 3 ch, turn, and repeat from the commencement of the 10th row of directions for lace.

THE EDGING

Work 1 d c, 5 ch, 1 d c into loop between points, * 2 ch, 1 d c into next loop, then 5 ch, and 1 d c three times, all into same loop, repeat from *, working into the loop at top of points four loops of five chain, and work into the loop between points as first described.

SING ME A SONG

By Mrs. E. Crawford

How oft in the twilight when comrades are gone.
Mid soft beams of moonlight I sit all alone.
And as I sit dreaming there steals o'er my heart.
A feeling of sadness that will not depart.
The soft radiant moonbeams glide gently along.
The night winds are whispering their lullaby song.
Go rest me with music—sing some sweet refrain.
To lighten my sadness and lessen my pain.
The hours have been dreary, the day has seemed long.
My heart is so weary, go sing me a song.
A song full of gladness whose echo will roll
With sweetness and comfort, and soothe my sad soul.
When life's day is ending and death draweth nigh.
And shadows of darkness are dimming my sky.
Life's troubles near ended, it's sorrows soon o'er.
I'll sit in the gloaming and dream as of yore.
The soft radiant moonbeams will play 'round my feet.
The night winds will murmur their lullaby sweet.
Ah, surely some kind heart who knows how I long
For music's sweet soothing, will sing me a song.
The hours have been dreary, the day has seemed long.
My heart is so weary, go sing me a song.
A song full of gladness whose echo will roll
With sweetness and comfort, and soothe my sad soul.

May Mason.

Negeet of Blue Underworld

By H. M. Batten

Cont'd from page 12

within him. Was not not this the irony of fate, for that day Ben Inglis had been one of the hunters! He had rejoiced when the hounds gave tongue, conscious of that thrill which every true Britisher knows at the music of the pack, and now, back in his setting, Negeet whom he loved with a love the city dweller cannot perhaps understand, had laid her helpless infant at his feet! "Negeet! Negeet—don't you know me?" he said in his quiet voice, which seemed always to bear the spell of the river, but she snatched up her treasure and vanished—between him and her there still remained the old barrier which neither time nor gentleness could raze.

Later that night Ben heard her calling—calling, calling for her mate. At length he answered, then the sounds drew nearer and united. All cut and ruffled he was, yet he was alive, which in the wild is all that really matters.

The old angler returned home that night with a heart as light as in his thirteenth year, for he of all men knew that the glory of the chase is in the chase itself, and that the so-called crowning triumph is the saddest part of all.

A Vast New Cavern

Cont'd from page 16

million years ago—bade adieu to the upper cave and plunged below. A fall of herculean limestone blocks effectually bars man from following in its wilful course.

Fantastic Flower Garden In the Mineral Kingdom

Then turning away only a few yards and hidden under overhanging crags, the guide dispels the gloom by announcing "one glimpse of heaven." Many have marvelled at the floral creations of the vegetable world but here hidden 300 feet beneath the haunts of men is a strange fantastic flower garden of the mineral kingdom. Beautiful snowy white lilies of gypsum exude in plentiful array through a thin film of onyx. "Nan Ramsey's Flower Garden" it is named, after the first woman who saw it and went into ecstasies of admiration.

Passing on down the main avenue, one walks over a floor as smooth as an asphalt thoroughfare, then tramps over sandy spaces, and at other times up and down hill. Everywhere strange beauties unfold themselves. One great white gypsum coated rock is called "The Titanic" and looks singularly like the great ship plunging head first into the Arctic seas. Most of the beauties are unnamed, but such names as "White Mountains" or "The Glaciers" came instantly to mind when great piles of white encrusted rocks are opened to the panorama of views. There is another place where a lantern placed behind a thin partition of overhanging gypsum gives an impression of the setting sun.

Uncanny freaks have been played here and there by the forces of nature. In one spot on a dark limestone wall the white gypsum has formed in the shape of a tiger springing for his prey. Many other likenesses can be pictured in the various formations by those with imagination.

The writer ventured only part way down the "rat hole," but saw enough to convince that another underground series of chambers underlies the upper tiers. Here and there the limestone floor above gives forth a hollow echoing sound, which means space beneath.

Human Skeletons Give Rise to Speculation of Ancient Tragedies

After all Great Crystal Cavern is a cave in the making, with the upper floors completed. When this work started no one can dare say, but before the Egyptians built the pyramids the work was doubtless far advanced.

What stories of tragedy these vaulted chambers could tell they have forever sealed, but the skeleton of one human being was found in its recesses and 300 feet above Green River in a cave choked with stalactite and stalagmite, where the waters are believed to have found an outlet in the days gone by, three skeletons, almost mouldered away, believed to be those of a man, a woman and a child, were found beneath the bed of the cave. The bones still lie where they were found.

Dollars and Cents

Cont'd from page 18

paying more for its borrowings than it has done in the past. Under present conditions the trust and loan companies cannot pay more than 6 per cent for British money, but the Britisher can invest his money in first-class British securities yielding from 6½ per cent to 7½ per cent and consequently see no reason to leave his money in Canada at from 5½ per cent to 6 per cent.

THE OIL BOOM

If all the money which the people of Western Canada have sunk in oil booms, land booms, gold mine booms and every other kind of boom with which we have been inflicted, had been invested in real investments, this country would be many millions of dollars better off today and there would be fewer individuals ready to start the ball rolling for another boom. We all know that oil has been found in the territories north of Edmonton at Fort Norman. We are being reminded that many men have become millionaires as a result of investing in the shares of oil companies and the oil company promoter leaves it to the proverbial "sucker" to establish a connection between the two sets of events. He appeals to that latent desire which the ordinary man possesses, namely, a desire to get something for nothing. The oil company promoter asks you to "invest" in his company, but your own common sense should tell you that you are being invited to gamble with the odds very much against you.

When you are asked to buy shares in any "get rich quick" scheme you owe it to yourself to be careful and analyse the proposition thoroughly. Is it common sense to believe that any stock salesman would waste his time trying to get you to take a share of the immense profits he promises you, unless he was being very well paid for doing so, paid so well that he prefers selling stock to you to earning his living in some other way and investing his earnings in the company he recommends? If he says the company will earn profits ranging from 10 per cent to 50 per cent or more, is it not plain that such a company would have no trouble to get all the money it requires from any one of the prominent financiers of Canada?

If you wish to gamble and can afford to do so, you are entitled to place your money in shares of a company whose directors you do not know, whose assets you have no knowledge of, whose estimates of profits are based on what somebody did down in Texas; but do not think you are investing your money, because you are not—you're just gambling. If you have money to invest, place it in sound investments and consult your banker or a responsible stockbroker or bond dealer before doing so.

CAUTIOUS OPTIMISM

Peleg Howland, president of the Imperial Bank of Canada, stated at the recent annual meeting of the bank that the prices of farm and field products are low and he asked the question: "If the prices of all things are out of balance, as they are today, with those of the goods which have to be purchased with the proceeds of them, how can our merchants and manufacturers hope for more than a moderate business?" He feared that it will take a long time for conditions to get back to normal and in the meantime he suggested that the utmost care should be taken in private and public expenditure, particularly that of a capital nature. He advocated cautious optimism until conditions readjust themselves. At the same meeting the general manager of the bank, W. Moffatt, asserted that the process of deflation is far from pleasant but we should all be patient.

These statements sum up the financial situation in a nutshell. We may as well face the facts and realize that the boom days and the rough and ready methods of doing business which we experienced in pre-war times have gone beyond recall, for the time being at least. 1921 is a "go-get-it" year. There is business to be had, but before it can be obtained it must be gone after and even then the purchaser will require real value and service for his money.

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